EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* AUGUST

AUGUST *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

HERRICK, REVISED BY THE I. W. W.

When as in tinned, adulterated, and capitalistically manufactured silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, me thinks, how antagonistically and indignantly flows
Mine anger at the tremendous injustice symbolized by her clothes.

And when I shut mine eyes and see
The woes that come with povertie,
Surgeth my soul with Anarchie!

FASCINATING FACTS

The area of England is 50,680 square miles.

The average annual rainfall at Muscatine, Io., is 42.8 inches.

The manufacture of pins, contraptions that laundries stick into shirts, was begun in America in 1813.

Mount Everest is 29,002 feet high, or nearly twice as high as a New Yorker believes the Woolworth Building is.

GOLDSMITH, REVISED BY THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES

When lovely Sylvia gets the ballot
And finds too late that votes betray,
For what, then, will she wield the mallet
And dynamite, Election Day?

HISTORICAL HAPPENINGS

George Washington was the first president of the United States of America.

The Editor of Everybody's Almanack once visited in Algona, Iowa.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM

"How is the weather in Sicily this summer?" asked Leonidas, the Spartan, of Theocritus.

"Well," replied Theocritus, "the days are warm, but the nights are always cool. We lie under blankets every night."

"Yes," responded Leonidas, "I know you lie."

This was deemed great repartee in those crude days.

1—Fr. —First cable car operated, 1873. Colorado admitted, 1876.
2—Sa. —Cable cars denounced by press as evidences of speed-madness, 1873. Elisha Gray, inventor of speaking telephone, born, 1835.
3—Su. —H. C. Bunner born, 1855. Bill Nye went for Heathen Chinee, 1850.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise.—Bret Harte.

4—M. —Simon de Montfort killed, 1265. Russell Sage born, 1816. { WARMER }
5—Tu. —Xerxes murdered by Artabanus, B. C. 465. Atlantic cable completed, 1858.
6—W. —Persian *Daily Rug* demands police investigation, B. C. 465. Tennyson born, 1809.
7—Th. —Leonidas killed at Thermopylæ, B. C. 480. Theodore Roosevelt tastes mint-julep, 1907.
8—Fr. —First settlers from England land in Maine, 1607. Prohibition discussion begins in Maine, 1607.
9—Sa. —Sir Thomas Lipton challenges for cup, B. C. 943.
10—Su. —Louis XVI. hears cries of "Take him out! He's rotten!" 1792. Greenwich observatory founded, 1675.
11—M. —Judah P. Benjamin born, 1816. Robert G. Ingersoll born, 1833.
12—Tu. —King Philip becomes good Indian, 1676. Southey born, 1774.
13—W. —Dynamite discovered by Emmeline Pankhurst, 1912.
14—Th. —Connie Mack decides to let Bender pitch first game of 1913 World Series, 1913.
15—Fr. —Sir Walter Scott born, 1771. Thomas DeQuincey born, 1785. President of U. S. takes her first vacation, 1941.
16—Sa. —Battle of Bennington, 1777. Detroit, without Ty Cobb, surrenders to British, 1812.
17—Su. —Davy Crockett born, 1786. *Showers.*
18—M. —Meriwether Lewis born, 1774. Battle of Gravelotte, 1870.
19—Tu. —Kansas City decides to erect Union Station, B. C. 29.
20—W. —Duke of Buckingham born, 1592. Dog-and-sausage joke becomes obsolete, B. C. 2685.
21—Th. —Admirable Crichton born, 1561. Oliver Hazard Perry born, 1785. *Look out for golf liars.*
22—Fr. —Battle of Bosworth, 1485. Adam discovers light that lies in woman's eyes, B. C. 4004.
23—Sa. —Louis XVI. born, 1754. Hans Wagner and Christy Mathewson seem good as ever, 1944.
24—Su. —James W. Wallack born, 1795. Hit-and-run play invented by Cain, B. C. 3932.
25—M. —Chatterton died, 1770. Francis Bret Harte born, 1839.
26—Tu. —Cannon used first at battle of Crecy, 1346. Kansas City decides to erect Union Station, 1899.
27—W. —Cæsar and stenographer land in Britain, B. C. 55.
28—Th. —**St. Augustine.** Menendez arrives at St. Augustine, Fla., 1565. Hendrik Hudson enters Delaware Bay, 1607.
29—Fr. —ST. JOHN the BAPTIST. New Amsterdam surrenders to English and becomes New York, 1664, and is getting more so each year.
30—Sa. —FIFTH PAY-DAY IN MONTH. Cleopatra takes pearl cocktail, B. C. 10. Hazen S. Pingree born, 1840.
31—Su. —General Fremont issues order freeing slaves in Missouri, 1861. Capital goes away for LABOR DAY, 1913.

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I am very much impressed with the cheerfulness and general cordiality of the relations which exist amongst our people – I do not suppose that a statement of the real truth, namely that there is less friction at all, will be credited – it is so generally thought that the many units of such a life as this are cruelly & frequently sunk in oblivion – With us there is no need to draw a veil, there is nothing to cover – There are no strained relations in this

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land and nothing more emphatically evident than the universally amicable spirit which is shown on all occasions.
Such a state of affairs would be delightfully surprising under any conditions but it is much more so when one remembers the diverse amalgamation of our company.
Petty larceny. This theme is worthy of Xpanmas Tonight Oates Captain in a smart Cavalry regiment has been "scrapping" over chairs & tables with Debenham a young Cambridge blue.
It is a triumph to have collected such men

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1913

Watching for record of the sun's first rays after the long night, August 26, 1911.

"The Uttermost South"

THE UNDYING STORY of CAPTAIN SCOTT

FROM HIS DIARIES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT AND H. G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.

IT IS a record of high adventure, of bravery and loyalty, that is revealed day by day and page by page in the wonderful diary of Captain Robert Falcon Scott. Since the commander himself was never to return, nor those four of his fellows who were chosen for companionship in the Polar journey—and, as it proved, in the long, last rest—it is good that his journals themselves were retrieved from the wilderness of ice, to be a record of what they had done, and an inspiration for those who read.

The first instalment of "The Uttermost South," drawn from the diaries of Captain Scott, left the Antarctic expedition in winter quarters on Ross Island. The last great

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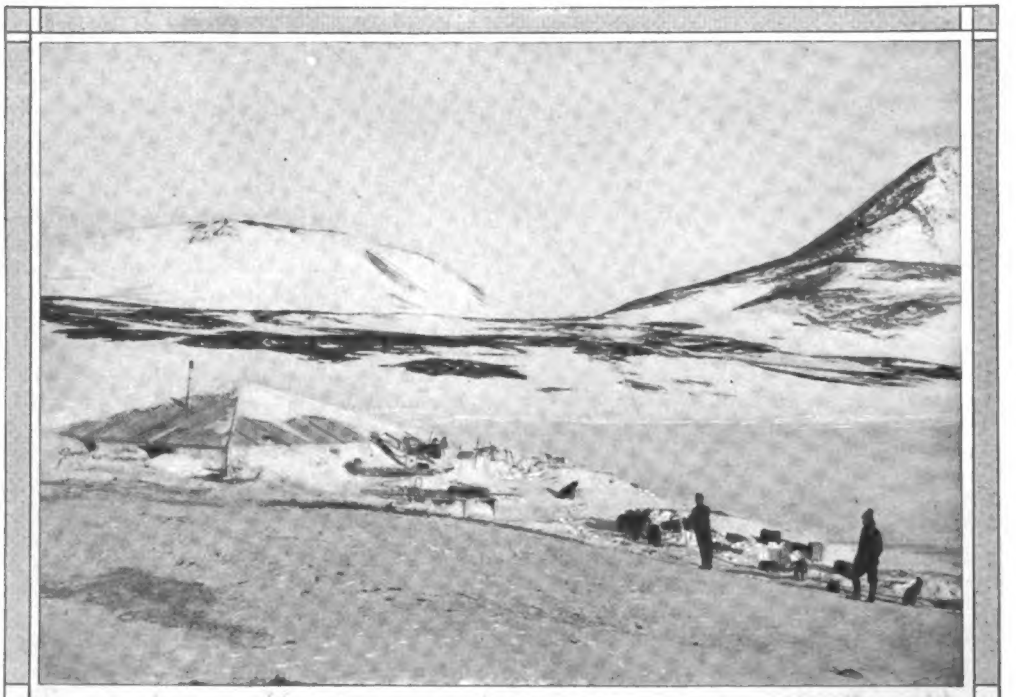
adventure of the chapter befell Scott himself and a detachment of men who, returning light-handed from a southern depot-laying expedition, found access to the hut cut off by miles of drifting ice in McMurdo Sound. After a thrilling rescue of the men and some of the ponies and dogs, they abandoned the effort to reach Cape Evans, and sought shelter in the hut that Scott had left seven years before. — EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S.



DISCOVERY HUT. SCOTT'S WINTER QUARTERS IN 1901-4; REOCCUPIED IN 1911 BY THE TERRA NOVA PARTY CUT OFF FROM CAPE EVANS.

AFTER Cherry-Garrard and Crean had been rescued from drifting sea-ice to the firm surface of the Barrier, it took three days to get men and effects safe to Hut Point. They had to make a circuit over the Barrier round to the opposite side of the long promontory, and so on by the hills and the dangerous ice-foot.

On March 6, 1911, they took up their abode in the old *Discovery* hut at the south end of Ross Island, which had now been transformed from its previously uninhabitable condition. Hut Point was their home for over five weeks, while they waited for the Sound to freeze over and afford a road back to the station at Cape Evans. For inspection of the land from the height of Castle Rock was adverse. "There is no doubt that the route to Cape Evans lies over the worst corner of Erebus. From this distance the whole mountain side looks a mass of crevasses, but a route might be found at a level of three or four thousand feet."

This season it was a stormy spot, with much wind and three gales in the first fortnight, "any one of which would have rendered the bay impossible for a ship, and therefore it is extraordinary that we should have entirely escaped such a blow when the *Discovery* was in it in 1902."

One result of the wind was to make the blubber-stove smoke; so that "we are all as black as sweeps and our various garments are covered with oily soot. We look a fearful gang of ruffians. The hut has a pungent odor of blubber and blubber smoke. We have grown accustomed to it, but I imagine that ourselves and our clothes will be given a wide berth when we return to Cape Evans."

The time was occupied in various small activities: the conveying of more stores to

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Corner Camp; seal hunting; the manufacture of new and improved blubber-stoves; geological excursions to the curious volcanic rocks on the hills above; investigation of the growing ice, often with fish frozen in—one, indeed, in the act of swallowing a smaller fish—or study of the air currents over the ridge. But it was ill waiting, with so much to reorganize, and so much of the transport gone, and the dogs suffering from the weather. The majority were at last allowed to run loose, at the risk of a murder or two; but the strongest could not be given such liberty without fear of widespread destruction.

When at last the ice was firm enough for a start, Scott and his advance-guard took two days to reach Cape Evans, being forced to camp in a blizzard under one of the islands, with some expectation of finding the ice break up again under them. So with great exertion they reached the station that had raged at Cape Armitage on the depot journey should have damaged the new hut at Cape Evans. For though more than a hundred yards from the shore, it stood but eleven feet above high-water mark, and with such abnormal conditions as had led to the loss of the ponies and the breaking of Glacier Tongue, it might well be that his careful calculations had been falsified, and the worst might have happened to those left at the base.

All was well but for one item of bad news, the death of another pony, nicknamed Hackenschmidt from his vigorous use of forelegs as well as hind legs when obstreperous. Hackenschmidt was an intractable beast. Now that he was required to get into good condition, he had pined away, his keeper Anton firmly believed, out of "cussedness," a fixed determination to do no work for the expedition.

Otherwise the hut was a revelation of

AROUND THE BLUBBER STOVE. "THE HUT HAS A PUNGENT ODOR OF BLUBBER AND BLUBBER SMOKE."

early on April 13, and the next day, Good Friday, is marked by the unusual entry—"Peaceful day."

Great was the relief to find how baseless were Scott's recent fears lest the storms perfect arrangement. It had been a sound and promising resting-place in the early days when Scott left it for his depot-laying trip; now it not only seemed positively luxurious, with the possibility of a bath

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after three months of primitive existence, but it possessed charm as well as comfort in the fittings set up by the various workers in their allotted places.

There could be no higher symbol of the triumph of mind over matter than "Simpson's Corner," a perfect meteorological station established within, so connected with the instruments without that in the fiercest storms, the most piercing cold, the observer could take his records without going outside, thus avoiding danger of frostbite to himself and uncertainty in taking the record. Thermometer and barometer, wind-gage, electrical instruments, all told their tale at a glance. Then came the photographer's room, another triumph. Ponting, trained to be a "handy man" by much travel, had created his workshop out of such material as he could lay hands upon. He had in order all the means for bringing his beautiful work to perfection.

BELL-RINGING BREAD

Next the science department, and the biologists with their microscopes, neatness and good carpentry conspicuous in the well-finished shelves. Not least remarkable, because most unexpected, was the mechanical genius of Clissold, the excellent cook, who, it turned out, had enjoyed a mechanician's training before he took to pots and pans. To ensure the proper baking of his bread in the none too large oven, he had devised an arrangement by which the bread, as it "rose," rang an electric bell to warn him.

The stables—now holding ten beasts only out of the original nineteen, alas!—gave double room to most and space to lie down, if necessary, when the floor could have some covering to prevent chill. For the time the ponies were exercised by riding barebacked over the beach; perhaps a risky proceeding where the sand was so strewn with boulders. Demetri, who tended them, had enthusiastically practised the building of shelters such as should be used on the march.

Inspection of one department after another produced a deep impression: "I was gradually brought to realize," writes Scott, "what an extensive and intricate but eminently satisfactory organization I had made myself responsible for."

Four days' rest, and Scott headed a double sledge party to take supplies to the party held up at Hut Point till the new ice should form a level road again for the ponies, instead of the difficult inland route from the glacier over the heights of Castle Rock. The increasing cold indicated the end of the sledging season. Faces got frostbitten and feet grew cold in the long effort to climb the wall of the ice-foot. The drift of frozen snow-dust was streaming off the cliff; the rope that had let the party down four days before was now buried at both ends; the only means of scaling the wall was to unload a sledge and hold it end up on men's shoulders, while Scott himself clambered up this impromptu ladder, and with an ice-axe cut steps over the cornice.

With the Alpine rope he helped up others, then the gear was hauled up piecemeal, and repacked. "For Crean, the last man up, we lowered the sledge over the cornice and used a bowline in the other end of rope on top of it. He came up grinning with delight and we all thought the ascent rather a cunning piece of work."

Then, chilled to the bone, they all dashed up the slope, regardless of crevasses, to restore circulation.

All went well, however, but for a storm that kept them at the hut for an extra day. No weather for sledging: "the wind blowing round the Cape absolutely blighting—force 7 and temperature below —30°." Yet Scott, anxious to discover what effect such conditions had on the formation of new ice, "took a walk to Cape Armitage" in the gale, and found the "sea a black caldron covered with frost smoke; no ice can form in such weather."

The return, as cold as the outward journey, and calling for as much ice-craft, afforded one amusing and very human incident. Out on the sea ice "we marched to Little Razor Back without halt, our own sledge dragging fearfully. Crean said there was great difference in sledges, though loads were equal. Bowers politely assented when I voiced this sentiment, but I'm sure he and his party thought it the plea of tired men. However, there was nothing like proof, and he readily consented to change sledges. The difference was really extraordinary. We felt the new sledge a featherweight compared with the old, and set up a great pace for the home quarters regardless of how much we perspired. We arrived at the hut ten minutes ahead of the others, who were by this time quite convinced as to the difference in the sledges."

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WINTER HEADQUARTERS HUT AT CAPE EVANS, WITH MT. EREBUS IN THE BACKGROUND. NOTE THE SKIS STANDING IN THE SNOW AT THE RIGHT OF THE HUT. PHOTOGRAPH BY MOONLIGHT, JUNE 13, 1911.

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It was now time to settle into winter quarters. St. George's Day was the last day of the sun; thereafter came only "the long mild twilight which like a silver clasp unites to-day and yesterday; when morning and evening sit together hand in hand beneath the starless sky of midnight."

A very notable feature of the winter routine was the evening lectures, followed by discussions, which were given three times a week. With so many experts in the most varied branches of pure science and the practical arts of travel, there was no lack of material; and the readiness to give of their best was only exceeded by the enthusiastic desire to receive. The unlearned found these high things to be but the woof of their daily experience; and as for the learned, one day a biologist was overheard offering a geologist a pair of socks if he would teach him some geology.

ANTARCTIC EVENINGS AT HOME

There were lectures by Wilson on the flying birds of the Antarctic, and the penguins; on winds and weather in general, and in these high latitudes, by Simpson, with a theory of blizzards, besides descriptions of the magnetic and other instruments at work; the problems of biology and parasitism by Nelson and Atkinson; the physiography and geology of the neighborhood and volcanoes in general, and the constitution of matter, by Wright; the Barrier and the Ice Cap by Scott; an account by Taylor of the great glacier to be ascended on the Southern trip and the things to look out for. And, with ever closer application to immediate needs, the management and training of the ponies by Oates; surveying, by Evans; motor sledges, by Day; sledging diets and polar clothing, by Bowers; scurvy, by Atkinson; a general discussion of the plans for the Southern trip, set forth by Scott himself so that all might understand the why and wherefore of the arrangements.

And the whole was lightened and beautified with as many slides as could be made, and further by Wilson's lecture on sketching and the artistic principles involved; Meares's travels in Central Asia, and Ponting's four picture shows and graphic descriptions of his wide-ranging travels.

Thoroughness was the key-note of the work, alike in art and in science. Ponting rarely counted his first picture good enough, and sometimes five or six plates would be exposed before the critical artist was satisfied. "This way of going to work would perhaps," notes Scott, "be more striking if it were not common to all our workers here. A very demon of unrest seems to stir them to effort, and there is not a single man who is not striving his utmost to get good results in his own particular department." It was well therefore with the large scientific interests which gave the solid justification for the expedition. "If the Southern journey comes off, nothing, not even priority at the Pole, can prevent the expedition ranking as one of the most important that ever entered the polar regions.

"Never, I suppose, has a party combined so much of intellectual power with physical fitness, and the result was apparent in the high level of mutual appreciation, of intelligent cooperation and wise enthusiasm."

Time after time Scott is impelled to note this "marked and beneficent characteristic of our community," so greatly due, in his considered opinion, to the object-lesson of Wilson's patient and thorough work, his constant help to others' efforts, and his sound judgment, to which one and all appealed on matters little or great. To quote but one passage:

"I am very much impressed with the extraordinary and general cordiality of the relations which exist amongst our people. I do not suppose that a statement of the real truth, namely, that there is no friction at all, will be credited—it is so generally thought that the many rubs of such a life as this are quietly and purposely sunk in oblivion. With me there is no need to draw a veil; there is nothing to cover. There are no strained relations in this hut and nothing more emphatically evident than the universally amicable spirit which is shown on all occasions. Such a state of affairs would be delightfully surprising under any conditions, but it is much more so when one remembers the diverse assortment of our company. This theme is worthy of expansion. To-night Oates, captain in a smart cavalry regiment, has been 'scrapping' over chairs and tables with Debenham, a young Australian student. It is a triumph to have collected such men."

Even the winter admitted of various forms of outdoor research, apart from keeping the meteorological and physical records or working out results under the

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BOWERS, WILSON, AND CHERRY-GARRARD READY TO START ON THEIR MIDWINTER JOURNEY OF FIVE WEEKS TO THE EMPEROR PENGUIN ROOKERY AT CAPE CROZIER. "IT MAKES A TALE FOR OUR GENERATION WHICH I HOPE MAY NOT BE LOST IN THE TELLING."

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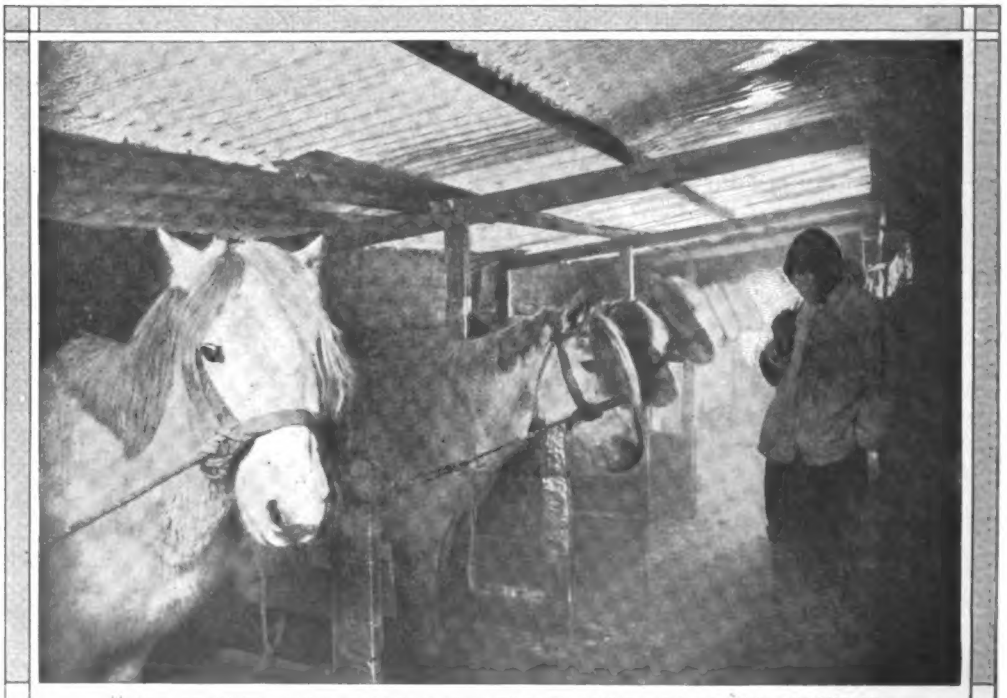
roof of the hut. In the ice-holes, sedulously kept open, were fish-traps, which supplied Dr. Atkinson with specimens for his novel and interesting investigations into parasites; in another, a tide-gage, and, farther out, an instrument for measuring the sea currents. Local geology, the ice and its growth offered obvious fields for observation.

More novel were experiments with Simpson's small balloons to test the air currents and the temperature of the upper air. As the balloon traveled, a three-mile thread of silk ran out along the ground, so that its course could afterward be traced; a slow match between the balloon and the recording instrument, with its parachute, was timed to burn through after an ascent of so many minutes, and the instrument floated to earth.

Records were also kept of the men's weight and measurements. On the whole, "we have remained surprisingly constant," but there seemed to be improvement in lung power and grip.

Practical work of all sorts went forward with a view to the needs of future expeditions; we read of Seaman Evans with his usual ingenuity devising new forms of ski-boots and crampons to be used with the warm finnesko, or fur boots, providing lightness, warmth, comfort, and ease; of Cherry-Garrard starting practise in building stone huts and Eskimo "igloos" likely to be needed on the winter expedition to the penguin rookery in which he was to take part; later others joined in, and special knives were designed for cutting the icy slabs that compose the igloo walls.

Scott experimented in person upon the comfort of a hole in the snow—and found it as excellently warm as the dogs seemed to find it. Debenham invented a "go-cart," or sledge on wheels, which in certain conditions of the snow ran better than on the ordinary runners. Dr. Atkinson invented a simple and effective stove to burn blubber, which was to prove of the utmost service on expeditions near the sea, when seals could be found. Officers who were to take part in the expeditions perfected themselves in such branches of surveying as would be useful for charting their journeys and finding their way.



"THE STABLES—NOW HOLDING TEN BEASTS ONLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL NINETEEN."

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Telephones were established with great effect, the first to the isolated chamber in the neighboring ice-hill where magnetic instruments and pendulums were at work in an even temperature, so that accurate time-signals could be transmitted between these and the transit instrument and the interior of the hut. Another was taken to the ice-hole, three-quarters of a mile away, where Nelson had the tide-gage. Here connection was made with a bare aluminum wire and earth-return, the success of which encouraged them to the bold scheme of linking up with Hut Point, fifteen miles away. This too worked admirably. It was no small relief and satisfaction to be in touch with this distant outpost and to have instant news of the various parties who went out depot-laying, or of Meares when he chose this hermitage for undisturbed training of the dogs.

THE "TENEMENT HOUSE"—OCCUPANTS OF BUNKS, LEFT TO RIGHT: CHERRY-GARRARD, BOWERS, OATES, ATKINSON (ABOVE), MEARES.

The most striking event of the winter season was the expedition of Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard to the Emperor penguin rookery at Cape Crozier, the eastern extremity of the island on the opposite side from Cape Evans, and separated from it by all the bulk of Mounts Erebus and Terror. The way there led south as far as Hut Point, then east over the wind-swept Barrier. The three men returned to Cape Evans on August 1, after a midwinter journey of five weeks, looking incredibly weather-worn, chiefly from lack of sleep. In all their unparalleled experiences, frost-bite had never seriously assailed them.

In spirit, all were equally unwavering; in physique, Bowers seemed to have come through best. "I believe," writes Scott, "he is the hardest traveler that ever undertook Polar journey, as well as one of the most undaunted. More by hint than direct statement I gather his value to the party, his untiring energy and the astonishing physique which enables him to continue to work under conditions which are absolutely paralyzing to others."

Scott tells the story of this remarkable expedition:

"The party reached the Barrier two days after leaving Cape Evans, still pulling their full load of two hundred and fifty pounds per man. The snow surface then changed completely and grew worse and worse as

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DR. WILSON WORKING UP A SKETCH. "THE HUT POSSESSED CHARM AS WELL AS COMFORT IN THE FITTINGS SET UP BY THE VARIOUS WORKERS IN THEIR ALLOTTED PLACES."

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CAPTAIN SCOTT IN HIS DEN. "THE HUT HAD BEEN A PROMISING RESTING-PLACE IN THE EARLY DAYS BEFORE THE DEPOT-LAYING TRIPS; NOW IT SEEMED POSITIVELY LUXURIOUS."

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they advanced. For one day they struggled on as before, covering four miles; but from this onward they were forced to relay and found the half-load heavier than the whole one had been on the sea-ice.

after five days' absence. Our party went onward and remained absent for *five weeks*.

"It took the best part of a fortnight to cross the coldest region, and then, rounding Cape Mackay, they entered the wind-swept

SCOTT, SEAMAN EVANS, SIMPSON, AND BOWERS STARTING ON THEIR TEN-DAY PRACTISE TRIP TO THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS.

"Meanwhile the temperature had been falling, and now for more than a week the thermometer fell below —60°. On one night the minimum showed —71°, and on the next —77°; 109° of frost. Although in this truly fearful cold the air was comparatively still, every now and again little puffs of wind came eddying across the snow plain with blighting effect. No civilized being has ever encountered such conditions before with only a tent of thin canvas to rely on for shelter.

"We have been looking up the records to-day, and find that Amundsen, on a journey to the North Magnetic Pole in March, encountered temperatures similar in degree, and recorded a minimum of —79°; but he was with Eskimos, who built him an *igloo* shelter nightly; he had a good measure of daylight; the temperatures given are probably 'unscreened' from radiation; and finally he turned homeward and regained his ship

area. Blizzard followed blizzard, the sky was constantly overcast, and they staggered on in a light which was little better than complete darkness; sometimes they found themselves high on the slopes of Terror on the left of their track, and sometimes diving into the pressure ridges on the right amidst crevasses and confused ice disturbance.

"Reaching the foothills near Cape Crozier, they ascended eight hundred feet, then packed their belongings over a moraine ridge and started to build a hut. It took three days to build the stone walls and complete the roof with the canvas brought for the purpose. Then at last they could attend to the object of the journey.

"The scant twilight at midday was so short that they must start in the dark and be prepared for the risk of missing their way in returning without light. On the first day in which they set forth under these condi-

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tions it took them two hours to reach the pressure ridges; and to clamber over them, roped together, occupied nearly the same time. Finally they reached a place above the rookery where they could hear the birds squawking, but from which they were quite unable to find a way down. The poor light was failing, and they returned to camp.

"Starting again on the following day, they wound their way through frightful ice disturbances under the high basalt cliffs; in places the rock overhung, and at one spot they had to creep through a small channel hollowed in the ice. At last they reached the sea-ice, but now the light was so far spent they were obliged to rush everything.

Instead of the two or three thousand nesting birds which had been seen here in *Discovery* days, they could now count only about a hundred. They hastily killed and skinned three to get blubber for their stove and, collecting six eggs, three of one. The eggs, which have not yet been examined, should throw light on this point. Wilson observed yet another proof of the strength of the nursing instinct in these birds. In searching for eggs, both he and Bowers picked up rounded pieces of ice which these ridiculous creatures had been cherishing with fond hope.

"The light had failed entirely by the time the party were clear of the pressure ridges on their return, and it was only by good luck they regained their camp.

"That night a blizzard commenced, increasing in fury from moment to moment. They now found that the place chosen for the hut for shelter was worse than useless. They had far better have built it in the open, for the fierce wind, instead of striking them directly, was deflected on to them in furious, whirling gusts. Heavy blocks of snow and rock placed on the roof were whirled away and the canvas ballooned up,

AN OPEN-AIR OBSERVATORY—LIEUTENANT EVANS OBSERVING AN OCCULTATION OF JUPITER, JUNE 8, 1911.

which alone survived, they dashed for camp.

"It is possible the birds are deserting this rookery, but it is also possible that this early date found only a small minority of the birds which will be collected at a later

tearing and straining at its securings—its disappearance could only be a question of time. They had erected their tent with some valuables inside close to the hut; it had been well spread, and more than amply

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secured with snow and boulders, but one terrific gust tore it up and whirled it away. Inside the hut they waited for the roof to vanish, wondering what they could do if it went, and endeavoring to make it secure.

"After fourteen hours it went, as they were trying to pin down one corner. The smother of snow was on them, and they could only dive for their sleeping-bags with a gasp. Bowers put his head out once and said 'We're all right' in as near his ordinary tones as he could compass. The others replied 'Yes, we're all right,' and all was silent for a night and half a day whilst the wind howled on. The snow entered every chink and crevice of the sleeping-bags, and the occupants shivered and wondered how it would all end.

"The wind fell at noon the following day; the forlorn travelers crept from their icy nests, made shift to spread their floorcloth overhead, and lit their primus (stove). They tasted their first food for forty-eight hours, and began to plan a means to build a shelter on the homeward route. They decided that they must dig a large pit nightly and cover it as best they could with their floor-cloth. But now fortune befriended them; a search to the North revealed the tent lying (in a sheltered dip) a quarter of a mile away and practically uninjured, a fine testimonial for the material used in its construction.

SLEEPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

"On the following day they started homeward, and immediately another blizzard fell on them, holding them prisoners for two days. By this time the miserable condition of their effects was beyond description. The sleeping-bags were far too stiff to be rolled up—in fact, they were so hard-frozen that attempts to bend them actually split the skins; the eider-down bags inside Wilson's and Cherry-Garrard's reindeer covers served but fitfully to stop the gaps made by such rents. All socks, finnesko, and mitts had long been coated with ice; placed in breast pockets or inside vests at night, they did not even show signs of thawing, much less of drying. It sometimes took Cherry-Garrard three-quarters of an hour to get into his sleeping-bag, so flat did it freeze and so difficult was it to open.

"It is scarcely possible to realize the horrible discomforts of the forlorn travelers as they plodded back across the Barrier with the temperature again constantly below —60°. In this fashion they reached Hut Point, and on the following night our home quarters.

"Wilson is disappointed at seeing so little of the penguins, but to me and to every one who has remained here the result of this effort is the appeal it makes to our imagination as one of the most gallant stories in Polar history. That men should wander forth in the depth of a Polar night to face the most dismal cold and the fiercest gales in darkness is something new; that they should have persisted in this effort in spite of every adversity for five full weeks, is heroic. It makes a tale for our generation which I hope may not be lost in the telling."

To illustrate the perils of a southern storm Scott's story may be told of how Dr. Atkinson got lost close to the hut on July 4th.

"It was a stormy day, with high wind and a temperature of 25° or more below zero. The wind moderated slightly in the afternoon and a visit was paid to the upper thermometer screen. Then, in adventurous mood, Atkinson resolved to continue and visit the thermometer in the North Bay, out on the floe. This was at 5.30. Gran, equally venturesome, started likewise for the South Bay thermometer; but after two or three hundred yards prudently turned back. It took him an hour to struggle home in time for dinner at 6.45.

"Half an hour later, as various members of the party came out from dinner, they were sent a short way to shout and show lights, while a big paraffin flare was arranged to be lit on Wind Vane Hill. A first search party to the north went out; the wind rose again somewhat, but the moon broke through the clouds; yet even with this help the wanderer did not return, and at 9.20 the search party came in with no news. Then a whole network of search parties was organized to sweep the coast and all the floe as far as the outlying islands. There was little prospect of Atkinson's having found shelter anywhere, and his clothing was too light for such a storm. It seemed impossible that he had escaped serious accident.

"At last, at 11:45, after more than six hours of absence, he was brought in from the promontory hard by, badly frost-bitten on the hand and less severely on the face, and much dazed, as regularly happens after such exposure.

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THE CASTLE BERG—A FAMILIAR LANDMARK NEAR WINTER HEADQUARTERS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOONLIGHT.

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"It turned out that before he had gone a quarter of a mile toward the thermometer, he realized that he had better turn back, guiding himself, quite correctly, by the direction of the wind. This brought him to an old fish-trap which he knew to be only two hundred yards from the headland. He paced the distance in what he thought the right direction—and found nothing. The effect of a blizzard in blunting the faculties—a greater danger than mere chill—is shown by the fact that instead of turning east, where he knew the land lay, he dully held on his course, and in time found himself a mile or two away at Inaccessible Island, under the lee of which he groped his way, suddenly losing the cliffs entirely in a swirl of drift when he was but a few yards distant from them.

"Only one idea persisted in his brain: the homeward course was up wind, and up wind he plodded. By sheer luck he hit Tent Island four or five miles from home, walked round it, thinking it Inaccessible Island, and dug himself a shelter under its lee. When the moon came out he judged his bearings well and set off homeward. The moon went in, and soon to his surprise he found the real Inaccessible Island on his left. Here he waited again, expecting the devastating blizzard to return, till the moon reappeared; then shaped his course anew, and before long saw the flare on the headland, and so joined some of the searchers. The rest did not get in till two A. M. As Atkinson was ultimately none the worse, his narrow escape became the most convincing object-lesson to those who might need it, on the dangers of a blizzard.

"These dangers of bewildering wind and blinding, choking snowdrift, with cold that numbed body and brain, were greatly enhanced by the suddenness and absence of warning with which they sprang up. Experience showed that no weather-sign could be trusted as giving warning or not.

"As to the power of endurance in these latitudes, individuals vary greatly. Bowers and Wilson were peculiarly tolerant of cold. They excited the mingled admiration and frank envy of their companions for being able to sally forth in light headgear when any one else required muffling up. But he laughs best who laughs last: one day

CREAN, FORD, AND EVANS PUTTING A SLEDGE TOGETHER IN PREPARATION FOR THE SOUTHERN JOURNEY.

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they presumed too far on this immunity, and came in with nipped ears. It is uncertain whether these members tingled more with the cold or with the unsparing chaff of their friends."

ing November, geological parties went into the Western Mountains.

As spring drew on, Scott himself, with Bowers, Simpson, and Seaman Evans, went for thirteen days to the Western Mountains,

H. G. PONTING SHOWING JAPANESE PICTURES.—"A NOTABLE FEATURE OF THE ROUTINE AT CAPE EVANS WAS THE EVENING LECTURES."

But a certain amount of general acclimatization undoubtedly took place. The journal records under date of July 10: "To-day with the temperature at zero one can walk about outside without inconvenience in spite of a fifty-mile wind. Although I am loath to believe it, there must be some measure of acclimatization, for it is certain we should have felt to-day's wind severely when we first arrived in McMurdo Sound." And again six weeks later, in a furious wind and drift with temperature of 16°, "it felt quite warm outside, and one could go about with head uncovered—surely impossible in an English storm with 16° of frost."

The activities of the expedition spread in many ramifications. So ample was the staff that it could furnish forth several exploring parties and scientific outposts. While Scott and his parties were depot-laying in January-April, 1911, or away on the great Southern journey from the following November, geological parties went into the Western Mountains.

covering 175 miles in ten marching days. He wished for a final practise in sledging and photography, as well as to lay depots for the next western party.

In New Harbour copper was discovered; but the strangest discovery was that of the Glacier Tongue, a mass of ice two miles long, which had broken away from near Cape Evans in the storm when the ponies were drowned. It had driven across the Sound, to be stranded on the opposite shore forty-five miles away, still bearing a depot of fodder and the line of stakes to guide the ponies across. Strange to think of the plan to build the hut on its seemingly stable bulk. What an adventurous voyage it would have given its inhabitants!

OFF TO THE POLE!

November 1st saw the Southern journey begun.

The outward course from Barrier Face

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A DINNER PARTY GIVEN IN THE HUT IN HONOR OF CAPTAIN SCOTT ON HIS FORTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.
SCOTT SITS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.

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may be divided into three stages: (1) About 424 miles over the Barrier. (2) About 125 miles up the Glacier, rising 8,000 feet. (3) About 353 miles along the summit plateau to the Pole at a continuous altitude of between 9,000 and 10,500 feet. Adding the twenty-one miles from Cape Evans to Barrier Face, the total is 923; the whole journey out and home covering 1,846 miles.

The first few entries in the diary are chiefly concerned with the doings of the ponies. Some are generically termed "the crocks;" others were lively and obstreperous; some slow, some swift. "The little devil Christopher was harnessed with the usual difficulty and started in kicking mood, Oates holding on for all he was worth. Bones ambled off gently with Crean, and I led Snippets in his wake. Ten minutes after, Evans and Snatcher passed at the usual full speed."

Indeed, "Snatcher soon led the party and covered the distance in four hours. Bones and Christopher arrived almost equally fresh; in fact, the latter had been bucking and kicking the whole way—for the present there is no end to his devilment and the great consideration is how to safeguard Oates."

Thus the first march, writes Scott, "reminded me of a regatta or a somewhat disorganized fleet with ships of very unequal speed!" Next day the plan of further advance was evolved. "We shall start in three parties—the very slow ponies, the medium-paced and the fliers—Snatcher, starting last, will probably overtake the leading unit. All this requires a good deal of arranging. We have decided to begin night marching and shall get away after supper, I hope."

The surface of the Barrier was fatiguing to most of the animals—even Christopher by the third day was evidently subdued by it—and "the ponies hate the wind." At the halts, shelter walls were built for them, but on November 3, for a happy exception, "there is no wind and the sun gets warmer every minute."

At this stage the party slept the day through till one P. M., then fed. "It is a sweltering day, the air breathless, the glare intense—one loses sight of the fact that the temperature is low (−22°)—one's mind seeks comparison in hot sunlit streets and scorching pavements; yet six hours ago my thumb was frost-bitten."

Lunch at midnight, however, is not pleasing; "but for man the march that follows is pleasant when, as to-day (November 3), the wind falls and the sun steadily increases its heat."

These halcyon times for body and mind did not last. The motors, four or five days ahead, had left cheering messages on abandoned petrol tins; in that found on November 4, Day had written "Hope to meet in 80° 30′" (lat.).

"Poor chap," is the comment in the diary, "within two miles he must have had to sing a different tale. It appears they had a bad ground on the morning of the 29th. I suppose the surface was bad and everything seemed to be going wrong. They 'dumped' a good deal of petrol and lubricant. Worse was to follow. Some four miles out we met a tin pathetically inscribed 'Big end Day's motor No. 2 cylinder broken.' Half a mile beyond we found the motor, its tracking sledges and all.

"Notes from Evans and Day told the tale. They had decided to abandon one machine and push on with the other alone. They had taken the six bags of forage and some odds and ends besides their petrol and lubricant. So the dream of great help from the machines is at an end! The track of the remaining motor goes steadily forward, but now, of course, I shall expect to see it every hour of the march."

On November 5 these forebodings were fulfilled. "There are three black dots to the south which we can only imagine mean the deserted motor with its loaded sledges. The men have gone on as a supporting party as directed."

It was even so. They reached the abandoned motor next day (the 6th) and found a note stating "a recurrence of the old trouble. The big end of No. 1 cylinder had cracked, the machine otherwise in good order. Evidently the engines are not fitted for working in this climate, a fact that should be certainly capable of correction. One thing is proved: the system of propulsion is altogether satisfactory."

The next instalment of "The Uttermost South: The Undying Story of Captain Scott" —from his diaries—will appear in the September number.

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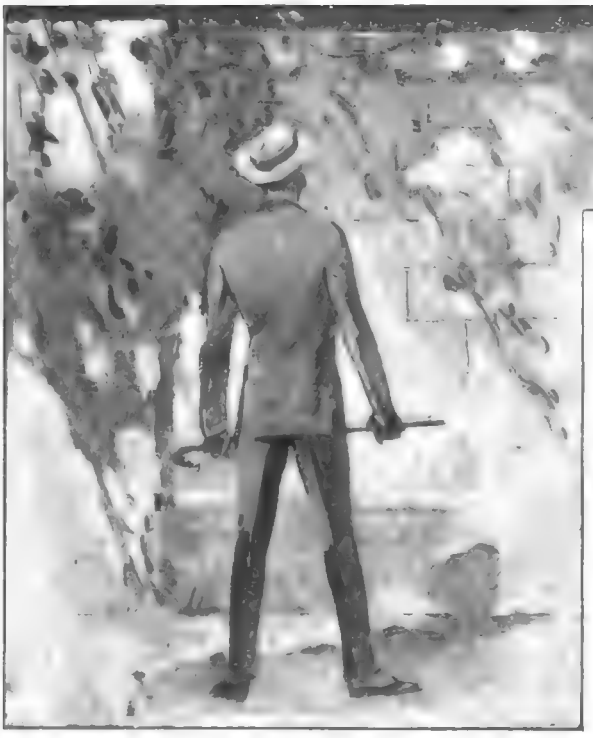

"FOR TWO CENTS—" HE SAID TO THE WALL, RESENTFULLY.

The GREAT ADVENTURER

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly,
Where the midge dare not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.
—ANONYMOUS.

WALLS and the man I sing. But for barriers the spirit of adventure would long since have waned from the world. Set stone upon stone forbiddingly, and before the mortar is dry, some daring soul will have plotted to overleap or batter through your structure. Who built the first wall raised the first rebel, and the descendant and spiritual heir of that first rebel hereby stands duly introduced in the person of Donald Stockton.

Seven feet of gray masonry fronted young Mr. Stockton's dancing eyes, one glorious June morning, in the London byway to which his vagrant feet had carried him. It was an unencouraging, even a repellant killjoy of a wall, gray, grim, and indifferent. You could tell at once that it enclosed treasure, and with self-satisfied confidence in the inviolability of its own guardianship. As for the clean-built youth beneath it, obviously it cared for him not one whit.

"For two cents—" he said to it, resentfully, and stopped there. But that was enough to apprize it of his nationality. It contrived, now, to assume a disdainful

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expression, as of ripe age toward callow youth.

At any other hour of the day, the thing might not have happened. But it was still young morning, the time when all right-living things breathe to a heightened rhythm. Wind-driven rain had cleansed the air. The sun, a joyous swimmer, breasted upward through a surf of foamy cloud-waves. An elfin breeze, laden with earth-fragrances, swooped over the wall, tilted Don Stockton's hat, and stirred the close reddish-brown curls that crinkled along his forehead. Marking the hue of that hair, the old gray wall felt a trifle less self-confident. It realized uncomfortably that, after all, it had a broad, flat top.

Even so, and though earth and heaven were conspiring with the strong, clean blood in Don Stockton's veins to make trouble, he might have gone forth unscathed from the encounter, but for that incalculable and tricky chance which molds or mars fate by the feather-touch of lightest circumstance. For as he stood, hesitant, a voice rose, clear, true, and sweet from the enchanted land within; rose and soared and sank, and rose again, roundly and with a springtide thrill in its cadences; and this was its song:

"You may esteem him
A child, of his might.
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight.
But if she whom Love doth honor
Be concealéd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her—
Love will find out the way."

Walls and *the* woman I sing. Donald Stockton's heart leaped and carried with it its owner. Four paces backward he stepped. Then a swift run, a lithe swing of his sinewy body, and he was seated on the coping. Outraged, the wall plucked at his leg, to cast him back upon the flags; but succeeded only in giving him a rather severe bump on the knee, a small price, indeed, to pay for the vision of treasure which it had been guarding. The successful athlete sat gazing down into the loveliest of old gardens, lacking ever so little of claim to be a park, and the loveliest of young faces, gazing up into his with wide, surprised gray eyes.

"I thought you'd look like that," said Donald Stockton, with profound satisfaction, and had the grace to flush an abashed red at his own unconsidered audacity.

"Like what?" She would have been less than woman had she let that gauntlet lie.

"Like yourself. Like the promise of your voice."

"Ah!" Her little, white upper teeth pressed down softly over her lower lip, giving to her face a quaint expression of considerate judgment— "Like a pansy with a problem to solve," he afterward told her. "But what are you doing up there?"

"Balancing desperately between hope and fear."

"Why have you climbed our wall?" she demanded.

"Because your wall daréd me to."

"Dared you?"

"Certainly. Can't you understand that? Hasn't it ever said to you 'Stay in!' and made you wild to get out?"

She smiled adorably. "Once I tried," she confessed, "and paid for it with the worst bump of my childhood."

"Then you can sympathize," he cried eagerly. "If it's provoking on this side"—he glanced down the rugged face of stone —"where it's all pleasant with vine and friendly with flowers, judge what it is on the other side. There it stares insolently and says 'Keep out.' Then you sang, and I rose on the wings of your song."

"But how?"

"In plain prose, I jumped."

"Really! You must be what our Irish peasants call 'a lofty lepper.'"

"I'm not bad at it. And," he insinuated, "I can jump down as well as I can jump up."

"But on which side?" she returned, with a trace of mockery.

"Pity me," he pleaded. "I'm in a dreadful fix. If I don't say exactly the right thing, I'm in peril of perpetual banishment from your presence. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"What the right thing is, I can't determine, at this lofty altitude. Meantime I'm likely to be arrested for a trespasser or shot as a sparrow."

"What have you to offer as the price of admission?"

"Undying fealty, and a wealth of unprofitable conversation," he answered promptly.

The even teeth shone white against soft red for a moment. "The latter is tempting," she admitted. "You come at a propitious moment, too. I'm bored. That is, I *was* bored; and for the moment I'm not bored."

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"YOUR VERY HUMBLE AND SOMEWHAT UNCOMFORTABLE SERVANT."

"And yet I've only just begun," he said persuasively.

"I suppose this is a sort of adventure. London is not prolific of adventures. It is prolific of nothing but tiresome dances, and tiresome dinners, and tiresome people who say tiresome things over and over again. I wonder if you say tiresome things. Don't you think London a fearful bore?"

"I think London," said he with emphasis, "the most wonderful, fascinating, exciting, and dangerous place in the whole world."

"Ah! That is because you are an American. 'Thy speech berayeth thee.' Also your opinion. But what else are you?"

"Your very humble and somewhat uncomfortable servant."

"Uncomfortable you may be. Humble you certainly aren't. Are you a militant suffragette sympathizer, after Uncle with a hatchet?"

"As I haven't the pleasure of your uncle's acquaintance, I should hardly feel at liberty to hit him with a hatchet, even in a good cause. No, I'm not."

"Or an anarchist with a bomb?"

"Nothing so romantic. Do you receive visitors of that description?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Plenty of threats, at least; as you may have seen in the newspapers."

"No. And I shouldn't know, in any case, since I haven't the faintest idea above whose property I am hovering."

The gray eyes scrutinized him straightly. "Are you, by any chance, I wonder, telling the truth?" she said.

"It's my besetting vice."

"Then it *is* an adventure. Pure chance; a special emissary sent to beguile a tedious half-hour for a bored and forlorn lady."

"A half-hour?" He caught eagerly at the word. "One might find El Dorado in half an hour."

"Or lose a will-o'-the-wisp. But you have yet to enlighten me. What do you do here, and what do you wish?" She demanded.

"What I want more than anything else in the world just at present—shall I tell you?"

"At your peril."

"I accept the risk. To hear you sing again."

She bent in a curtsy, all rippling curves and melting contours. "It is granted. You are very impudent, and very intrusive, and very assuming. And for those virtues, reward is sure. Descend, Knight of the Flattering Tongue."

Before the command was concluded, he had landed lightly at her feet.

"You shall have one stanza," she said.

Standing before him, slim, rounded, and lovely, she lifted her voice and sang:

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"Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves,
Over floods that are deepest
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way."

He drew a long breath. "What is it?" he asked in a low voice.

"A quaint old thing, called 'The Great Adventurer.' "

"Where can I get it?"

She laughed gently at his purposeful eagerness. "The words, in some library, I dare say. It's anonymous. As for the music, I've never seen it. It is probably out of print if it ever was in. I should like to have it, in the old form."

"May I bring it to you?"

"How would you get it?"

"I don't know. But get it I will, if you will give me leave to bring it to you."

For a brief moment her brows puckered. "You go fast," she said, and her manner was that of a woman of the great world. Only for the moment, however. "I've wished a wish," she cried gaily, "and it has come true. You've saved me from boredom. Come back with your song, if you can. We will play the play out. Only, remember, it *is* a play. And this—" she laid her hand on the side of the gray wall, and a rose bent to kiss it—"this is the curtain."

"Beyond which the spell does not bind. I understand."

"There are conditions," she said. "You are to make no inquiry. You are to seek no way of knowing me other than the one you have chosen. You are to come as you may, and find if you can."

"A test for 'The Great Adventurer' himself," he answered boldly. "I accept—loyally."

"Before you go," she said, "do you choose to account for yourself in any way?"

"My friends call me 'Don,' " he suggested audaciously.

"Ah? Then I know your other name," she retorted. "It is Quixote."

"Be it so. And my address has been the Berkeley. But after to-day—By the way, what is the street beyond the wall?"

"Croydon Place."

"After to-day it will be 53 Croydon Place."

"You have taken a house there?"

"Not yet. But if you will examine the chocolate-drop effect in architecture just opposite you will see an agent's notice in the window. I caught sight of it as I sat up yonder. I shall lease that house."

"A sudden determination?"

"It has been ordained," said he with conviction, "since the beginning of time."

"Perhaps you can't. They may not wish an American tenant."

"Then I'll buy it. *That* will be a way of getting even with your cold and haughty wall. I can look down on it, then."

"Rather an expensive way. What do you think you may buy it for?"

"I'll buy it for a song—for the sake of a song. As for the price, I haven't any idea. But that's outside the wall and thus outside the play."

"And therefore no affair of mine." Again she studied him with her thoughtful gaze. "I wonder," she said, "how sane you really are."

"An hour ago I could have told you."

"An hour! Is it so long? You must go. There is a tree where you can climb."

"No. I'll go as I came."

She marked with the appreciation which the clean-bred woman instinctively feels for physical excellence in others, the free, strong grace of the leap and vault that carried him to the height. Perched there, he leaned down and touched the rose which had bent to her hand. It was a deep pink Carola, a cross which grew nowhere else in the garden.

"May I?" he asked.

She nodded. He plucked the flower.

"*Au revoir*, Don Quixote," she said, as he slipped from her sight, and landed in the arms of a startled scissors-grinder to whom he promptly gave a half-crown and who for a week thereafter intermittently haunted the spot, hoping for a repetition of the phenomenon which had precipitated a meteoric and generous lunatic upon him from the blank heavens. Strange are the ways of the gentry!

Strange, too, as Solomon has remarked, the way of a man with a maid. Had he lived long enough he might have confirmed his opinion by the instance of Donald Stockton, bachelor, aged twenty-seven, of Trenton, N. J., and New York, N. Y., U. S. A., who, having but once set eyes upon an unknown and alien maiden, forthwith sallied out and purchased, for the love of said

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maiden, in unseemly haste and without delay of bargaining, from divers and sundry scandalized Britons, the following properties and articles, to wit:

One house.
One set of furnishings for said house.
One set of tools for the practise of the craft of stone-masonry.
One set of clothes appropriate to said craft.
One contract of work with a high-priced and suspicious musical draftsman.

The last three purchases were accomplished uneventfully. But in the hallway of the house-agents' offices he met Her. Simultaneously his heart flew to his throat and his hand to his hat—before he remembered that this was the Outer World and beyond the spell. Hence he stepped back, gazing steadfastly several yards beyond her, until she had passed. But not before he had observed that she had gone pink, most gloriously pink.

Conceive now, if you can, the feelings of a wall—one of the oldest, stanchest, most conservative, and best kept up walls in all old, stanch, and conservative London—at being unable to intercept the flight of a clandestine parcel, descending from the second story of the modern (A. D. 1788) upstart of a house opposite, into the heart of an azalea bush, thence to be rescued by the hand of the Chiefest Treasure which the wall guarded. Consider the further scandal of the wall at seeing the color mount to the Chiefest Treasure's face, as she opened the parcel and read a note which was enclosed therein:

You, who are music to heart and ear alike, take the song which is your own. It did not exist, so I made it. A treasure-warding gnome disguised as a librarian exhumed the words for me, from a musty volume, in a forgotten corner, witched with a spell of cobwebs and dust. Musty and dusty and wrinkled and webbed was he; but there shone one gleam of flame in the ashes of his eyes when he repeated the lines. "They were lovers in those days," he sighed. To a musician I bore my trove, and sang the melody—which I shall not forget while I live—for him to set down. He was a disenchanted fat man but he, too, flashed fire and sighed, and said, "They were singers in those days." The making of the little volume I have done with my own hands, in the service of my liege lady. So do you, who are music's self, take it, and, if it find favor, sing.

Toil of human hands has not built, nor wile of human brain devised, a wall within which song can be pent. The voice soared sweetly, the friendly breeze bore the burden, and the wall beheld with disgust, emerging from the modern (A. D. 1788) upstart of a house, one clad in rough white and armed with familiar implements, who advanced and leaped upon it.

Within, she had purposed to thank him fittingly for the thing of beauty in her hand. But astonishment at his appearance, as he rose into view, crowded away the words. "What part are you playing now?" she demanded.

"Mine is an honorable trade," he replied, waving a trowel airily. "Walls Neatly Repaired to Order. Yours Respectfully, D. Quixote. At the Sign of the Irritable Windmill."

"On the whole," she decided, with a ravishing air of judicial solemnity, "it is not unbecoming. Descend, Knight of the Flattering Deed," she directed; and, holding up the parchment, added: "Are you the artist of these illuminations?"

"Such as they are."

"They are exquisite. And your letter—that was worthy of being illuminated, too. But why did you cut me, three days since?"

"Pity the blind—the most to be pitied of all blind, he who is forbidden to see—beyond the curtain."

"Loyally done and said. And did you lease the house opposite?"

"No. I bought it. They refused to lease."

"What shall you do with it?"

"Make a shrine of it."

The swift, soft hue rose to her cheek. "Are you one of those fabulous multi-millionaires of your country who go about purchasing houses offhand?"

"Hardly that. Though I can afford an occasional house — through luck mainly. An Alaskan bear which I thought I was hunting three years since, chased me into what proved to be a valuable copper deposit. Two years later the Wall Street bulls chased me out again, at such a handsome profit that I haven't been able to get a job since. So here I am."

"And so I'm to have a favorite of fortune for a neighbor, since we are to be neighbors."

"Neighbors? Not by worlds of space. There where you stand is the Realm of Enchantment. Beyond, over yonder, the Outer Darkness. You forget the wall."

"And you—you forget nothing. I like you for that, Don Quixote. I think I like you very much. Tell me about yourself.

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"THEN IT *IS* AN ADVENTURE. A SPECIAL EMISSARY SENT TO BEGUILE A TEDIOUS HALF-HOUR FOR A BORED AND FORLORN LADY.

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And if any one comes, which isn't probable at this hour—I shall give you stern orders about your work. Couldn't you manage to displace a stone, just to make it appear more reasonable?"

Thus the wall, unmolested since bullets had vainly splattered against it in the Corn Law riots, half a century before, now suffered the amateur atrocities of a pretended mason, as a cover to such speech as men and maidens exchange upon all topics under heaven; speech which leads, at the last, by sweet and hidden ways, to the topic older than speech itself.

Visit succeeded visit, and chance favored the daring, in that there was no discovery of their clandestine and innocent meetings. Sometimes she was to him the woman of the great world, panoplied in the armor of social conventions, consenting to be amused, but holding her spirit aloof from companionship. Again she was the girl of song, gracious, sweet, and joy-giving; and still again, an elf, capricious, mocking, and elusive.

To herself she said that it didn't matter, this little interlude of simplicity, in her complex and formal life, since it must end as it had begun. But unobtrusively, his charm and the subtle insistence of his own frankness broke through her reserve. She awoke one morning with a shock which was almost shame, to a realization that, while preserving her anonymity, she had admitted this strange and winning outlander, this unknown leaper of barriers, to something more than the outer courts of her intimacy. So, that day, she dismissed him abruptly and haughtily, to his sad bewilderment; nor would she tell him when he might come again.

By way of penance she forbade herself the Enchanted Garden for days thereafter, wherefore all the world seemed strangely dull and staled. One lilt of song, tossed over the high wall, she knew, would dispel boredom, by the magic of his presence and of his quick, sensitive speech. With exasperation she found herself unconsciously recalling how the curly brown hair, shot with red, crisped over his forehead; how the steady brown eyes flashed to some sudden thought; how the firm mouth smiled a little awry and unfailingly won her response. So when song rose to her lips, she gave it voice sparingly, singing under her breath in soft defiance to the old, friendly wall:

"Some think to enclose him
By keeping him confined;
And some do suppose him—
Poor fools!—to be blind.
But howsoe'er ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Still will find out the way."

But no single note of this reached to the chocolate-drop effect in architecture across the way, where a bewildered youth struggled hard against bitter thoughts.

There came a night when he found himself stifling within four walls, and so sought his balcony for air, and looked out over a dreaming garden. Broad moonlight flooded the wall and the world. Far off a clock, with deadened strokes, told the hour of the dead: one—two—three. A restless breeze stirred and sighed, as if the night were tossing in its sleep. Among the moving tree-shadows on the wall something darker than a shadow moved; crouched, leaped, and fled noiselessly down the street. What was a visitor doing in the garden at that hour?

As Donald Stockton asked himself the question, dim conjecture was riven through with a lurid flash of memory, recalling what she had said of threats against her uncle's house. Instantly, instinctively, he was down-stairs and out upon the still street.

Croydon Place was empty. Fear lent buoyance to his spring as he scaled the height, and dropped warily into the Enchanted Realm. Fear plucked at his breath as he marked footsteps in the soft earth and followed them to an angle of the great mansion where lay an oblong box—which ticked. At that light and measured sound of dread, fear hardened to cold resolution. To lift the box, to bear it cannily across the flower-beds, to set it on the wall-top, to gain the street, to resume the burden, and to hurry it to the shelter of his house; all this was the work of crowded seconds. The box ticked the seconds.

Instant necessity had carried him thus far. Now came the stern test. What beat of that invisible hammer might loosen leaping death, he could not even guess. A jack-knife—what true-bred American ever lacks one?—and his mason's trowel were his only implements. With the one he delicately loosened the screws; with the other he very gently pried up the cover, and all the time the hidden machinery ticked out its tiny and terrific threat "Nev-er to see-her again. Nev-er, nev-er a-gain."

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Within he found a little vial of liquid, carefully adjusted. Beneath it slumbered that "coiled spring of the lightning and the earthquake," a charge of dynamite. Warily he detached the murderous little vial. Slowly he lifted it out. Until it was clear of the box, his arm was iron-steady. Then it shook so that the acid, spilling, seared a red badge across his hand. He thrust a contemptuous finger into the now impotent clockwork, which promptly quit its threat and went to sleep. So did Donald Stockton. And in the morning he constructed a very workmanlike lie for the police to take along with them when, in response to his telephone call, they came to get the infernal machine.

Two mornings later she sang again in the garden, and this time her voice rose, clear, fresh, and glorious above the wall. Within just so long a time as is required for a young man in a panic of haste to leap into a uniform hanging ready to hand like firemen's apparel, the mock-mason appeared on the coping.

"My lady's commands?" he inquired.

There was a glint of mischief, could he have but seen it, in the great gray eyes; for she had chafed under his absence, and was resolved to make him pay for it.

"I wanted to see you," she said. "Whatever I want, I get."

"Spoiled child," he observed.

"Very likely. I enjoy being spoiled."

"And being a spoiler?"

"Perhaps even that. Is it an accusation?"

"It is. You have ruined a week—a week which should have been a happy, glorious, songful week. Seven days, and each a Dead Sea shell!"

She laughed up at him. "You have not wasted away under it."

"I *have*. I have pined. I have declined. I have fallen upon empty ways, and lisped my sorrow in numbers."

"Oh, do lisp them now in numbers," she besought.

"Be it so. The poem which best expresses my lacerated feelings is not my own, but a greater's. Listen:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall."

Here he made a large, expansive, self-introductory gesture.

"Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

He set his hand significantly upon his heart.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again."

"That is neither original nor apropos," said she scornfully.

"Pardon me! It is most apropos. You don't penetrate to the inner meaning of my ditty. You don't realize—how should you?—that one of them has tried."

"Tried what?"

"To put Humpty Dumpty—" again his hand went to his heart—"together again."

"Don't be absurd and mysterious. One of whom?"

"One of the King's horses, and of the King's men."

"Not Jerry!" she cried, in a flash.

"Captain Jerrold of the King's Hussars was the awesome inscription on his card."

"He called on you?"

"He did me that honor."

"When?"

"Let me see. It is now eight days since the sun left the heavens. The fourth day after that catastrophe."

She chose to ignore this. "Jerry's been to see you," she observed with a little gurgle of mirth. "What a lark!"

"Less the lark than the owl, I should say. He was solemn beyond the solemnity of that classic bird. He connected family duty with an insinuation that he would like to know what I was doing in that house. I told him I was living in it."

"Which satisfied him?"

"Not wholly. He yearned to know why I had leased it. I told him I hadn't; that I'd bought it. 'Why?' he asked. 'Because I like the locality,' I said. He then so far unbent as to express a conviction that the neighbors, and one neighbor in particular, had more to do with it than the locality. While admitting this, I denied his right to comment on it. Nevertheless, he commented; said it was 'rippin' sportin', but 'bally compromisin',' if I correctly retain the sweet memory of his classic language. Nobody but an American, he thought, would chuck fifteen thousand into a house overnight. I told him he was a good guesser, as I'd paid just that. Then it struck me sharply that he was talking in pounds, while I was thinking in dollars. I mentioned this, and he got red and said that if I paid only that sum it was a beastly shame;

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that it was his cousin who had sold the house to me, and at a loss."

"Jerry's an idiot!" she declared, flushed to the eyes.

"Are you the cousin?"

"Yes."

"Oh! And why did you sell your house for a fifth of its value?"

She stooped to set back in its place a venturesome anemone that had strayed into the path. "Would you have bought it anyway?" she asked.

"Yes."

With some difficulty she looked up at him again, and behold! he was in mid-air. He landed lightly and advanced toward her.

"No—no!" she cried in retreat, hardly realizing what she said or meant. "Did—did Jerry tell you who I was?"

"Only that you were a cousin. I asked him if there were any more immediate interest implied in his visit; to which he replied that you were 'a cut above him'—I think those were his words—and that he came as a representative of the family."

"Unauthorized," she declared. "Uncle—" she broke off. "He told you nothing more?"

"He hadn't time. The interview ended rather abruptly. Making due allowance for British bad manners——"

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted haughtily.

"I beg yours. Making due allowance for masculine British bad manners, as I was saying, I never permit an Englishman to push impertinence beyond a certain point."

"Oh, I should have loved to be there!" she broke out irrepressibly.

"It was quite unexciting—to me, at least. But what did Captain Jerrold mean by his use of the word compromising?"

"Why, you see," she explained, "they've found out that you've been coming here, and there's a bit of a family row."

"Your parents—" he began, but she cut him short.

"I am an orphan. It is a matter between Uncle and myself. Auntie hardly counts. And—" she smiled with bewitching impudence—"I can coax Uncle into or out of any frame of mind."

"Compromising was the word," he persisted. "Not a pleasant word. Particularly in connection with you."

"Perhaps you'd best leave that to me."

"No." It was gently said, but very positively.

"Very well. If I must be your instructor in the conventions, let me sound your ignorance. In America what would be thought of a girl who received an unknown young man *via* a seven-foot wall, morning after morning?"

"Why, it would be thought unconventional, certainly. But as for any harm——"

"It wouldn't subject her to unpleasant criticism?"

With a strange and pleasurable flutter at her heart she saw the color of wrath mount to his brow, and his mouth set grimly. "Good heavens, no!" he said. "You don't mean——"

"If all this were known, I should be the most begossiped woman—unmarried woman, I mean—in London."

"Then how is it that you haven't told me before?" It was a stern demand.

"What does it matter! I know what I am," she said proudly. "I believe, too," she added in a different tone, "I know what you are. And I assume that you would not be afraid——"

"Afraid!" He caught the word from her vehemently. "I'd fear, as I wouldn't fear death's self, to slur you with the faintest breath of suspicion."

"Don Quixote! Don Quixote!" She shook her head at him, smiling. "Or is it, I wonder, Sir Galahad? What do you do in this sodden age, you with your medieval chivalry?"

"Worship," he said very low, "and set the object of my worship high above any slightest thought of evil. Why did you not tell me at once? You knew how beautiful, how idyllic it has been to me from the first. And now to have it smirched with the thought of slander——"

"Don't be heroic," she mocked. "It is out of date. After all, what concern is it of yours if I choose to amuse myself unconventionally?"

"Amuse yourself!"

Her eyes fell before the hurt and incredulous anger in his. "Ah, well," she continued hurriedly, "I have owned to being a spoiled child. And I have told you, too, that a barrier is to me, as to you, a challenge. What are conventions but barriers? There is a current of recklessness in my family. And if I have played outside the rules in this case, I am sorry. Forget my foolishness, and me."

Silently he walked to the wall, set his

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SHE STOOD ON TIPTOE AND STRETCHED OUT TO HIM A LITTLE NOSEGAY OF SNOWDROPS WITH A WITHERED PINK ROSE IN THE CENTER.

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hands over the top, and drew himself up, until he sat on the coping.

"Where are you going?"

"To your front door."

"You shall not."

"You forbid too late."

Stamping her foot, she flamed at him: "If you do, I shall order you turned away."

He gazed searchingly down upon her angry face. "No," he contradicted slowly. "No, you couldn't do that."

"Listen," she said desperately. "The farce is played to its end. It has gone farther than I should have let it. But—you are a gentleman. You will understand, and—and forbear."

"Be explicit. What am I to understand?"

"That I can't—I mustn't—I won't know you beyond this wall."

"And within the wall my presence is compromising to you."

"I hate that word!" she cried.

"Good-by." The farewell seemed to float back and hover over her after he had gone. Involuntarily she moved forward, only to be blocked by the parapet. Against the rugged stones she leaned, displacing a creeper of ivy which closed down over her shoulder. The old wall had thrown a comforting arm around her.

Two outraged hearts woke upon a world of woe the next morning. Righteous wrath burned in him; the wrath of the man who feels that he has been made a plaything. Wrath which she strove to persuade herself was righteous, surged within her breast because—because—well, what right had he to cut her off with that curt good-by when she had not yet finished? Asking herself this question with every inflection of injury, she spent a restless morning in the big house. Then, lest her feet should mislead her into the garden, and her lips betray her into song, she ordered innumerable trunks packed immediately, and sallied forth to country-house gaieties, with a beautiful pink spot on the end of her nose.

For one dismal, abysmal, void, and vacuous fortnight, he watched the garden, with brief intervals for loathly meals, and hated himself for hoping. Then youth, and high blood, and healthful ideals reasserted themselves; he donned the evening garb of civilization and went forth and dined daintily, over a batch of American newspapers. Home again, his sore heart claimed attention once more; wherefore he took his guitar out upon his rose-bowered balcony, and set softly to whistling. Presently he ceased whistling and set, less softly, to uttering strong language, because the music to which his lips molded themselves was forbidden song. It rang in his brain:

> "But if she whom Love doth honor
> Be concealed from the day—"

Snap! went the E-string, under the vehemence of his attack. Having mended it, he wandered into less perilous paths of melody.

* * * * * * * * *

A cab, an ordinary London cab, drove from out the darkness of the ages into Croydon Place. All things are possible and nothing is anachronistic in London, where the shadow of past centuries is over everything; and the wall, which, being so old, was very wise, recognized the three occupants of the cab. They were young as Springtime, these three, and old as Sin itself: Pleasure, and his mistress, Light-o'-Love, and their companion, Temptation, she of the full lips and lustrous eyes. They looked on the old grim wall, and laughed as it frowned back at them. Mightier walls had fallen, since Troy and before, because of them. They lifted faces, dimly glowing through the darkness, to the balcony, hearing the song, and laughed in another tone.

"It is Youth," they said, one to another; and Pleasure called: "Are we welcome?"

The song died. For a moment the guitar scattered harmony. Then the voice of the singer said: "Whoever you are, you are welcome. Come."

So the three who were old came to the one who was young. Laughter answered to laughter, and song to song, as they pledged him in his wine. He drank one cup to forgetfulness, and as he drank Temptation took from him his guitar, and struck the strings and sang:

> "She hath said 'Oh, my dear, since the wine-cup stands near,
> And the thousand-voiced bird in the coppice sings clear,
> Would ye stay, whilst ye may tread the rose-bowered way?
> For life's but a loan, for a day or a year.' "

She leaned to him, looking upon him with heavy-lidded eyes. And the face,

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which had been the face of Glamour, changed and darkened to the face of Passion. Across his forehead blew a lock of her hair; black hair, and soft, and clinging. Her arm crept to his neck. Her breath was warm on his cheek. He turned his eyes to hers and found her suddenly beautiful. Remember, he was young and warm-blooded—and stung by resentment that he who had dared death for Love and bravely kept his silence, should have been spurned by Love; wherefore to him, in that moment, hope was a will-o'-the-wisp and memory a searing flame. What wonder that he turned to the siren at his shoulder! Her lips were close to his when there rose and thrilled in the air a voice, singing gallantly:

"You may tame the eagle
To stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the East;
The tigress, you may move her
To give over her prey;
You shall ne'er move a lover;
Love will find out the way."

Pleasure rose and plucked at Temptation's arm. "Come," he bade. "Youth is not for our company now."

Temptation jangled the strings of the guitar. "Listen to *my* song," she cried passionately.

"Youth will not listen," said Light-o'-Love. "A stronger than we has called to Youth. Come!"

So they left their host, with his face bowed in his hands, and went on their path.

* * * * * * * * *

On his balcony, Donald Stockton slept fitfully. A light footfall on the flags below awoke him. He looked down and beheld, with boundless wonder, a slender, buoyant figure which crossed the road to his door, and paused there, hesitant.

"You!" he exclaimed. "What do you do here—at this hour?"

She gave a little, startled, stifled cry. "I—I didn't think you would be about so late," she faltered.

"Wait," he bade her, and the word had hardly died away before he was at her side.

"How do you come here?" he asked sharply.

"I came out through the gate. It closed after me, and locked."

"What gate?"

"There is one at the far end of the wall."

"But why did you come out at all?"

"Just recklessness," she said defiantly. "The recklessness of the blood."

"And you can't get back?"

"Not that way."

"I'll take you around to the front door."

"And rouse the household? How should I ever explain?"

"Then I must call a cab and send you to some friend's house."

"No, it wouldn't do. They wouldn't understand."

"To some hotel, then."

"I should almost certainly be recognized."

He turned away to think. "Come in," he commanded. "I must telephone."

"To whom?"

"Mrs. Nostrand."

"The wife of the American ambassador? You know her?"

"She is my cousin."

"What would she think?"

"She will think," said he a little sternly, "exactly what I tell her. She has not known me for twenty-five years for nothing."

That, with all its implications, she took between teeth and lip for consideration, glancing sidelong at his contracted face. "No," she said at length. "You must get me back into the garden."

He gazed across at the wall. Suddenly that monument of stone and mortar achieved a miracle. It shrank and made itself small and low in the eyes of the young man, fairly inviting invasion.

"What do you weigh?" he demanded abruptly.

"Nine stone, scant."

"I can do it. Come."

Unquestioning, she followed him across the street to the spot where trees, overarching from within, shaded the coping. With a leap he mounted, and, kneeling, reached down to her a red-scarred hand.

"You're hurt!" she cried.

"It's nothing. Take hold of my wrist. Strongly!" His sinewy fingers clasped her slender wrist. "Ready? Jump!"

She felt herself swung upward through the air, and she thrilled with the world-old response of the woman to sheer physical power in the man.

"Now, down," he said, panting a little, and she dropped lightly on her feet,

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in the safety of the garden. "Good night."

"Oh, no," she half whispered. "Let me thank you, at least."

"Every second is a risk of compromising you," he warned.

At the word she winced. "That is ungenerous," she murmured; and while he was protesting that he had no such intent, she stood on tiptoe and stretched out to him a little nosegay of snowdrops with a withered pink rose in the center.

"That was my errand," she said softly. "I thought if I tossed them into your balcony you would find them and understand."

"My rose!" he said, in bewilderment. "The rose that you touched, and that I wore because of that, and lost."

"Yes," she said.

"But the snowdrops. Why those?"

"Can't you guess?"

His swift mind flashed to the line which, in one of their talks, he had quoted to her, with its marvelous description of a painting:

"*Snowdrops that plead for pardon*," he repeated. "Where did you find my rose?"

"How did you hurt your hand?" she countered.

"Playing with fire. It's dangerous to hands—and heart."

"I will tell you how I found your rose when you tell me how you hurt your hand," she said.

He shook his head.

"Oh, yes," she insisted. "You shall tell me to-morrow. Will you come, if I sing, across the wall?"

"Across the world," he answered. "Tell me one thing now. Why did you sing to-night?"

Her words floated up to him slowly from the fragrant darkness of the garden. "To arouse you. I felt some danger impending. Was I foolish?"

"That is very wonderful," he said, his voice a little shaken. "Good night. And God bless you for singing."

Full-throated her song came to him, glorious in the brilliant air of the next morning:

"There is no striving
To foil his intent;
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent."

Then with a more profound intonation:

"For if once the message greet him
That his true-love doth stay,
Though Death come forth to meet him,
Love will find out the way."

She seemed to him, as he vaulted the wall and found her, seated on her favorite bench with one soft pink Carola rose rising and falling at her bosom, to be her proudest, most distant, most inaccessible self. He could not know how the breath fluttered behind those firm lips; how the soul quivered behind those steady eyes. And he resented, a little, her calm poise.

"There are some questions to be answered," she said, taking charge of the proceedings at once.

"There are," he assented, taking the charge away from her. "For example: how came you by my rose?"

"What were you doing in my garden uninvited?" she retorted.

"How do you know I was in your garden?"

"A little flower told me."

"Traitor flower! Roses are bound to secrecy."

"And Americans also?"

He looked at her uncomfortably. "How much do you know?"

"Far more than I knew the last time you were within the spell. Carola roses grow in but one place in this garden. That place is *not* beneath my window. So when I found a withered blossom there——"

"May not a humble knight sigh beneath the windows of his queen?" he interrupted gaily.

"That was not all I found," she pursued. "On a certain night, a few days before your last visit here, when we—when you quarreled with me—I was wakeful, and thought I heard some one moving outside. But I saw nothing when I looked. In the morning I found the rose, and footprints."

"Footprints, naturally, since I'm not given to walking on my hands."

"You can not evade so easily. There were two sets of footprints in the soft earth."

"Exactly. Coming *and* going."

"Of different sizes."

"The gardener——"

"Ah, no, Don Quixote. Tell me about the scar on your hand."

"An unimportant burn."

"Did you get it that night?"

"Yes."

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"Then—then," her voice trembled a little, "it went off?"

"What? No! Certainly not. I don't know what you mean."

"Perhaps this will clear up your mental darkness," she said, holding out something that fluttered in the breeze. It was a newspaper clipping, setting forth with British journalistic brevity that Donald Stockton, an American residing at 53 Croydon Place, had, on the night of June 15th, delivered to the police an infernal machine found by him in the public thoroughfare and by him rendered harmless through removal of the vial of acid to which the clockwork was attached. Mr. Stockton, the paragraph stated, could throw no light upon the planting of the bomb.

"So you saw that," he said with elaborate indifference.

"Two days ago, only. So I came back to—to hear. Now tell me."

"Tell you what?" he asked uneasily.

"What you should have told me when you were last here; when you quar—when you let me quarrel with you, unknowing. How, for instance, did you happen to know of the bomb at all?"

"I wasn't sleeping well that night. And I had a presentiment of my own; a feeling of danger to you. So I came out on the balcony, and saw the man just escaping. Of course, I came over to see what he had been doing."

"And after—after what you did, though you were with me two days later, you said never a word."

"Why should I?"

The little, even teeth pressed down slowly, thoughtfully, upon the soft curve below. "If for no other reason, by way of warning. How could you know that the dynamiter mightn't try again?"

"Well, you see," he explained, haltingly, "he couldn't very well have got away with it, without my seeing him."

"You mean that you have watched?"

"Yes."

"Every night?"

"Well——"

"All night?"

"I had a steamer-chair in my balcony, and I slept very well there. It wasn't bad at all."

The eyes she lifted to his were soft and bright for one moment, and soft and dim the next, as she lowered them swiftly.

"And—that night, what did you do?"

"Just picked up the box and carried it over here and unloaded it."

"With no way of telling when it might explode and tear you to pieces?"

"As for that, he'd be sure to set it far enough ahead to give him plenty of time to get away."

"Don't try to minimize it," she said, her voice catching a little. "And do—do try," she looked at him with mirth and tenderness together sparkling in her eyes, "to look more like a hero and less like a trapped schoolboy."

"Oh, let's talk about something else," he broke out.

The mirth died out of her eyes and left only the tenderness; the laughter lapsed from her voice, as she lifted it and sang the one line:

"Though Death come forth to meet him—"

"Love will find out the way," he said, very low. "*Has* it found the way?"

She leaned back with eyes half-closed. "I, too, have played with fire," she said. "That it should hurt me, is only just. But that it should hurt you, who have been everything that is fine and true and knightly——"

"I love you," he said.

"No, no. You mustn't—you mustn't make love to me."

"What else in Heaven's name have I ever done since the first?" he cried.

"But it's wrong," she protested, panic in her eyes and voice. "It's no use. I can't——"

"I love you," he said quietly.

Trembling from head to foot, she made one more effort to call her raillery to her aid: "You don't even know me. You haven't even my name to go by."

"You shall have mine to go by all the rest of our lives."

She gasped. "It's impossible. It's nonsense. Do you mean you expect me to—to marry you?"

"Can you tell me that you don't care for me?" he demanded.

The row of white teeth tried to make a martial show of advancing in good order upon the question, but they faltered and retreated. It was no matter for consideration.

"Very well, then," he pursued, with triumphant logic. "What else imaginable should I expect?"

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"But you don't know who I am," she protested weakly. Then, lifting her eyes quickly: "On honor, *don't* you know who I am?"

"The girl I love. Beyond that, nothing, on my honor."

"I—I might be a—a great heiress."

"You might," he conceded.

"And the—the catch of the season."

"What of it—so long as you care?"

"I might be a—a duke's daughter."

"You might be and are the Queen of Heart's Desire and the Empress of all the Enchantments; and the woman I'm going to marry. Is that clear—dearest?"

"Oh, oh, oh," she mourned. "The man is mad. It's absurd, unreasonable, senseless, unheard of, unbelievable. There are ten thousand impossibilities between us."

"I—don't—care—a—*damn*," said Donald Stockton in measured accents, and with the almost religious intensity of the man who has never in his life sworn in a woman's hearing; and upon the explosion of the word he caught her up from the seat, into his arms. Her soft cheek brushed his and pressed close upon it.

"No more do I," she whispered, in a half sob.

"When I come again," he said, after a long time, laying a hand on the stone battlement, "it will be by the great front door. Good-by, old wall."

He vaulted to the top.

"Heart's darling, look!" he cried.

A bold adventurer of a vine had overrun the summit in a night, and was flowering in wondrous star-petals of white there.

"See," he said, "the wall is smiling at us."

He saw her pass along the shaded ways, and disappear between tall hedges of lilac; and, as he dropped lightly into the street, the voice of her gladness floated back to him, this time with a new and deeper glory:

"For howsoe'er ye wall him
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Still will find out the way."

THE SHIP

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

LOOK! how she heaves to the sea, with her spars
Swinging awide in the track of the stars!

Sky songs and sea songs, shouted aloud,
Striking wild chords upon halliard and shroud.

The darkness before and the darkness behind—
The wash of the wave and the rush of the wind,

And the plunge and the poise, and the pause and the reel
As the send of the sea surges under her keel—

The lunge and the lift of her wide-swinging spars
Driving her home by the track of the stars!

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"*From* HELL, HULL *and* HALIFAX"

By

TALBOT MUNDY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

"From Hell, Hull, and Halifax,
Good Lord Deliver Us."

THE saying still lingers on in England, and it has grown into a proverb nowadays, whose meaning is more generally understood in England's colonies; it dates back to the olden days when Charity had not been specialized, and once it was meant literally. Now, though, Hull and Halifax no longer stand preeminent, and one may include in the list Houndsditch and its environs, and the Minories, and many other places, without detracting from hell's reputation. The saying has taken on a broader meaning.

Aga Khan heard the saying, and applied its broader meaning without an effort—Aga Khan, the keen, brown-eyed, suave, and courteous gentleman with the touch of distant pride in his bearing and the guttural, deep-throated undertone that somehow hinted at authority. But he came from a land where men prefer to speak in metaphor, for fear that the cold, crude truth may be misunderstood—or too clearly understood—and lead to quarreling.

His dark skin, which was only slightly darker than the dirt-and-poverty-dyed skins around him, hid any emotion he might feel; it was like a mask. But his eyes were singularly curious, and never still; without being in the very least furtive or afraid, they were restless, and missed nothing. The aproned publican who kept the little ale-house near the Seven Dials, brought him his order of bread and cheese and milk with unusual condescension from a man who got

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his daily bread by selling beer, and who had all the prejudices that go with his calling; he set him down as an Armenian who knew no better, but he was interested.

"And Hull?" had asked Aga Khan, after an interchange of platitudes. "How does a man reach Hull?"

The publican wiped the small round table for him, and chased a beggar out of the saloon before he answered. "Going to Hull, are you? Well! You know the saying? 'From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us!' You get there by train from King's Cross Station, but if there's anything in that saying it ought to be a good place to keep away from!"

"Is Hull, then, worse than London?" The voice was deep and steady, and the speaker seemed scarcely to expect an answer. He had voiced a question, but he seemed rather to have passed a judgment.

"No, I dare say not! They're all bad places—London, and Birmingham, and Manchester, and Hull—for those that haven't got the price! You can take your choice, and starve in any of 'em! It wasn't millionaires that gave Hull a bad name, you may depend on it; it was folks like those in there!"

He nodded in the direction of a door that led from the saloon to the four-ale bar. Somebody had swung the door open, and Aga Khan saw an unlovely vision that he had grown accustomed to of late. Amid a babel of coarse voices and foul oaths, two beery hags slouched their down-trodden heels across the sanded floor in what was meant to be a dance, screaming with drunken laughter as the crowd applauded them. Along a bench that ran round three sides of the boozing-den men lounged who seemed only men by courtesy; scarecrows would have been less vile, because less capable of villainy.

And in one corner, grouped together, half desperate and wholly ragged, stood a little knot of younger men who listened with mouths agape, or with cynical unbelief, to a recruiting-sergeant. He was buying beer for them. And he was straight-backed, stone-cold-sober, and immaculate.

"Good hunting-ground, this, for the recruiting-sergeants!" said the publican as the door was kicked shut again. "Trade's bad, and they're about the only men who're doing any business! They're roping 'em in fast!"

"Are all the soldiers gotten thus?" asked Aga Khan. He evidently did expect an answer to that question, and he waited for it while the publican removed a broken-down gentleman who was trying to sell boot-laces.

"Go and join the army!" he growled at him, as he pushed him out into the street. Then he turned again to the man who could afford, and did not apparently object, to pay twice the regular price for milk.

"Not all of 'em, but more than half, I guess! They make 'em drunk, and get 'em sworn in before they've time to reconsider it. Once they're sworn in they've got to stop! Any army where you come from?"

"Oh, yes, there's an army," answered Aga Khan. "But tell me, do these men not want to join?"

"Lord bless you—who'd want to be a soldier! When trade's bad, and there's no pickings anywhere, they join in hundreds, so's to have a bed and bellyful!"

"Do they not care to serve their Queen, and to fight for her enormous empire?"

"They? Why should they? Why should I, for that matter? The Empire's all right enough in its way, but what do they or I care about fighting for it! We'll all shout 'Rule Britannia' when the orchestra plays it in the Halls, and most folks I've seen'll wave their hats and cheer when the Queen rides past; but what's all that compared to bread-and-cheese?"

"I had thought," said Aga Khan, speaking slowly like a man who is half convinced and half afraid that he may be wrong, "I had thought that possibly there might be some great spirit emanating from the lower classes that had led to conquest. That you, for instance, and men like you—and like those in there—were the real heart of the Empire."

"You thought wrong, then!" said the publican. "The Empire belongs to the privileged few. I dare bet that you can't find a man in here, for instance, who knows

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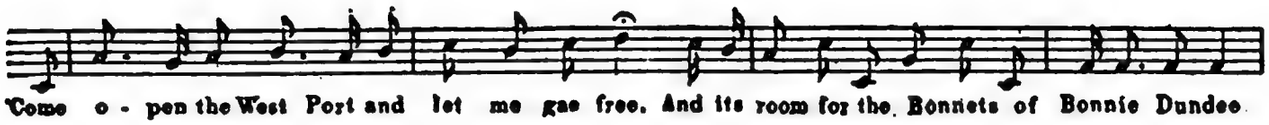
a thing about it, or cares about it, or who ever got a penny's worth of good out of it. I never did, for one!"

"I am surprised!" said Aga Khan, paying his little bill and walking out. He went, then, to an inconspicuous address in Bloomsbury, and wrote a long letter in a character that few in London could have read, and in a language that even fewer could have understood.

II

Aga Khan was not a man of kaleidoscopic changes; he was more like a chameleon, who blends with his surroundings without losing a fragment of his individuality. He was as much at home—and as little at home, for that matter—in Pall Mall as in the Seven Dials, and he carried with him letters of introduction that procured him admission everywhere. Where he went he contrived to excite little curiosity, but to absorb an enormous quantity of information.

He walked from Bloomsbury down Little Queen Street past Drury Lane into the Strand; and at the corner of Wellington Street his boots were blacked for him by an able-bodied man who called him "sir," and touched his cap, and thanked him extravagantly for twopence, which happened to be twice the regulation price.

"Are you English?" he asked him.

"Yes, sir—born in London, sir—thank you, sir—yes, sir, I'm English."

"I suppose you're proud to be an Englishman?"

"Me, sir? Why? I'd as soon be a furriner! Sleep in a doss-'ouse—eat what I can get, an' black boots for a living. Gawd! I'd as soon be a dawg. I'm thinking I'll go and join the army!"

A week later Aga Khan passed that same corner, and noticed that same man in the toils of a glib-tongued recruiting-sergeant; but in the meantime he had noticed many other things. He had stood at a theatre entrance, and had seen a man in uniform refuse admission to a soldier, who wore a cleaner, better uniform. He had stood in the throng of Houndsditch—beside the barrows where the brass-lunged costers bellowed out their prices, and the down-and-out brigade fought fiercely in among them for a chance to live—and had seen a clean-skinned, spick-and-span sergeant of the Line sneered at and pushed into the street.

He had sat in the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons, and had heard a loud-voiced demagogue who thumped his chest declaim about the Estimates, denouncing expenditure on armaments and howling for the dissolution of the Empire. And he had noticed that no man present took the trouble even to seem annoyed. Further, he had heard another demagogue, at Hyde Park Corner, describe the Queen as the dummy-head of a greedy oligarchy, while a crowd and four policemen looked on, and grinned, and listened. And no man threw a stone.

"Is such a speech as that permitted?" he inquired, in his gentlemanly unimpassioned tone.

"Why not?" asked the constable.

"Then is it not your duty to prevent him?"

"No. It's my business to protect him if the crowd gets nasty!"

And wondering—very deeply wondering—the bearded, keen-eyed Aga Khan went back to Bloomsbury, and wrote another letter.

And he had sat, together with a whiskered civilian in spectacles, in the luxuriously appointed smoking-room of a most exclusive club.

"Yes," said the club-member, scrunching in his pocket the unwelcome letter of introduction, and trying to alight on a topic of common interest, "I have a cousin in India—Civil Service, don't you know—younger son, and all that kind of thing—had to earn his living—might as well go to India as any other place. Like it, eh? Couldn't say, I'm sure! A man mustn't quarrel with his bread-and-butter! He always seems very glad to get home on his vacation—looks me up as a rule. He was here about eight months ago—came and had lunch with me—told me a lot of stories about cobras, and tigers, and famines, and

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plague. Very interestin'. Any tigers where you come from?"

"No," said Aga Khan, leaning back in his chair, and eyeing his surroundings. "This club is very comfortable."

"Yes. Isn't it!"

The club-member was interested now, and went into long details about club-management, and the different degrees of exclusiveness of clubs; and Aga Khan sat still and seemed interested too. But really he was listening to the conversation of two men who had dropped into the chairs behind him, and were sitting with their tall hats forward over their eyes, too bored, apparently, even to order drinks.

"Rotten, isn't it!" said one of them, in a voice that was weary with disgust.

"Don't talk about it!"

"Got to let steam off somehow! How's a fellow goin' to finance it, I'd like to know!"

"Renewin' promissory notes, I suppose; money-lenders are a long-sufferin' breed!"

"At twenty-five per cent., yes, I s'pose they are! But Good Lord! Think of it! India, now, with the 'season' just coming on!"

"Yes, and all the old men time-expired, or pretty nearly all, and nothing but a lot of rotten, raw, pie-faced rookies on the strength!"

"They tell me the price of polo-ponies has gone up to nearly double in the last few years out there."

"I know it has. Come on—don't let's think about it. Let's go and see the Jew—may as well get that part over!"

They went, languidly and discontentedly—two clean-brushed dandies from a bandbox—as indifferent, it seemed, as dummies to anything but self, and tired of that.

"Would you tell me what those men are?" asked Aga Khan, glancing at their backs.

"Their names, you mean?"

"No. *What* they are."

"Army officers—both in the same regiment. Their regiment has just been ordered out to India."

"They seem displeased."

"Yes? Well, London will get along without them!"

"Must they go, whether they will or not?"

"They could resign, of course."

"They go, then, for the pay?"

The club-member smiled. "No," he answered, "their pay scarcely covers their mess-bills."

"They go, then, at their own expense?"

"Practically. They'll get a very uncomfortable passage on a troop-ship, but they'll have to buy new uniforms and all that kind of thing themselves."

"Then why are they officers—why do they not resign?"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure; each man to his own taste, I suppose! The social position's fair, for one thing."

"I heard them speak of promissory notes?"

"Did you? Well, I suppose that they're in debt, or have got to borrow money."

"Against what do they borrow? Against their pay?"

"Oh, Lord, no! Against their expectations! Their fathers happen to be rich, and can't live forever!"

"Then, for the social position, and to go to India, where they do not want to go, they give a mortgage on their patrimony?"

"Not exactly. Those two men would have a good social position in any case."

"Then why?"

"Rather difficult to explain, Mr.—ah—Khan, I'm afraid!"

"Do they so love their Queen?"

"Personally?"

"How else?"

"I don't suppose they either of them know her personally!"

"Then her ministers—is it for them? Are they members possibly of a political party, and very loyal?"

"Good Heavens, no! There's a Radical ministry in power, and they're both of them staunch Tories!"

"What do they stand to gain?"

"Nothing, unless you count fever, and conceivably a wound or two."

"Can they win great promotion?—great favor?—great honor?"

"Hardly. They're captains. Might become majors. Might get a medal or so."

"Ah! The medals would carry great distinction? Men would applaud them?"

"The medals would be about the same as those the rank and file would get; nobody'd even know they had 'em—they don't wear 'em, you know, except on parade. And nobody'd care one way or the other!"

"Are they of the upper classes?"

"Certainly!"

"And they do not want to go to India,

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for I heard them say so—and they can gain nothing, but will lose much by it, in money and possibly in health—and they very likely do not know their Queen—they hate her ministry—they have to borrow if they will obey—I heard them say that the men whom they must lead are 'rotten'—and yet, they go! Can you solve me this riddle?"

"It's a question of privilege, I think," said the club man.

"Ah! Privilege! Now, what privilege?"

"The privilege of going!"

Aga Khan was infinitely too polite to shake his head, or to give any other sign of incredulity. Only his brown eyes showed skepticism, and something that was more, as he rose and thanked his host, and said good-by. But the letter that he wrote that evening was full of certainties — conclusions drawn by process of cold logic from his mental memoranda. And his conclusions would not have been changed in any way could he have overheard a conversation between that club-man and a crony, which took place ten minutes after his departure.

"Who was your friend?" asked a man who had been watching.

"Man named Aga Khan—brought me a letter of introduction from a man I know in India."

"What part of India does he come from?"

"No part. He's an Afghan, traveling to study social problems, so he says. Wants to know why army officers go all the way to India!"

"Did you enlighten him?"

"Can't say I did. Not sure I know myself! There are two things, though, that beat me. One is, why the Indian Government allows such men to escape from their native hills."

"And the other?"

"Is why anybody bothers about India! We'd be just as well off without it. It's a nuisance, and the Afghans are a nuisance!"

"THERE IS NO AFGHAN FIGHTER BUT HELD HIS CHIN HIGH FROM HIS BIRTH"

III

The Afghans truly were, and are, a nuisance. Then, though, they possessed an Amir who had eaten with the under dog and had learned to know men, or at least Afghans, from the bottom upward before he came into his own. And he not only was a nuisance; he had a yearning for lost provinces.

He had, too, sound common sense, blended, after a

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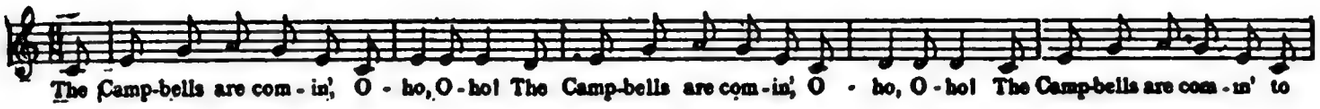

strangely Eastern manner, with romanticism and a patriarchal sense of duty that was almost Biblical. He believed that the fighting tribes on India's northern frontier who had once sworn fealty to his ancestors were his by right—his children—his to rule with an iron rod that would suit their temperament and his own idea of fitness.

He had read more than a little, and had remembered what his national traditions were. He knew that India had been conquered from the North times without number. He was a statesman, and he guessed that the surest means of knitting together a nation torn by strife was to give it a national idea and start a war of conquest. And he knew that India would make good plundering. Once India were his, his warriors could plunge their arms down elbow-deep into the loot, and he, their Amir, would get the credit for it; the Afghan blood-lust would be sated for a time, and men could rest from the killing and grow prosperous.

He could dream, could that Amir. But underneath his dreams there lay that bed-rock of common sense on which he had raised himself to clamber to the throne, and he did not forget that India had been conquered from the South and from the West once, or that her conquerors were still in power. British bayonets had helped him to the throne of Kabul, and he had no false impressions of what the British soldiers had been worth in those days.

But the British, once in Kabul, had set him firmly on the throne, and had gone away again—away down South beyond the Himalayas. They had told him to keep his eye on Russia, and to make Afghanistan a buffer-state between the gray-clad Russian hordes and England's thin red line. And that, to his Oriental mind, showed weakness.

What conquerors relaxed their grip on a country they could hold? What general retreated when his base was safe and there was nothing to oppose him? What king or queen accepted promises in lieu of tribute, and left an alien—unwatched—to guard the border-line, unless his or her hands were full elsewhere? Would *he* act thus? Allah—God of the faithful and confounder of the infidel—forbid! There must be something rotten in the state of England.

Hence Aga Khan; and hence another man. The Amir was no man to leave his fighting force unwatched while he himself went in search of information; no man, either, to trust his ministers too far, or to let them grow lazy from too little work. They were schemers who might scheme against him unless he kept them busy, and there were things that he needed very much to know. So Aga Khan, the wisest of his graybeards, and the most observant, and the one who knew most English, went to London; and Ullah Khan, who was better versed in Hindustanee, and who loved above all things to trade in horses, took the long trail down the Khaibar with some four-year-olds.

And, like Aga Khan, who was threading in and out amid the slums and clubs of London, Ullah Khan saw wonders. Being a Mohammedan and an Afghan and a horse-trader, he had three perfectly good reasons for disliking the Bengali babus; but he had his orders, and he did need an interpreter, for in India men speak two hundred dialects. So Boghal Grish, the fat, unspeakable iconoclast, went with him, and had trudged, complaining, in the dust from end to end of almost endless provinces.

He had been a useful person—very. He had translated for Ullah Khan's benefit hundreds of seditious Hindu editorials, taken at random from lithographed native newspapers with two-hundred-copy circulations; and he had interpreted the exaggerated vaporings of "failed B. A.'s" and even lesser lights who had failed to get a "Government poseetion." With quick babu perception he had very soon divined that Ullah Khan was not in search of things to be admired, and he had brought men to him whose point of view was likely to prove acceptable.

In the bewildering bazaars of Lucknow and Delhi and Cawnpore he had shown him the locked-up stores and houses where the plague had ravaged, and had read aloud for him the notices nailed on the doors, and had interpreted for him the bitter

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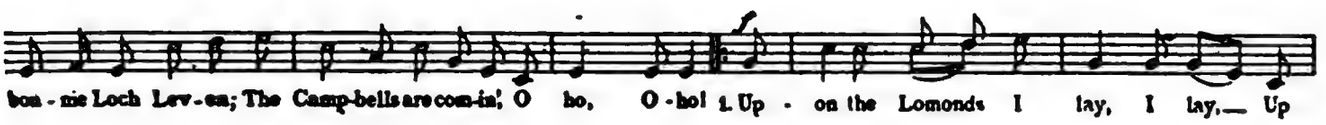
revilings of the men whose privacy had been invaded by ruthless, caste-careless sanitary commissioners.

"They care nothing for our native customs," explained Boghal Grish. "Nor yet for our religion! See!" And he led him to a Hindu temple, whose holiness had been defiled by Christian disinfectant. "Even our gods are nothing to them! With one hand they break down our privacy; with the other they pacify malcontents by raising them to positions of authority."

And he had interpreted the remarks of the Hindu priests, whose cow-dung-plastered shrines still bore the shameless stain of cleanliness-applied-by-*force-majeure*.

Ullah Khan had seen for himself the native scowls as Tommy Atkins swaggered, laughing and careless, through the crowded market, and he had needed no interpreter to make the meaning of the murmurs clear to his understanding; there were no love-croonings in among them! And he knew enough English on his own account to understand the conversation of occasional British officers, when chance favored him and he could overhear without appearing too inquisitive.

"Home again next month! Gad, won't it be good!"

"Think of Hurlingham and Ranelagh!"

"The Shires for me, my son! Forty minutes in the open, over real English grass!"

"Oh, think of Cowes in June! Can't you see 'em 'snorting under bonnets?' How long, my son, how long?"

"And where are these places, and what are they?" demanded Ullah Khan.

"At Hurlingham and Cowes, they tell me men play games—games on horseback and in little boats," said Boghal Grish. "In what they call the Shires, they hunt."

"They think, then, of nothing else?"

"Of little else! They love neither us nor India."

And Ullah Khan grunted. And he too wrote a letter that had certainty in every line of it.

And there were other things to see and understand. He saw the fat, green fields, where dust had been, and saw the patient ryot humped over his hoe, hurrying to let the gurgling dark-brown water sluice between the rows. And he heard the ryot grumble at the Takkus, which was greater than it had been once—before the water came.

"So they raise the taxes, do they?" asked Ullah Khan.

"Always, sahib! Always! For that reason, and no other, they start irrigation works! They charge for the water, and with the money so obtained they pay more bureaucrats from England!"

"And all this rice? Does it go to England?"

"Nay. It is eaten here."

"The money, then, for which the rice is sold? That goes to England?"

"Nay."

"These farmers have the spending of it?"

"Of what is left when the tax is paid."

"But they must buy their goods in England?"

"Nay. All goods enter India on an equal tariff."

"Why? Why do the English not discriminate?"

"They are afraid!"

Four months after the dismissal from his service—on the ground of peculation—of Boghal Grish, two months after a furtive but very shrewd inspection of widely scattered regiments of native cavalry, and one month after a visit to Calcutta where he saw what little can be seen on the outside of the workings of the most amazing government on earth, Ullah Khan met Aga Khan, new-landed from a Peninsular and Oriental Steamship.

As they stood together on the Apollo Bunder, which faces the harbor of Bombay, they looked into each other's eyes for a moment, meaningly.

"What found you?" asked Ullah Khan.

"Rot everywhere!"

"And I too!" said Ullah Khan. "The fruit is ripe for the plucking. They have sown themselves, but they are afraid to reap! The country has grown fat and prosperous; there are pickings here for a hundred thousand plunderers, and yet no man moves a finger! They rule like men who are afraid!"

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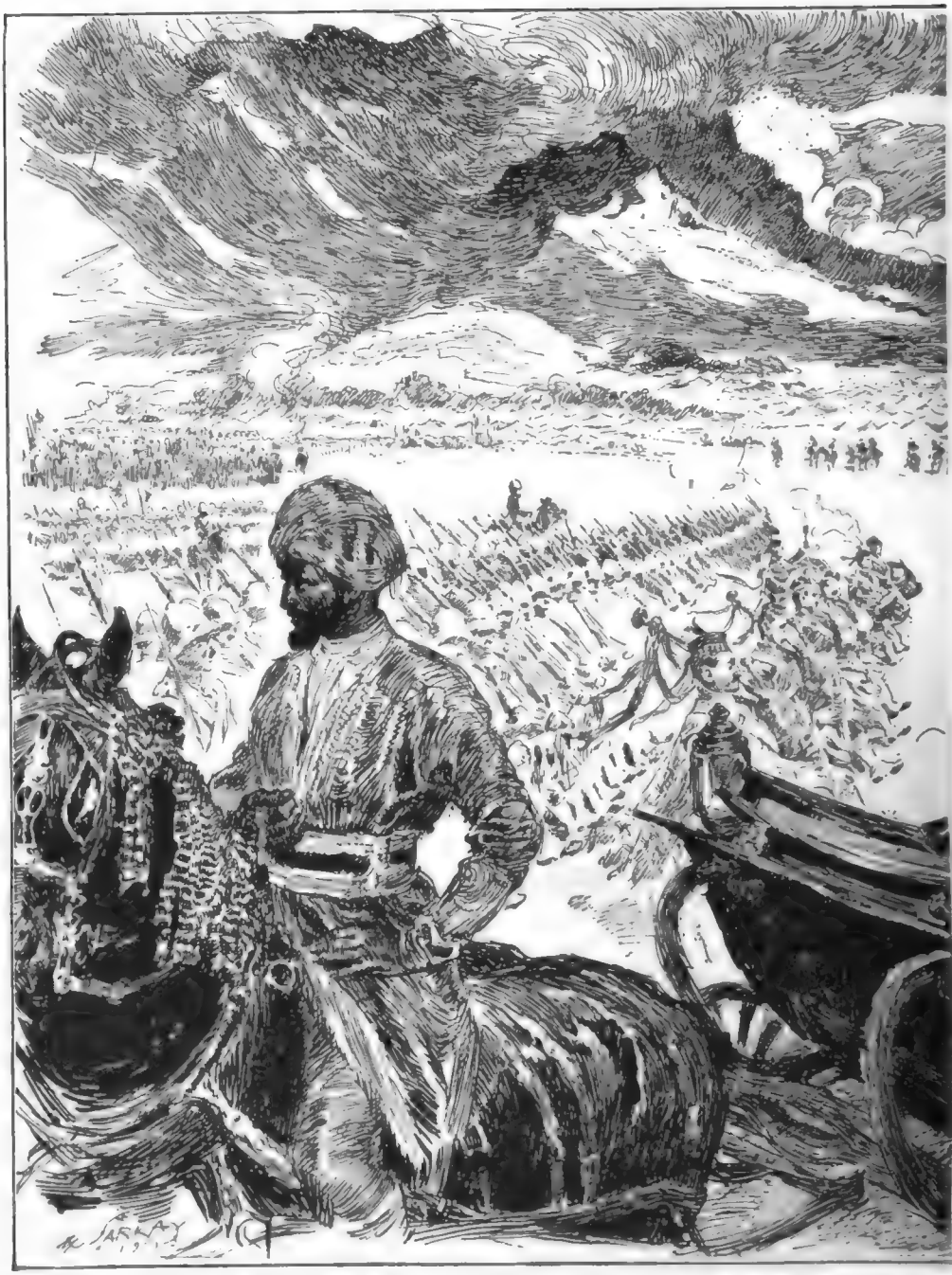

NONE MARCH LIKE HIGHLANDERS—NONE ANYWHERE. THEIR KILTS AND SPORRANS SWINGING, THERE WAS THAT IN THEIR SALUTE WHICH THRILLED THE RELUCTANT AMIR AND REMINDED

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AND THEIR RIFLES AT THE SLOPE, THEY CAME ON LIKE THE LORDS OF ALL CREATION AND THE VICEROY WHAT MANNER OF MEN THEY WERE WHO HELD HIM THERE AS EMPRESS'S DEPUTY.

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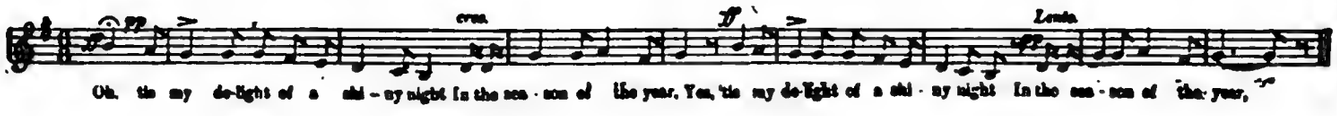

"No wonder!" growled Aga Khan. "Their soldiers come from depths unspeakable. Their officers detest the service, and are put to great personal expense by it; such men are not dependable! And in England the crowd cares nothing, and knows nothing, and thinks of nothing except beer and bread. No wonder that they rule like men who are afraid!"

"We will have good tidings for the Amir, thou and I!" said Ullah Khan.

IV

The back of the Eastern-province famine had been broken, and the plague was dying in the West. The southwest monsoon had burst with a year-late flood on thirsty India, and favorable crop-reports were coming in. The Viceroy and another man whose eyes were more puckered, and whose hair was grayer, and whose sturdy frame had been dried out by more than thirty years in India, sat back, and lit cigars, and smiled at each other.

"Good times ahead at last, old man?" asked the Commander-in-Chief sympathetically.

"No, not exactly. Couldn't hope for that, in this benighted country! But relief's in sight!"

"Any chance of screwing out a bigger appropriation for the army?"

. "Not the slightest! The Council wouldn't pass it, for one thing; and for another, we want every anna we can save for irrigation works. Besides, we're even cutting down the Civil Service estimates; babus come cheaper than Europeans, and they're very nearly as dependable in the lower grades. We're going to appoint natives to about five hundred vacancies next financial year, and spend the money that we save in that way on education."

"Aren't you overdoing it, old man? Taking things a little fast, I mean? They're learning, of course, but are they digesting it?"

"They're not digesting it as fast as the home-drafts do, but they're learning, all right. One of these days they'll get hold of the idea, and India will stand on her own feet. Think of it! India self-governed like Australia and Canada, and sending her own representatives to Westminster, perhaps!"

"It sounds all right, but you and I won't live to see it!" said the Commander-in-Chief.

"I know we won't. But still, we've got a long way from the day when a man's job in India was worth what he could make out of it!"

"True. We've got a long way too from making soldiers out of criminals by flogging them!"

"Talking of that—are the home-drafts up to standard?" asked the Viceroy.

"Oh, about the same. Can't expect too much, you know. Half of 'em hell's scrapings, and the other half raw country bumpkins. Good enough material."

"It's a pity that we can't get a better type of man to begin on, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Besides, you couldn't get 'em at the price. They're awfully decent men, by the time they've scraped the dirt off them in the home-depots, and they get hold of the regimental idea before they come out here; by the time they get here, they're ripe for the real thing. When they realize that they're not the lowest thing there is—not the lowest by streets—that there are three hundred million people here, for instance, who regard them as superior beings in at least one way, they begin to show what's in 'em. Then they see the native cavalry, and get to know about its loyalty. The rest's easy! They're not going to be beaten by what they are pleased to describe as 'niggers'! There's nothing the matter with the army, or the men, sir!"

"Back at home," said the Viceroy, "I've often noticed the tremendous difference between a regiment just home from India and one on the eve of departure."

"You weren't the first man to notice it!" said the Commander-in-Chief. "It'll be a bad day for the British Army when India can stand alone."

"Have you gone into your appropriations yet?" asked the Viceroy.

"Scarcely touched 'em."

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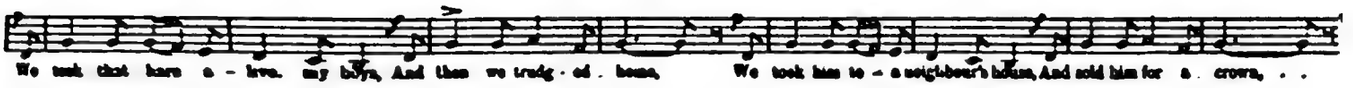

"Formed any cut-and-dried plans, or anything?"

"Nothing really definite."

"Would it seem like butting in if I made a suggestion?"

"Go ahead!"

"The Amir is not exactly making trouble, but he's thinking of it. The simplest thing, I suppose, would be to let his thoughts come to a head, and then smash him; but with a famine and the plague just off our hands we can't afford a war. I'd like to teach him a less expensive lesson."

"What's he been doing?"

"Oh, just the usual thing, and he's been just as owl-eyed and childishly subtle as you'd expect. He's sent one of his ministers to London incog., and another one on a spying expedition round this country. Aga Khan went to London, with enough letters of introduction to introduce an army. They were all obtained secretly—secretly, you understand!—from civilians and better-class natives and merchants in this country. Ullah Khan, the other man, disguised himself as a horse-trader and made the tour of India."

"How did you get on to him?"

"Oh, the usual way. He engaged an interpreter—happened to be a Government babu who'd been dismissed for peculation—babu stole again—Ullah Khan sacked him, without any noticeable tenderness — babu out for revenge, of course, and incidentally a little pocket-money—offered information to the Government—a ten-rupee note did the trick!"

The Commander-in-Chief nodded. "I could fling three army-corps into Afghanistan at the drop of a handkerchief!" he said quietly.

"That's good. But the country can't afford it! On the other hand, the Amir, through these two ministers of his, has had a good look at the seamy side of things; it's likely to make him restless, if nothing worse happens."

"Well?"

"I've an idea, that's all."

"I've pulled with you ever since you came out here."

"I know you have. Yes, and that's one reason why I don't want to seem to——"

"Nonsense! What is it?"

For the next two hours the Viceroy—who wields more power than any king of England ever did—and the Commander-in-Chief, who really does command in India, were engaged in a quite informal conference. And the result was that an Amir, who was a patriot and a statesman on his own account, received both entertainment and a lesson.

V

It was as if ten thousand glow-worms lay in lines, in readiness to dance a legion-formed quadrille. Ten thousand tents—each tent with a trench around it, and each to a hair in line—glowed warmly against the pitch-black Indian night. A black, dense mass behind them were the pickets where the tethered horses neighed; and in the center, like a many-mouthed black monster, lay the parked artillery—a grisly, ugly, hydra-headed thing that made no sound.

On every side were watch-fires, as regularly spaced apart as hours, and, like the minutes of the hours, spaced in between them stood the sentries; once in a while, as some one tossed a log on to a watch-fire or a puff of wind swept down from the hill and fanned it, a flame shot up and lit for a second on a gleaming bayonet that was swallowed promptly by the night again. From a distance it seemed like a fairy-camp, lit up for revelry; but sharp eyes, accustomed to the outer darkness, could have told that it was hedged about with steel.

From the tents, and from the rows between them, there went up a roar like the night-voice of a city. The cooking pots were cleaned, and the kettles stood ready again in the kitchen-trenches; a many-throated army, well-fed, well-found, and well-controlled, was voicing its contentment, and lay at its ease unbelted, telling tales of fifty counties and five hundred far-flung outposts.

Above it, on the hillside opposite, there was a smaller, more silent cluster of less regularly spaced-out lights. That was the

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camp of an Amir and his escort—a pinnacle-set aerie, where a man who had come to see things for himself stroked at his beard and watched.

No calls had been interchanged as yet, for the Amir had arranged his coming carefully, arriving late on the day before the big review. Allah in his wisdom had seen fit to strike the British Indian Government with madness, to the end that they might show him all their weakness; and who was he that he should decline their invitation and thus let slip a God-sent opportunity?

His design was to see the review first, and to learn what he might from it before accepting too much hospitality or being trapped into too many expressions of good will. Even kings and emperors and potentates are careful of their spoken word, and like to know before they promise. He had sent an unofficial note, though, by the hand of a mountain chieftain with an escort; and the chieftain had his unofficial orders. He might not ask, and he might not ride from off the beaten path. But he had eyes that were accustomed to keen observation, and he might look and bring report.

So, while the Amir waited, seated on a pile of rugs before a yak-hair tent, a long, lean, fierce-eyed Afghan came cantering up the hill-track, with an escort of a dozen at his back. He dismounted and bowed profoundly, and held out a sealed envelope.

"You were long in coming!" said the Amir, opening the letter. It was nothing but a quite informal answer to his note.

"He slept!" said the princeling messenger.

"Slept?"

"Slept! I had to wait while they awakened him! While I waited, I saw many things."

"His Excellency slept? The Viceroy? He who rules that host?"

"Aye! And he sleeps now! When he had read the letter, and had caused his man to write an answer, and had signed it, he went back to bed again. He sleeps!"

"Sleeps—with that host to watch! A hundred thousand men, and their thousand captains—and he sleeps?"

"Aye! He sleeps, and so does their commander, for I saw him. I was minded to have a word with him, having spoken with him when he came with the troops to Kabul in the old days, and I rode up to his tent. There was but one sentry posted, and he a common soldier. The flap of the tent was drawn back, and I saw him lying there asleep; and since I would not rob him of that which is sweeter than meat or drink, I rode away again. I saw many other things."

"What saw you?"

"Their guns are as many as their campfires!"

"That I knew. Money, however gotten, will buy guns!"

"Their horses seem better than our best!"

"Fool! Go not our best horses in droves, yearly, down the Khaibar to be sold to them? How seemed the men? Did they scowl? Were they discontented?"

"Nay! They smiled at me! When I passed a sentry—and that was often—he saluted. Others, sprawling in the tent-doors, rose and stood upright with their hands beside them while I passed. Everywhere men laughed, smoking those strange, short pipes of theirs, and told each other tales; all seemed contented, and all who saw me regarded me with curiosity."

"With naught else?"

"Unless the saluting and the standing at attention meant respect."

"Why should they respect thee?" growled the Amir.

"Of a truth, I know not! I thought, though, that they did, and I felt no harm from it!"

"Thy head was turned by their obeisance!" said the Amir with conviction. "The next time I will send an older man!"

The chieftain bowed, more to hide his thin-lipped grin than out of deference, and retired with his escort to where a campfire burned before a tent that humped up irregularly from the blackness. He and a dozen others sat there before their fire, and talked until sleep came over them; then they rolled themselves into their blankets. But the Amir sat on where he was, with his chin resting on his doubled fists, and his eyes staring in deep contemplation at the wondrous sight in front of him.

He heard a hundred bugles blow, and saw —wonder of wonders!—ten thousand lights go out as if Allah himself had whelmed them all at once. There was silence then, and no light showed at all except the watch-fires, which flickered, and rose, and fell, and gleamed every now and then on bayonets. Sometimes a sharp challenge broke the stillness of the night, and proved that armed men were watching while the

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army slept; and every two hours he heard a string of challenges, as officers marched out from the guard-tents and posted the reliefs; but there was no movement beyond that—no other sound.

And the Amir sat on in silence where he was, and wondered. His camp behind him slept, and his sentries, too, were posted; but there was a difference, and he was wondering wherein the difference lay.

"Their men are recruited among disaffected Indian tribes," he muttered; "or else in the slums of London. Their officers dream all of them of home, and the men must dread the thought of it; whence has cohesion come? And yet. . .

"'Dark skins mingle no more with white than oil with water,' wrote Aga Khan, and Ullah Khan, and both wrote truly. They are conquerors—sons at the least of conquerors — retaining their hold on India by means of what is left of former strength; and they know it, for they govern India like men who are afraid. And yet. . . .

"Those men there joined the army for their bellies' sake. Their leaders know it. Those native soldiers read seditious writings daily in the native press, since their leaders fear to muzzle the discontented men who write.

"AND SUCH SOLDIERS COME FROM THE SLUMS?"

"His Excellency represents the Queen. In England, where those soldiers come from, men stand at the street corners and declaim against the Queen, and against her Empire. His Excellency knows it, and those men know it. Those men gain nothing from the Empire, for their leaders are afraid to let them loot. They are many, though; they come from the slums that I have read about, where no ideals or decency exist, or can exist. Wealth lies around them, and their officers are comparatively few; none could prevent them if they chose to loot. And yet. . . .

"My fighting men are picked from among the best. There is not a man of all my men but held his chin high from his birth. My men can rise to any heights; those men down yonder have no prospect of either wealth or great promotion. Those there are punished when they disobey, by little fines, and light imprisonment—mine with a simitar. Conquest for those men means risk of life, and afterward ob-

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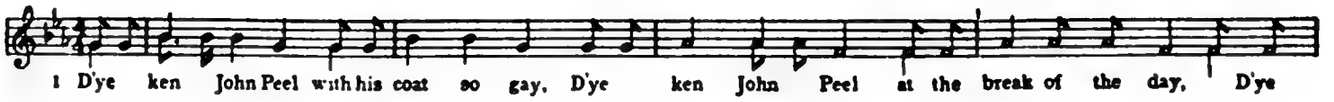
livion and poverty again; conquest for my men would spell riches.

"I know each of my men, and each of my men knows me. His Excellency there knows almost none of his, excepting here and there an officer; he has not been in India long enough to know the hundredth part of all his men by sight, and I have lived among my men always. And yet. .

"His Excellency sleeps, and the commander sleeps, and the army sleeps—and I dare not sleep!"

He had not solved the riddle when a hundred bugles and a hundred trumpets down below him blared out in chorus to salute the morning, and he looked—from his own men, squabbling sleepy and breakfastless around the dying embers—to the beehive on the plain, where each of a hundred thousand men was wide awake, and each performing his prearranged, predestined, preconcerted task with easy, almost casual, unhurrying precision. The hundred thousand, and their horses, had all breakfasted before his own men had more than decided what to eat.

"And they come from the slums?" he wondered.

VI

For an hour, as if an unseen finger moved them like pieces on a checker-board, the regiments shifted and marched and shifted —pipe-clay white, and gold, and crimson, tipped with burnished steel—an ever-changing mass of individual units each with the same end in view. Without an accident, without a counter-march, to the intermittent sound of bugles and a quite occasional command, order was evolved—brigade order, out of unbrigaded companies.

Line after line after crimson-coated line —color-tipped khaki where the turbaned native cavalry sat knee-to-knee with British—blue and gold where the jingling gun-teams pawed the ground—and dark gray where Ghoorkas and British rifle-men stood alternating with the kilted Highlanders—one hundred thousand men waited in obedient silence, facing the saluting-point.

"And now, your Highness," said the Viceroy, "I think we might take their salute. What do you say?"

They rose — lean, clean - limbed Anglo - Saxon and swart, sturdy Afghan side by side—silk-hatted, frock-coated representative of new ideals and turbaned and bejeweled despot; and they drove to the saluting-point in an English carriage, which was drawn by English horses ridden by Indian postilions, and was followed by a bearded, six-foot, crimson-coated escort of Maharajahs' sons.

One sword shot upward, and scintillated for a second in the sun. A hundred bugles answered instantly. In instant answer to a hundred barked commands there came a flash of brilliant steel—one movement, as a flash of lightning moves — sudden, swift, unexpected motion — then a thud — then silence.

Seated on his war-horse — a small, straight-backed, gray-haired figure in front of the middle of the line—the Commander-in-Chief had given one silent order—and one hundred thousand men behind him had come to the salute.

A massed band, five hundred strong, struck up the national anthem. The Viceroy raised his hat. The Amir sat rigid beside him, controlling his expression carefully; but his eyes wandered sideways, in the direction of his own rather ragged-looking warriors, who had followed the crimson-coated Rajputs and now sat their horses in a line beside them.

One hundred and one guns boomed out a Viceroy's salute. The Viceroy raised his hat again. There was a pause, and one-and-twenty guns boomed out. The Viceroy whispered something, and the Amir bowed. The Commander-in-Chief turned his head, and gave an order to a man who rode behind him; and as he spurred his horse to where the Viceroy sat, and took his place beside the carriage, one bugle spoke—and then a trumpet. And, like a storm-cloud with the glint of lightning in it, a brigade of Horse Artillery detached itself from the far end of the line—wheeled at the flog—and came thundering down past the saluting-point.

A man who has seen massed Horse Artillery wheel at the gallop, gun-wheel to gun-wheel, hoof to hoof, and thunder past in line of batteries, with the mounted men like a close-packed, wind-splitting hornet-horde in front and the great, black, death-

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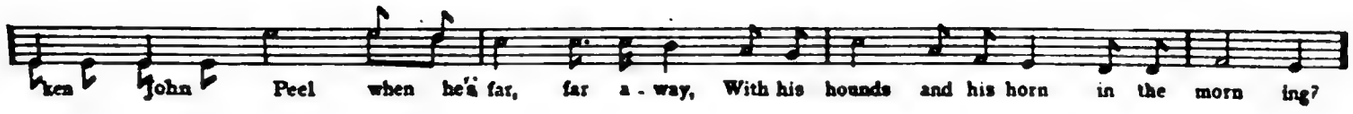

familiar monsters dancing along behind in a whirlwind of noise and dust—has seen the first wonder of the world.

"From the slums?" thought the Amir, gripping rather tightly on the jeweled hilt of his simitar. "And from the clubs? Nay! These are their picked men. This is meant to blind me to the poorness of the others. We shall see!"

And what he did see followed on in such premeasured sequence and with such amazing speed that neither he nor the hill-bred warriors who were near him could do more than marvel. It was wonder following on wonder, to a changing tune.

Before the gun-dust had been scattered by the wind, another trumpet blared out in rising cadence, and a cavalry brigade revolved within itself, as drilled dust-devils might, and—squadron after squadron, in dense-packed, glittering line of squadrons—ten thousand horsemen swooped to where the guns had wheeled. The drums of the massed band thundered out six double beats, and then—lively as a sunbeam on a frosty morning—the strains of the cavalry canter started with a crash.

Ten thousand horsemen, bright-eyed and clean and glittering, rode past the Amir, each horse cantering in time to the music of "*Bonnie Dundee*," and nose to nose and tail to tail in line. As line after line of them danced past the saluting-point, commands barked out, and at the word each pair of eyes turned sharply to the right. It seemed to the Amir as they passed him that they were the eyes, and faces, of men who were neither unwilling, nor unhappy, nor afraid.

"Their European cavalry is good!" muttered the Amir to himself. "Those men must be chosen from the colonies that I have read about. Those are men indeed, and their officers ride like men who are indeed proud of them. There remains, though, the native cavalry!"

But the tune played on, and other trumpets sounded. Before the last line of cantering horsemen had swept past the saluting-point, a four-square khaki cloud, steel-tipped—a set-square sea of turbans and fluttering lance-pennants—had wheeled, and had launched itself in the wake of the British regiments. The Amir could see now for himself how the disaffected natives looked!

"Rajputs!" said the Viceroy, raising his hat in acknowledgment of their sudden, swift "Eyes Right!"

"Guides!"

"Bengal Horse!"

"Punjabis!"

"Sikhs!"

They swept past behind British officers, cantering to a British tune, saluting a British Viceroy, and riding with the easy, perfect, centaur-seat of men who are born to the task, and like it.

"Such horses!" said the Amir, forced against his will to a grudging exclamation, and too cautious still to praise the men who rode.

"Each man brings his own horse when he joins," explained the Viceroy.

"But why?"

"Because they want to join! There is competition! They know a good thing when they see it, so they bring their best, and ask to join!"

But the tune had changed, and the wonders that had only just begun changed with the tune to other wonders. The Amir looked to where the crimson brigades of infantry had stood—and clutched his hilt again, and held his breath. The whole line was in movement. The sun shone on a sea of glittering bayonets and helmet-spikes, and the earth reverberated to the tramp of densely packed regiments that followed, one behind the other, with a space between.

And as he watched, the massed band struck up yet another tune, and a regiment of Highlanders wheeled by companies and came swinging down toward him, their pipers to the front. None march like Highlanders—none anywhere. Their kilts and sporrans swinging, and their rifles at the slope, they came on like the lords of all creation—stately, dignified, alert—as men march who have earned the right to other men's respect. They went by to their own tune—"*The Campbells Are Comin'*"—the tune that the holders of Lucknow had heard, and many another beleaguered garrison—and there was that in their salute as they passed him, an indefinable, exhilarating something, which thrilled the reluctant Amir and reminded the Viceroy—who needed

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no reminder—what manner of men they were who held him there as Empress's Deputy.

"Are these your best?" asked the Amir, in a voice that had something approaching awe in it.

"Not a bit of it, your Highness! You'll find it very hard to choose! Listen! Here come the Lincolns!"

"Oh, 'tis my delight of a shiny night. . ."

The poacher-tune that half the world has listened to, from the Lincoln Fens to the Hlinadetalone and back again by way of Abyssinia, crashed out as the last of the Highlanders swaggered out of view, and the Amir was treated to another style of marching. It was different, but it was just as good. No men could march like that whose hearts were anywhere but in their uniforms, and no men who marched like that could be otherwise than men. They went by like one welded, tempered, keen-edged unit, and saluted like men who confer an honor by saluting.

"Fenmen, those!" said the Viceroy. "Sons of farm-hands mostly. Listen! Here come the Warwicks!"

"Oh, d'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gray?"

Like a following wave, amid a thundering sea of men, the Warwicks advanced and passed, and vanished.

"East Surrey!" said the Viceroy, as once again the tune changed.

"East Kent—the Old Half Hundred!"

"Devon and Somerset!"

"The Black Watch!"

"Here come the Ghoorkas! You know those!"

The Ghoorkas marched like white men, with almost the swing and swagger of the Highlanders, and grinning to a man. There was no doubt about them either; they were there because they liked it.

"Northumberland Fusileers!"

"Scottish Borderers!"

"Welsh Fusileers!"

The tune changed, and the regiments changed—wheeling regiment after regiment into line, and tramping past in quarter-column. The Amir, try as he would, could make no choice among them. He knew men. He could tell by their very atmosphere what spirit might be in them, and he sat by the Viceroy and marveled.

"Bedfords!" said the Viceroy.

"Yes," said the Amir, seeing light suddenly. "These that you tell me are the names of the regiments. But whence come the men themselves? From the colonies, perhaps?"

"No, your Highness!" said the Viceroy. "From London, and English cities mostly. From 'Hell, Hull, and Halifax'—just anywhere."

The Amir stroked his beard. "I have two men," he said reflectively, "two ministers—whose heads shall shortly decorate the Gate of Kabul!"

"Why? Been making trouble?"

"No! They are fools! A wise man sees, and a bad man may be made to see, but a fool, never! I will breed no more from that breed!"

"You mean that your Highness is wise, and has seen? What have you seen?"

"I have seen an army that all Asia could not beat, and made up of men who were——"

"Under-dogs?"

"Aye! Under-dogs!"

"Your Highness has some fine material in the North! You have seen how the native regiments shape; your stuff is as good as ours, or better!"

"Yet look at mine!" The Amir's eyes turned in the direction of his own warriors again.

"This is the answer, your Highness," said the Viceroy, looking where he looked, and looking away again. "You rule Afghanistan with justice, and with a rod of iron. Why?"

"For mine own honor's sake!"

"Good—and true! Do you consider yourself, or your own comfort?"

"Not one iota!"

"Likewise good—and true! And your men?"

"They think only of themselves!"

"There is your answer! These men that you have seen to-day—these men from Hell, Hull, and Halifax—thought only of themselves until they were taught otherwise. Now, each man is for his company—each company is for its regiment—each regiment is for the army—and the army is for the collective honor of them all."

"And your Excellency?"

"I—I am but a deputy for Her Majesty the Queen!"

"And she?"

"She represents that honor!"

The Amir sunk his head on to his breast, and lapsed into deep thought.

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The Loan of a Gentleman Friend

By Parker Fillmore

AUTHOR OF "THE HICKORY LIMB," "THE YOUNG IDEA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

ROSIE'S knock was answered by Tom Sullivan, who instantly blushed a glowing crimson and with difficulty stammered: "Yes, Janet's home. Come on in."

Rosie found Janet and her mother entertaining Mrs. Sullivan, who was Dave McFadden's sister and therefore Janet's aunt.

At sight of Rosie, Mrs. Sullivan exclaimed, gushingly: "If there ain't Rosie O'Brien! You sweet thing! Come right here and kiss me!"

Rosie had perforce to submit to the caress, although she knew it was intended as a slight to Janet. That was one of Aunt Kitty Sullivan's little ways. Aunt Kitty was a fat, smiling, middle-aged woman who was going through life under the delusion that her face still retained the empty prettiness of its youth.

"I was just a-sayin' to Janet," Aunt Kitty began, "that she ought to be making herself more attractive. As long as she goes about lookin' like a scarecrow, she'll never have a beau! Ain't that right, Rosie?"

Aunt Kitty smiled upon Rosie that meaning smile with which one conscious beauty appeals to another. Rosie did not respond to it. From the bottom of her heart she despised Aunt Kitty for the cruel persistence with which she hectored Janet. On this occasion she guessed that the grilling must have been going on for some time, for Janet was tense and angry and her mother badly flustered.

Mrs. McFadden, hard-worked and worn and shabby, could not openly resent her sister-in-law's little pleasantries, for Kitty Sullivan was the prosperous member of the family. The chance that had given her a sober, frugal, industrious husband had also given her a certain moral superiority over all women whose husbands were not sober or frugal or industrious. Mrs. McFadden did not question this superiority; she accepted it humbly. So all she said now in Janet's defense was:

"Kitty, I wish you wouldn't be putting such notions into Janet's head. She's too young to have beaus."

"Too young!" scoffed Mrs. Sullivan. "I guess I begun havin' beaus when I was a good deal younger than Janet is now! Why, nowadays a girl can't begin too young havin' beaus, or the first thing she knows she's an old maid! Ain't that right, Rosie?"

Rosie turned her head away, mumbling some unintelligible answer. Tom, blushing until his freckles were all hidden, came to her rescue.

"Aw, now, Ma, why can't you let up on Janet? She ain't done nothin' to you!"

Mrs. Sullivan looked at her son reprovingly. "Tom Sullivan, you just mind your own business! What I'm sayin' is for Janet's own good. And I must say, Mary McFadden, it's your fault, too. You ought to be dressin' Janet better now that she's getting big."

Mrs. McFadden sighed apologetically. "I'm sure I dress her as well as I can, Kitty."

"Well, then, all I got to say is you must be a mighty poor manager, with Dave makin' good money and you yourself working every day!" As she finished, Mrs. Sullivan smiled and dimpled with all the malicious triumph of a precocious child.

Rosie felt shamed and troubled. To Mrs.

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Sullivan's taunt there was one answer that everybody present knew, but that neither Mary McFadden nor Janet would ever give, and that Rosie, as an outsider, could not give. But even so, Mrs. Sullivan was not to go unanswered. Tom, blushing with mortification, jumped to his feet.

"Ma, you're the limit! You ought to be ashamed o' yourself! Uncle Dave makes good money, does he? Yes, and he boozes every cent of it, and Aunt Mary here has got to work like a nigger to pay the rent and keep herself and Janet, and you know it, too! All this talk makes me sick!"

"Tom Sullivan, you shut up!" Mrs. Sullivan's voice rose to an angry scream. "How dare you interrupt me! You deserve a good thrashing, you do, and you're goin' to get it, too, as soon as your father comes home! . . . Dave boozes, does he? Well, all I got to say is this: he never boozed before he got married, and if he boozes now it's a mighty queer thing!"

Rosie stood up to go. "Say, Janet, you promised to come with me this afternoon. Get your hat."

"Yes," advised Mrs. Sullivan; "put on that old black sailor hat that makes you

"IF THERE ISN'T ROSIE O'BRIEN! YOU SWEET THING! COME RIGHT HERE AND KISS ME!"

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look like a guy. Mary McFadden, if I had a girl I wouldn't let her out on the street in a hat like that!"

Once safe on the street, Rosie put a sympathetic arm about Janet's shoulder. "Even if she is your aunt, Janet, I think she's low-down and I hate her!"

"Pooh!" Janet tossed her head in fine scorn. "In my opinion she ain't worth hating! She ain't nothin'! I consider her beneath my contemp'! The truth is, Rosie, I don't mind her buzzin' around any more than I do a fly! She'd die if she didn't talk; so I say let her talk. If she couldn't she'd probably do something worse. My mother feels the same way. We get tired of her sometimes, but we stand her because she's my dad's own sister. . . . Of course, though, some of the things she says is perfectly true. I ain't pretty. You are, Rosie, but I ain't and I know it, and that's all there is about it."

Janet spread out her hands in simple candor and glanced at her friend. Then, involuntarily, she gave a little sigh. It was not a sigh of envy. She really did accept as a matter of fact that she herself was not pretty and that Rosie was. Where Rosie was plump and rounded and graceful, Janet knew that she was flat and long and lanky. Her arms were long, her fingers were long, her face was long. Her dark hair, too, was long, but with nothing in texture or color to recommend it. She wore it pulled straight back from her forehead and hanging behind in two stiff plaits.

With her old black hat, her colorless face, her faded clothes, she gave the impression of a very shabby, serious little person. And she was both. Rosie, on the other hand, though as poorly dressed, seemed anything but shabby and serious, for she was all life and color, like some little roadside flower which, in spite of dusty leaves, raises aloft a bright, fresh bloom.

Janet might bravely dismiss her aunt with a wave of the hand, but Rosie insisted upon repeating herself.

"I don't care what you say, Janet, I think she's low-down the way she talks to you and your mother! Now Tom's nice. That was fine the way he spoke up. You don't think his father'll lick him, do you?"

"Uncle Matt?" Janet laughed. "Nev-er! Uncle Matt's just crazy about Tom. They're like two kids when they're together. And that reminds me, Rosie—goodness me, I was forgetting all about it!" Janet paused to give full flavor to her bit of news. "What Tom came over for this afternoon was to tell me that Uncle Matt has promised to give him and me tickets for the Traction Boys' Picnic—you know it's coming in two weeks now—and Tom says he's going to try to beg another ticket for you!"

"Is he really, Janet? Now isn't he just too kind!"

"Kind? I should say he is! He's bashful, of course, and people laugh at him because he's got red hair, but he's just as generous as he can be. You remember last year I went with him, too. Why, do you know, last year his father had six customers who bought their tickets and then turned right around and said: 'But we can't go, so you just give these tickets to some one who can.' Uncle Matt had enough tickets for the whole family and two more besides. He sold those two and give us all ice-cream sodas on them."

"Did he really, Janet! That just proves what I always say: in some ways I'd much rather have my father be a conductor than a motorman. A motorman never gets a chance at a ticket. I'm glad Jarge Riley's a conductor. I bet he sells a good many, don't you?"

"Of course he will, Rosie! I hadn't thought of Jarge. If a customer gives Jarge back a ticket, of course he'll pass it on to you—I know he will. Gee, Rosie, you're lucky to have a fella like Jarge Riley boarding with you. He sure is a dandy."

To this last Rosie agreed readily enough; but on the priority of her claim to any tickets she set Janet right. "If he gets only a couple, he'll give Ellen first chance."

Janet sighed. "Say, Rosie, is he still dead gone on Ellen?"

Rosie sighed, too, and nodded. "Ain't it funny with a fella that's got so much sense about other things?"

Janet sighed again. "I don't like to say anything against Ellen, because she's your sister, but, as you say yourself, it certainly is funny."

II

Rosie did not see George that night, but she brought up the subject next day at dinner. It was Sunday, so the whole family was assembled.

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"Are you selling many tickets, Jarge?"

"Yes, a good many, and one of my customers give me back two."

"Oh, Jarge, did he really? What are you going to do with them?"

George glanced timidly in the direction of Ellen. It was plain at once what he wanted to do with them. It was also plain that Ellen was not going to give him much encouragement. To get the support of the family, George made his invitation public. "I was hoping that Ellen would like to go with me."

Ellen glanced up languidly. "Thanks, Mr. Riley, but I don't see how I can."

George, swallowing hard, forced out the question: "Why not?"

"Well, if you insist on knowing, it's this: I don't care to make a guy o' myself going out with a fella that don't come up much above my shoulder."

Mrs. O'Brien threw up astonished hands and cried out: "Fie on you, Ellen, fie, for sayin' such a thing!"

Rosie blazed and spluttered with indignation: "Ellen O'Brien, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself to talk like that to a nice fella like Jarge Riley! He's worth a whole cartload of the dudes that you and Hattie Graydon run after!"

Rosie got up from her chair and, stepping over to George's place, slipped her arm about his embarrassed neck. Then she put her cheek against his. "Don't you care what that old Ellen says, Jarge. You're not little at all! You're plenty big enough! Besides, little men are much nicer!"

Ellen laughed maliciously. "It's a pity George don't ask you."

The red again surged up George's neck; he gulped; sent one hurt glance in Ellen's direction, then spoke to Rosie. "Rosie, I've got tickets for the Traction Boys' Picnic and I'd love like anything to take you. Have you got anything else on for Friday night next week?"

"Friday night, did you say, Jarge? Why, for Friday night they ain't nothin' 'd suit me better! Thanks ever so much!"

Rosie, still behind George's chair, shot an annihilating glance at Ellen. That young woman, a trifle piqued perhaps but still amused, tossed her head and laughed.

"Ma, I don't think it's right the way Rosie's getting a grown-up fella and me not even engaged yet! I don't think you ought to allow it at all!"

"EVEN IF SHE IS YOUR AUNT, JANET, I THINK SHE IS LOW-DOWN."

"Ellen, Ellen, your tongue's entirely too long!" Mrs. O'Brien looked at her reprovingly, but Ellen, in a sudden change of mood, heeded her not. She was gazing at Rosie with speculative eyes. When she spoke, it was in a tone from which all banter and ill-humor had vanished.

"Ma, if Rosie does go with George Riley, there's just one thing: she's got to have a new dress. The poor kid hasn't a stitch to her back. She ought to have a little pink dimity. She's just sweet in pink. Lucky, too, there's a sale on tomorrow. So you needn't say a word—I'm going to get her something. And I'll trim her a hat, too."

Mrs. O'Brien protested that she hadn't the price of a ten-cent hat, let alone a dress, but Ellen, as usual, was firm, and Rosie knew that she was now destined to go to the picnic prettily costumed. Rosie would have liked to nurse a while longer her indignation against Ellen; but as Ellen was the only person in the house who knew

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"ELLEN'S AN ARTIST WITH HER NEEDLE."

how to trim a hat out of little or nothing and how to whip together a pretty little dress, Rosie was forced to change her manner of open hostility to one of a more friendly reserve.

On the whole Rosie was jubilant. "I'm sure I don't know why it is," she said to Janet McFadden, "but people are pretty nice to me, aren't they?"

"Nice?" echoed Janet with long-drawn emphasis. "Well, I should think they are! . . . Say, Rosie, listen—" Janet paused a moment—"do you think Tom and me and you and Jarge could all go together? Do you think Jarge'd mind?"

Rosie considered the request carefully before answering. Then she spoke as kindly as she could: "I'm sure I don't know, Janet. Perhaps he'd like it all right, but, then again, perhaps he wouldn't. Don't you know, men are so queer nowadays. Anyway, though, I tell you what: I'll ask him."

"Will you, Rosie?" Janet's gratitude was almost pathetic.

Later, in presenting the case to George himself, Rosie's manner lost its air of Lady Bountiful, and she pled Janet's cause with an earnestness for which Janet would have worshiped her.

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"Aw now, Jarge, please! Poor Janet won't be in our way and she would love to be with us. Tom Sullivan don't talk much and he's got red hair, but he's awful nice, really he is. I told you he was trying to get me a ticket before you invited me. And besides, Jarge, if we get tired of them we can give them the slip for a little while."

As soon as Rosie paused for breath, George said: "Of course we'll let Janet and Tom Sullivan come with us if you want them. This is to be your party and you're to have things your own way."

Rosie looked her adoration. "Oh, Jarge, you're just too kind to me, really you are!"

The new dress was a great success. It was a little rosebud dimity, pink and pale green, which Ellen designed in pretty summer fashion to make the most of Rosie's well-turned little arms and graceful neck. On a ten-cent bargain counter Ellen had found a hat of yellow straw which was just the thing to shape into a little bonnet and trim with a wreath of pink rosebuds and two soft green streamers which hung down on either side.

Ellen planned and worked and was happier than Rosie herself over each new effect. Mrs. O'Brien, hovering about, beamed with approval.

"Ellen's an artist with her needle," she declared over and over. "She is indeed. How she does remind me of my own poor dead sister Birdie! There was a milliner in Dublin would have give her two eyes to get Birdie into her shop."

Mrs. O'Brien was right. Ellen was an artist with her needle and took all an artist's joy in her own creation. As she worked on Rosie's costume, she showed none of that impatient, overbearing selfishness which marked her so disagreeably at other times, but was gentle, frank, and affectionate. Once when she pricked Rosie's shoulder by accident she kissed the hurt away, and Rosie, surprised and touched, threw her arms impulsively about Ellen's neck.

"Why can't you always be like this to me, Ellen? I'd just love you dearly if you were."

Ellen laughed a little shamefacedly. "Ain't I nice all the time, Rosie? Well, I'm afraid it's that old business college. It gets on my nerves. I suppose I ought to be studying now, but I'm not going to. I'm not going to stop until I finish this for you."

On the afternoon of the picnic, Ellen was so proud of Rosie's appearance that for once she forgot her haughtiness to George Riley. "Now tell the truth, George, aren't you glad it's Rosie instead of me?"

George gave Ellen one sick look, gulped, then said bravely: "Rosie sure is mighty sweet."

"I should say she is! See her now. Don't she look like a little flower—a sweet-pea or something? And do you know, George, if I was to dress that way, with my size and my height, I'd look like a guy! Yes, I would."

III

They started off in time to make the half-past-five boat. George was at his dressiest, so close shaven that he looked almost skinned, and resplendent in new tan shoes, green socks, a red tie, and a pink shirt. It was a striking combination of color—one that made Ellen clutch at her mother in despair. George carried a shoebox of sandwiches, for Rosie, always a thrifty little housewife, insisted that whatever money they had to spend was not going for the commonplace necessaries of life.

Janet McFadden and Tom Sullivan, with a similar shoebox, were waiting for them at the corner. Janet, in her old black sailor hat, looked dreadfully neat and clean, but for some reason even dingier than usual. It was Janet's first view of Rosie's finery. Shaking her head slowly, she gazed at her friend's several moments before she spoke. Then she said:

"Well, Rosie O'Brien, I must say you certainly do look elegant!"

Tom Sullivan was so flustered by the close vision of Rosie's loveliness that, when he opened his mouth to say something, he could only splutter unintelligibly and then blush furiously at his own embarrassment.

It is surprising, when one stops to think about it, how delightful a mere street-car ride down-town really is. As Rosie sat there with her plain but faithful friend on one side—hereafter she must always try to be especially kind and gentle to Janet—and on the other her sporty, grown-up escort, she had one of those rare moments of perfect content and happiness. Old gentlemen smiled at her absent-mindedly as she brushed aside the green streamers which the wind was forever blowing across her

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face; young girls examined her critically; a mother across the way distracted the attention of a weeping child by pointing her finger and saying: "Oh, Eddy, look over there at that pretty little girl! She's lookin' straight at you, and what'll she say if she sees you cryin'!" . . . It was really a lovely, lovely world, and Rosie honestly and truly hoped that everybody in it was happy.

They reached the boat at that delightful moment when the bell is ringing and the deckhands are threatening to pull in the gang-plank in spite of the rushing crowds still arriving. By the time they had pushed their way to the upper deck, the gangplank was in, the band was striking up a gay march, and with a lurch and a turn the *Island Princess* was off.

"O-oh!" murmured Rosie happily, and Janet demanded tensely, of no one in particular: "Isn't this just grand!"

Mothers and wives bustled about to get folding chairs and campstools, but young people, scorning so soon to sit down, promenaded arm in arm. Tucking Rosie's hand under his elbow, George joined the ranks of the promenaders, and Janet and Tom Sullivan followed his lead at a respectful distance.

At the stern, seated off by themselves, was a group of picnickers who hailed George as an old friend and waved at him inviting arms and handkerchiefs.

"Let's go over and say 'Howdy,'" George suggested.

There were some ten of them, girls and young fellows about George's own age. George took off his hat to them all and, with a flourish, presented Rosie.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you my lady friend, Miss Rosie O'Brien. Rosie, won't you shake hands with my friend Mr. Callahan, and Miss Higgins, and Miss Mahony . . ."

Rosie, feeling eighteen years old and perfectly beautiful, went the rounds to an enchanting chorus of, "Pleased to know you, Miss O'Brien," "You sweet little thing!" "Excuse me, Miss Rosie, but I must say George Riley knows how to pick out a pretty girl!" . . .

George then presented Janet, and Janet, too, went the rounds, looking like a sleep-walker, with tight-set muscles and staring eyes.

"And this," concluded George, giving Tom Sullivan a little push, "is Matt Sullivan's boy. You fellows all know Matt—he's on the East End run."

With blinking eyes and a crimson embarrassment that mounted to ears and scalp, Tom passed about a nerveless, sodden hand.

After a few more pleasantries, George, gathering together his forces, flourished his hat and said: "Well, so long, friends! See you later."

"Weren't they nice!" Rosie remarked enthusiastically, and Janet, in humble gratitude, said: "That was awful kind of you, Mr. Riley, introducing Tom and me."

"Kind nothin'!" George declared. "Aren't you my friends, I'd like to know? Aren't all Rosie's friends my friends?"

Unable to express in words how deeply moved she was by the loftiness and nobility of this sentiment, Janet could only look at Rosie, sigh gloomily, and shake her head.

They ate their little picnic supper as

JANET McFADDEN AND TOM SULLIVAN, WITH A SIMILAR SHOE-BOX, WERE WAITING FOR THEM AT THE CORNER.

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soon as they landed, topped off with ice-cream, and then, unencumbered with shoe-boxes, sought out the allurements of side-shows, aerial and subterranean thrillers, and dancing pavilion. Rosie insisted that they go into nothing that cost over ten cents. By adopting this principle and making frequent excursions to the dancing pavilion, which was free, they were so well able to husband their resources that George's two dollars and Tom Sullivan's fifty cents carried them through the evening.

It seemed to Rosie she had never enjoyed so perfect a picnic. All the thrillers had really thrilled. Capitana, the giantess snake-charmer, was actually a giantess, and the snakes she wound about her fat neck were fully as long and as spotted and as green as the posters made out. And so on through everything they tried.

"I've never had such a good time in my life!" Rosie declared, as they hurried off to the ten-o'clock boat.

"Me, too!" gasped Janet in solemn, sepulchral tones.

Looking at the strained expression of happiness on Janet's face, Rosie suddenly thought of something new that would fittingly crown the day's adventures. Out of her own abundance she would give Janet another crumb that would make her eternally grateful.

"Say, Jarge," she whispered coaxingly, "will you do something for me?"

George looked down at her indulgently. "Of course I will. Anything you want."

"Well then, listen, Jarge: Will you take Janet all the way home and be real nice to her? Pretend she's your girl and pet her real, real hard. Nobody ever pets Janet, and she never has a good time except when she's with me. And I'll take Tom Sullivan."

George laughed a good-natured "All right," and Rosie, turning around, said to Janet: "Jarge don't want me any more, do you, Jarge? He wants you, Janet, don't you, Jarge, want Janet? So will you let Tom Sullivan take me?"

"Oh, Rosie!" Janet threw incredulous eyes to heaven and clutched her hands together in a joy that was serious as grief.

Rosie pushed her up to George, and George, capturing her cold fingers, drew them through his arm. Then Rosie, glowing all over in virtuous self-approval, dropped behind with Tom Sullivan.

IV

The wives and mothers, with sleepy, crying children, cluttered up the lower decks. The young people by some common instinct seemed all to be drawn to the quiet and moonlight of the upper deck. There Rosie's party found them, a thousand couples more or less, each couple sitting somewhat apart from its neighbors, but frightfully close to itself.

"I suppose they're all engaged," Rosie remarked to Tom Sullivan, and even in the moonlight Tom blushed furiously.

George and Janet found the unoccupied half of a deck bench, not too far from the rail, and Rosie and Tom seated themselves on campstools some distance behind. They were pretty far in on deck and so could see very little beyond the backs of the great half circle of couples. But backs, in their way, are very expressive, and Rosie soon found herself deeply interested in the romances of which these various backs were soon giving most unmistakable hints. Every couple that sat down seemed to go through precisely the same emotional experience. A properly equipped statistician could soon have reduced the whole thing to a matter of minutes and seconds.

Take what would be an average couple: They seat themselves like ordinary people in their right minds and, for a moment, that is what you suppose they really are. But only for a moment. Although they may be the only couple on the bench, almost immediately you see them crowding against each other as if to make room for a fat lady with a baby. Then to get more room the man drops his arm—the arm next the girl—over the back of the bench, where it lies a few moments lifeless and inert. The position is uncomfortable, evidently, for soon he tries to bring the arm back. Too late. The invisible fat lady with the baby has, in the meantime, wedged the girl right under the man's shoulder, and his arm and hand, in circling back, circle naturally about her. She, poor little soul, seems not to know what has happened. Her tired head sinks like a weary bird—sinks on his breast. She sleeps. At any rate, she looks like it. Then she awakens. She awakens gradually. Her profile slowly rises and, as it rises, lo! his descends until—until— Well, you know what always occurs when his profile meets her profile full-face.

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ALL THE THRILLERS REALLY THRILLED.

Every time they saw it happen, Rosie held her breath for a moment, then murmured: "They must be engaged, too!"

Tom Sullivan stood it as long as he could, then burst out: "Aw, go on! You don't have to be engaged to kiss!"

Rosie looked at him, scandalized and shocked. "Why, Tom Sullivan, how you talk! You ought to be ashamed o' yourself!"

"Well, you don't!" Tom insisted doggedly.

Rosie, drawing herself away from a person of such free and easy morals, returned to the backs of the last couple to see whether their little drama had completed itself. As she looked, the final act opened. The man whispered something—from what had happened when all the other men had whispered something, Rosie decided he must be asking the girl if she were chilly. She, like all others before her, presumably was, for the man took off half his coat, the half near her, and drew it around her shoulders. What became of his shirt-sleeved arm, or what, in fact, thereafter became of the rest of both of them, no mere onlooker could ever know. The half-coat, raising high its collar, served as an effectual screen against the gaze of a curious world, and the only thing left for a student of human nature was to hunt a new couple.

One of the marvels of a picnic boat is that there are always new couples. Rosie found one immediately and was already

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engrossed in it when Tom Sullivan, clutching her excitedly, cried out:

"Look! Look! Didn't I tell you!"

Rosie looked, and what she saw seemed for a moment to make her heart stop. George Riley and Janet McFadden—think of it! How long the exhibit had been going on Rosie knew not, but Tom Sullivan had discovered them just as Janet's profile was rising and George's descending. In another instant——

"There!" shouted Tom Sullivan in triumph. "Didn't I tell you so! Now you can't say they're engaged!"

Rosie stood up hurriedly.

"This is a perfectly horrid boat and I wish I could get off! And I tell you one thing, Tom Sullivan: I'm going downstairs. I won't stay up here any longer. It's disgraceful, that's what it is!"

"Aw, don't go down!" Tom begged. "It's fun up here."

But Rosie was already started and Tom had to follow.

"Say, Rosie," he chuckled confidentially over her shoulder as she climbed down to the next deck, "did you see old Janet? Gee! I bet it was the first time a fella ever kissed her!"

Had Rosie seen old Janet? Yes, Rosie had, and mere thought of the perfidious creature sent Rosie hot and cold by turns. Oh, to think of it! After all she had done for Janet out of the innocent kindness of her heart, to have Janet face about and treat her so! Why, she was nothing but a thief, a brazen thief! . . .

It was true that, in a sense, George did not belong to Rosie: he belonged to Ellen O'Brien if Ellen would once make up her mind to possess him; but as between Rosie and Janet he certainly belonged to Rosie. And Janet knew it, too! And he knew it! Oh, what a weak character his was, thus to be tempted by the first fair face! Fair face, indeed! The first ugly face! Yes, ugly! Not even her own mother could call Janet anything else!

Rosie found uncomfortable places for herself and Tom among the wives and mothers who, heavy-eyed and disheveled, were waiting impatiently to land. Shining over them was no glamour of moonlight. They were plain, homely, hard-worked women—exactly what Janet McFadden would be some day, if George Riley had but sense enough to know it. Rosie picked out the homeliest of them all and wished she had George down beside her so that she could say to him:

"Do you see that woman? Well, that's what your dear Janet's going to look like when she grows up!"

Rosie had a mental picture of herself at that same future period, with golden hair and lovely clothes and heaps and heaps of beautiful jewels. If she could only give George a glimpse of the great contrast which in a few years there would be between her and Janet, then he'd feel sorry! He'd probably get down on his knees and beg her pardon and she, flipping back some expensive lace from her wrist, would smile at him kindly and drawl out:

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Riley. I never think of you any more. You know how it is when a person has so many wealthy friends. I'm sorry, but I got to go now, for my automobile is waiting. Good-by. . ."

But meanwhile the moonlight was still shining on the upper deck and Rosie felt perfectly sure that, by this time, Janet was tucked away in George's coat. Rosie stood the suspense as long as she could, then jumped up to investigate.

"You wait here for me, Tom," she ordered; "I'll be back in just a minute."

She hurried off to the upper deck and, of course, found conditions exactly as she knew they would be. The only thing that showed above George's coat collar was the tilted edge of Janet's old black sailor hat. Rosie stepped up quite close to the guilty pair and cleared her throat, but they heeded her not.

She told herself for the fiftieth time what a fool she had been, and she made a mighty vow never again to loan a gentleman friend to any one whomsoever.

When she got back to Tom Sullivan, Tom had a bag of peanuts which he offered her at once. "You like peanuts, don't you, Rosie? It's my last nickel, except carfare. Aw, go on, take some."

Not to seem unfriendly, Rosie accepted a handful. Crunching the shells between her fingers comforted her a little. It was the sort of treatment she would like to give some people—at any rate, it was the kind they deserved. She didn't exactly name the peanuts, but she gave them initials. To the small ones she gave the initial *J*, to the large ones *G*.

"Do you suppose those two are spoonin'

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"THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT TO TELL YOU, JARGE RILEY: JUST BECAUSE YOU KISS JANET McFADDEN, YOU NEEDN'T THINK YOU CAN KISS *ANY* GIRL!"

up there yet?" Tom asked after a while.

"What two?"

"Why, George Riley and Janet."

"Tom Sullivan, I don't know what you mean by spooning, and I don't think it's a nice word anyhow."

"Why, Rosie, spoonin' is all right. It just means huggin' and kissin'—honest!"

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"Hugging and kissing! Why, Tom Sullivan, do you mean to say hugging and kissing are all right?"

"O' course I do! What's the matter with 'em? It's fine when it's a pretty girl! . . . Aw, now, Rosie . . ." And Tom Sullivan, who was supposed to be bashful, looked at Rosie with a meaning smile.

Rosie returned the glance with fire and daggers. "Don't you move your old chair any closer to me, Tom Sullivan!"

"Aw, now, Rosie—" Tom began, but Rosie cut him short, for the landing-bell was sounding and it was time for them to pick up their disreputable friends.

George and Janet were all for acting as if nothing unusual had happened, and Rosie scorned them afresh for the useless hypocrisy.

The journey home was stupid and unpleasant. The cars were crowded and people were ill-natured and rude and everything in general was horrid. The wind kept blowing Rosie's streamers into her eyes until she was ready to tear them off. . . . Would they never get home?

Janet McFadden, her dull black eyes fixed in a dream, heeded nothing. But at the corner where their ways parted Rosie saw to it that she heard something. When Janet offered farewells, Rosie called out with unmistakable emphasis:

"Good night, *Tom!* I've had a very pleasant time with *you!*"

Like Janet, George Riley seemed to think that everything was as before. He himself was quiet, with the drowsy languor that follows an evening's excitement, and he seemed to be attributing Rosie's silence to the same cause.

When they got home, Rosie tried to show him his mistake. The gas in the little hallway was burning low, and George turned it high to light Rosie up-stairs. As his room was down-stairs, he waited.

Rosie started off without a word.

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-night, Rosie?"

At that Rosie turned slowly about and gazed down upon him with all the hauteur of an offended queen.

"There's just one thing I want to tell you, Jarge Riley: just because you kiss Janet McFadden, you needn't think you can kiss *any* girl!"

"Why, Rosie!" George began. But Rosie was already gone.

V

By ten o'clock next morning Janet McFadden was at the door asking for Rosie. Rosie did not, of course, ever care to see Janet again, but as she had come Rosie could scarcely deny herself.

She found her one-time friend looking pinched and worried—conscience-stricken, no doubt—and little wonder.

"I'm going to the grocery, Janet. Do you want to come with me?"

Hardly outside the gate, Janet began: "You're not mad at me, Rosie, are you?"

"Mad?" Rosie spoke the word as if it were one with which she was unfamiliar.

"I didn't think you'd care, Rosie, honest I didn't. I thought you'd understand."

"Understand what?" There was a certain coldness in the tone of Rosie's inquiry, and Janet, feeling it, seemed ready to wring her hands in despair.

"Why, Rosie, all we talked about was you—honest it was! Jarge said you were just like his own little sister to him, and I told him I loved you more than I would my own sister if I had one."

"Huh!" Rosie grunted, recalling the tilt of Janet's black sailor hat over George's shoulder. It had looked then as if they were talking about her, hadn't it now?

"Honest, Rosie!"

"Yes, of course! I suppose now you were talking about me when you—" Rosie pursed her lips, and Janet, understanding her meaning, blushed guiltily.

"Aw, now, Rosie, listen: all I wanted was to have Tom Sullivan see."

"Well, he saw all right. So did I. So did everybody. And it was disgraceful, too!"

Janet groped helplessly about for words. "I don't exactly mean on account of Tom himself."

"Oh!"

"Please, Rosie," Janet begged; "don't talk to me that way. . . . You know Tom's mother, my Aunt Kitty. You know the way she makes fun of me because I'm ugly and lanky. She's always saying that I'm an old maid already and that I'll never get a boy to look at me. So I just wanted her to hear about a nice fella like Jarge Riley huggin' me and kissin' me."

Rosie looked at Janet in astonishment. She had certainly expected Janet to make up a better story than that.

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"Well, I must say, Janet McFadden, this is news to me! Since when have you got so particular about what your Aunt Kitty thinks or doesn't think? I always supposed she was beneath your contemp'."

"No, no, Rosie, it isn't that! I don't care what she thinks or what she says either, if only she wouldn't go blabbin' it around everywhere!" With a sudden gust of passion, Janet clenched her hands and breathed hard. "Oh, how I hate her!"

Rosie had nothing to say and, after a pause, Janet continued more quietly:

"It's this way, Rosie: You know my old man. He's all right except sometimes when he comes home not quite himself. You know what I mean."

Yes, Rosie knew.

Never before had Janet confessed in words, even to Rosie, that her father wasn't always sober. Slowly and painfully now she forced herself to lay bare the little tragedy that shadowed her days. . . .

"When he comes home that way he says awful things to me. He says I got a face like a horse and arms as long as a monkey's. He'd never think of things like that if it wasn't for Aunt Kitty. You know he thinks everything Aunt Kitty says is wonderful because she's supposed to be the bright one of the family and used to be pretty. I know I'm ugly, but—but can I help it? . . ."

Janet's face was quivering and her eyes were swimming in tears. "I don't see why Aunt Kitty's got to talk about it all the time, do you? Even if I *am* ugly, I guess —I guess I got feelings like anybody else. And I know just as well Dad'd never think of saying anything if only Aunt Kitty'd let up on me a little. So I thought—Oh, you understand now, don't you, Rosie? That's the reason I did it, honest it is. You believe me, Rosie, don't you?"

Believe her? Who wouldn't believe her? Long before she had finished speaking, the citadel of Rosie's affections had been stormed and retaken, and Rosie, abject and conquered, was ready to cry for mercy.

"And when I told Jarge Riley about it, Rosie," continued Janet, "he was just as nice. He pretended he wanted to kiss me anyhow, but he didn't, Rosie, honest he didn't. It was only because I was your friend that he wanted to be nice to me. . . ."

Of course, of course. At last Rosie was seeing things as they really were, and seeing them thus made her heartsick when she remembered how she had spoken to kind old George Riley. How could she ever put herself right with him? . . . She would be carrying his supper up to the cars at six o'clock. There would be only an instant of time, but an instant would be enough for her to say: "Oh, Jarge, I've just been happy all day long thinking about the good time you gave me yesterday! Me and Janet have been talking about it. Thanks, thanks so much!"

And George Riley, if she knew him at all, instead of recalling her foolish words of last night, would grin all over and gasp out: "Aw, Rosie, that wasn't nothin' at all!" That was the sort of fellow George was! . . .

"But listen here, Rosie," Janet's voice was continuing in tones of humble entreaty—"if I'd ha' known it would ha' made you mad, I wouldn't have asked Jarge Riley—honest I wouldn't. You believe me, don't you, Rosie?"

Tears were in Rosie's throat and self-abasement in her heart. Words, however, came hard. Fortunately she could slip her arm about Janet's neck in the old sweet, intimate fashion and Janet would understand that all was well between them.

"And, Janet dear, are you sure that Tom'll tell his mother?"

"Yes, I'm sure, 'cause I made him promise not to."

"Why, Janet!"

"Sure, Rosie. You see Aunt Kitty'll ask him all about things and he'll tell about you and how pretty you looked and about Jarge Riley, and then Aunt Kitty'll begin making fun of me and that'll make Tom mad and he'll tell Aunt Kitty not to be so sure, and then she'll see he's holding back something and she'll tease until she gets it out of him. . . . Oh, Rosie, I tell you I know her just as well! I can just hear her! And when Tom tells her how mad you are, that'll make her believe the rest. . . . But honestly, Rosie, I didn't know you was mad till Tom told me."

"Tom!" Rosie was indignant at once. "Do you mean to say Tom Sullivan told you I was mad? Well, the next time you see Tom Sullivan you tell him for me to mind his own business!" Rosie paused a moment, then drew Janet closer to her. "Mad? What's eating Tom Sullivan? Friends like you and me, Janet, don't get *mad!* I should say not!"

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Magna Charta
Granted by King John at
Runnymede 1215 A.D.
1. The Church of England is Free.
2. Feudal Obligations are Defined and Limited.
3. No Extraordinary Taxation without Consent.
4. No denial, sale, or delay of Justice.
5. All Britons must wear collars from one to three sizes too large.
6. One Standard of weights and Measures.
HABERDASHER
TRY OUR COLLARS
GUARANTEED TOO LARGE

What England Must Be Like

by

Franklin P. Adams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

"WHAT must England be like?" I asked, and so did many other untraveled readers of Mr. W. L. George's "What America Must Be Like" in the May EVERYBODY'S. "What," I repeated, "must England be like?"

"Well," I answered, pausing for a reply, "I'll be the goat. What *must* England be like?"

Until a month or two ago I never had seen Atlantic City. Last week I penetrated the fastnesses and slownesses of Coney Island for the first time. These places were as I had mentally blue-printed them; they had no surprises for me; if I had written about them before going I shouldn't have had to cancel half a line. Thus do I approach "What England Must Be Like" with an eager confidence that is remote from mere assurance and cockiness.

Perhaps the newspaper habit of anticipation has something to do with that attitude. Years of reading Monday-written descriptions of Tuesday afternoon occurrences have contributed to it. Writing those descriptions surely makes one an Ante-Impressionist. Take the evening-paper stories of the championship baseball games, written the night before and on the street at seven o'clock in the morning. "There were 18,000 fans in line at ten o'clock this morning," they say. . . . . "A tremendous cheer arose when the teams

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surged on the field." The reporter anticipates, confidently.

New York reporters are expanding the formula just now. When they are to cover a banquet they write this paragraph before going, so as to save time in the rush of making the edition: "Mayor Gaynor, who was one of the principal speakers, said in part that the New York police force was the best in the world. He attacked bitterly the so-called yellow press and spoke very highly of the alleged principles of the Decalogue."

Still in my exordium, I wish to observe that "What England Must Be Like" is far easier to write than would be "What England Is Like." In that case I should have to be definite; as it is I may err widely, extravagantly, riotously, and still be untroubled. In "What England Is Like" I should have to report on Westminster Abbey, the tomb of Shakespeare, Runnymede, The Tower, the British Museum, and the statue of Lord Strathnairn. I am sure they would bore me. If, however, without seeing them I say that I am certain of boredom, I am forgiven; the inference being that if I could but glimpse those thrilling things my notions would change. Whereas if I had seen them and should class them among the world's Overpraised Institutions—as I know I should—some subscriber might write to Stop the Paper. This way is better for everybody.

Also cheaper for EVERYBODY'S, whom it would cost more to send me to a ringside seat where I might see Old England on the lee than it does to have me playing a guessing game here, furnishing my own stamps, ink, and copy-paper.

When I forecast that Westminster Abbey and such would bore me, I trust that Walter Hines Page will not have to apologize for me. It isn't the Abbey's fault; it's my limitation. I remember going through the Illinois Steel Works one afternoon. It was wearying. And the dullest morning I ever suffered was when I was taken on an inspection of Cramp's shipyard. It was worse than watching a wrestling-match, the thanwhichest of spectacles.

Patience. I am coming to my Ante-Impressions presently. I am unused to writing long pieces and the luxury of having more than a ten-word paragraph to write is something to wallow in. I might—I know I could—distil this whole story into such a paragraph. But, as Gyp the Blood used to say, a man's first duty is to his family.

These imaginings, these undeveloped negatives, are taken from sources somewhat like those whence Mr. George derived his ideas of our broad—physically it is—land. I have looked at English newspapers and periodicals, I have met a few Englishmen, I have seen many English plays and musical comedies, and I have read English novels.

Mr. George, in his conjectural essay, closed his eyes and said "America." Politer than he and subtler, I open mine and say "England." I see 50,680 square miles. Mr. George saw 79,900,000 equally square miles. (In passing I desire to thank the editors of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for the many bits of useful information I have absorbed while editing their Almanack.) Quantitatively my job is only about 1/157 as difficult as his was. . . . I see, I repeat, England, and my first thought is cleanness. Not cleanliness, for that implies consciousness, the desire to be clean. And persons and things English have always seemed to me unusually clean, and naturally and inevitably so. I know all about the difficulty of tubbing in England. I know the per-capita —or per-corpora—bath-rate is low; yet English people are the bathedest-looking lot I ever saw.

I envisage London. Enormous I think it is, and more like Chicago than New York. By which I fancy there is less affectation about it, less arrogance, than there is about New York. A Londoner would show me London Bridge. There might be a trace of pride in his manner, but no vanity. A New Yorker shows a stranger the Woolworth Building. In his tone is that which says: "Make a fuss about it. It is the highest in New York, therefore in the world, and it was built in the town I live in, which is the nation's largest. Frank Chance gets the biggest salary ever paid a baseball manager. Traffic conditions in this town are the worst in the world and restaurant prices the highest." He bleats about the terrible rents he pays, and brags, unconsciously, of the corruptness of his civic politics. The Londoner, I think, would not speak to the visitor of his city's blemishes; or if he did, he would blush for them. If the blush were conspicuous, I think he would be arrested for libel.

I imagine London not wholly given over to suffragetsam and flotsam. I know how

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WHAT LONDON MUST BE LIKE.

the London papers play up the stories of violence from America, and I realize that there must be millions of Londoners entirely unaffected by the Sylvias and the Christabels. Perhaps not one-eighth of one per cent.—the broker's commission—of our 1776 population cared a whoop in Hepsidam about the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Yet to-day, as a result of it, eight double-headers are played in the major leagues, every golf club has a tournament, and the very Stock Exchange itself is closed. I suppose the Londoner, asked whether the suffrage should be extended, would reply that Woman's Place Is the Home. It being his home, the deduction is that it is his castle, which ought to be good enough for any woman.

On all such matters I imagine the Englishman to have fixed and formulated ideas. I fear he is unsympathetic. I suppose I might go to a London haberdasher and ask him for a 14½ collar; that he would ask me the size of my shirt; and that when I told him it was 14½ he would tell me that it wasn't done, that it couldn't be done, that I ought to have a 15 collar (from the looks of most Englishmen I have seen, I think there must be something in the Magna Charta to the effect that a Briton has to wear a collar from one to three sizes too large), and that he would refuse to sell me anything else. One of my reasons for imagining so vain a thing is that it happened in a Strand shop to an American friend of mine.

London streets I imagine terribly crowded, always. Every other shop I imagine wholly devoted to men's furnishings at ridiculously low prices. These shops are

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maintained at great financial loss exclusively for the benefit of American purchasers, so that they may boast to their friends on returning that, believe it or not, $8.32 for this suit and made-to-order. When a returned voyager, as is the way of r. v.'s., rushes up to me and says, "How much do you think I paid for this suit in London?" I invariably reply, "Too much." It is true; and, besides, if there is a crowd around it always gets a big hand. . . . . Try it. I am using some new stuff this summer.

The saloons I imagine as not so numerous as in our own land of the free-lunch. In each of them I picture a buxom barmaid or two, with whom it would be wrong not to take liberties. The Londoner's chief indoor sport, it has always seemed to me, is chucking the standing broad barmaid under the chin. Chin-chucking, to one of my ardent Dartmouth Street ancestry, is zero in amatory adventure; yet whenever I have thought of going to London, my plan always has been on the instant of arrival to dash into a hansom-cab, telling the cabby to drive post-haste to the nearest pub, alight, fling the driver my purse, order "up" a B. and S.—and then chuck the buxom barmaid under the chin. In my dreams she always has said "Oh, Lor', sir, ain't you awful, sir?" and then I've taken her to the 'alls for a bit of a lark.

I suppose what would happen would be my arrest for assault, and the Folks at Home would think terrible things about me. Chucking under the chin indeed! A likely story!

Cab-fare I know to be cheap, and I imagine all the cab-drivers homely philosophers, full of years and wisdom, and pleasant to strangers. For once I should like to ride about in a cab without having my heart sink in inverse ratio to the square of the taximeter-charge. Other things I know are cheap, too—food, lodging, rents. Also salaries. Everything in London is low, I sense, but barometric pressure. I have an idea that the town is foggy, though that is hardly a fair guess. I may have read it somewhere. . . . . But on sunny days I imagine it beautiful, and under any meteorological conditions full of fascination.

As to the coffee-houses I should expect disappointment. I should fear their commercialization, and, worse, the inferiority of the coffee. But it would be agreeable not to have to see a bed that Washington slept in. I imagine the hotels with much unnecessary service, for which I should be expected to fee greatly; and failing so to do, I should get poor treatment. I imagine asking a barber to go only once over, and getting a close shave; trouble with the telephone; the hotel-clerk misunderstanding about forwarded mail; the waiter bringing the meat well-done when I ordered it rare. I imagine poulterers, turbot-venders, sweet-shops, drapers, and fruiterers. . . . . .

I imagine that if I understood London—knew it sympathetically—and were asked whether I liked it, I should answer Yes-and-No. It is a city so enormous that all things must be true of it. It must be cruel to the stranger and kind; beautiful and hideous; provincial and cosmopolitan; dull and interesting; wonderful and commonplace; starving and replete; reckless and calculating; dour and joyous. Only one antonymless attribute does it seem to have, and that is heaviness. I can imagine nothing light about London. All England seems vaguely heavy to me, but the gravity of London is definite—specific gravity, one might almost term it.

The English manner of talking, the diction, that is, makes commonplaces seem, to me at least, unduly important; also it makes me feel inconsequential. I feel almost illiterate—burring my r's and lengthening my short vowels in my blatant, Illinoisy way—in the presence of an Englishman. And yet the latest one I met was a ship-captain who told me that Captain Marryat was the only man who ever wrote authoritatively about the sea. I mentioned W. Clark Russell, Morgan Robertson, W. W. Jacobs, and Joseph Conrad, and he said he never had heard of them. And with an air that made me almost want to repudiate their existence.

For the English, who write better than we, object, I think, that we write at all. Their reviews of American books often aren't — well, they aren't cricket. "I fancy," says *Punch* (which I like anyhow)—reviewing John Fox, Jr.'s *The Heart of the Hills*—"that Mr. John Fox, Jr. (by the way, why Jr. and who is the other one?), enjoys a reputation in God's Own Country which has escaped me over here."

Below-the-belt stuff, I call that. As well begin a review of "Clayhanger" by saying that the author's name used to be Enoch A. Bennett, and why Arnold Bennett now?

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MY PLAN ALWAYS HAS BEEN TO DASH INTO A HANSOM CAB, TELLING THE CABBY TO DRIVE POST-HASTE TO THE NEAREST PUB, ALIGHT, FLING THE DRIVER MY PURSE, AND THEN CHUCK THE BUXOM BARMAID UNDER THE CHIN.

Or boast of not knowing what Mr. Wells's middle initial symbolizes.

About the Englishman I am vague. I believe he would not conform to our ideas of hospitality to visitors. Hospitality implies a sort of honoring the visitor or conceding his superiority, and the Englishman wouldn't like to do that. For he might have been a Rooshian. . . . . I dismiss him summarily, avenging thus at a stroke his centuries of stolidity and his years of indifference to my countrymen who buy souvenir post-cards on his island.

What interests me deeply are the wells—of English undefiled and H. G. For the integrity of the language none has battled more valiantly than I; none harder fought to keep it virgin from the maculations of the gaming-table and the baseball diamond, the adulterations of cabaretymology. And yet there have been unguarded moments when I may have eased some foreign gazimbat a few he muffed; for, cop it from me, when the slipping is good, I am considerable little slipper.

The Englishman is appalled at American slang and professes inability to evaluate the *x* and *y* of our intimate, pictureful speech. "Your country," an Englishman told me, "is a little bit of all right. I am stopping on at a fairish inn where they do me most terribly well, though the pater swears the clark is a bounding rotter, what? See you again, old duffer, righto? Ra-*ther*."

However, it's a pair of sixes. "Who cares?" was Jenny Pearl's catchword in "Carnival." "I should worry," parallels her American sister.

As to the mere phraseology, the English slang I have heard is far less poetic and colorful than our own. Often ours is vulgar, but most of it tells something. Theirs is the arbitrary, unimaginative kind, like our evaporated "Twenty-three" and "Skiddoo!" Slang of that sort is useless; and that is the trouble with English slang.

To H. G. Wells I do off my new, at the moment of rushing to press, straw hat; to him I genuflect as the writingest man there is. Every time I read another of his books I say "Is there anything about people that this man does not know?" And I think always of him as England's greatest man; and on behalf of the well-known universe, solar system, and points west, I claim him as belonging not to England, but to the celebrated human race.

Which brings me to the subject of literature. "In 'Queed,'" said Mr. George, "I find a characteristic which I think to find in the American man: a deep, unreasoning soft-heartedness, which is almost soft-headedness. It passes my comprehension, this inconceivable coupling of the hard business brain and the tremulous heart."

The first English book I came to know thoroughly, Mr. George, was Hall and Knight's College Algebra. From it I got an impression of England I never completely

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erased. I thought England a country full of streams down which men rowed 8 1-3 miles in $\frac{2a(x+y)}{3}$ hours and up which they struggled at the rate of $ab(x-y)$ miles in 3.2 hours; of laborers doing a piece of work in $\frac{n}{1}(a+1)$ days, and others, less efficient, taking $\frac{n}{1}(a+2)$ days to it; of cisterns being filled by pipes $3x^2$ and $2y^5$ in diameter; of two trains leaving points $\sqrt{x}$ miles apart, one train traveling at a miles per hour and the other at a pitiful $\sqrt[3]{y}$ pace, and of those trains meeting—and thus I got the idea that the English were a material, exact nation and that romance was not their province.

That was before I comprehended the romance of mathematics; when I was too young to know that the geometric triangle is quite as full of possibilities as the eternal Pinero variety; before I knew the light that lies in b's and y's. A study of this book, I say, led me to consider the English a cold, calculating lot.

Mr. George confessed to a knowledge of American literature through Robert W. Chambers, W. B. Trites, and Henry Sydnor Harrison (he speaks of him as Sydnor Harrison), whom he considered "very national and very inferior," and through Frank Norris, Jack London, Mary E. Wilkins, Gertrude Atherton, Upton Sinclair, Winston Churchill, and Edith Wharton, whose work he deemed good. I know current English fiction through Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Masefield, Phillpotts, W. B. Maxwell, Maurice Hewlett, Barrie, Compton Mackenzie, Snaith, DeMorgan, George Moore, Belloc, Chesterton, Max Beerbohm . . . . . not to mention Mr. George's own remarkable novel, "A Bed of Roses," which is just as American, I should like to advance, as it is English. And Hardy and Meredith, if they may be called current. I should as soon say that I approve of these writers as assert that I think the ocean is all right or that Mont Blanc is nice.

The Hall Caines, Marie Corellis, Mrs. Barclays, and Charles Garvices I do not know except by name, but I feel that their work is fashioned merely to sell, that it is false of intention and without sincerity; also that there is proportionally more bad fiction written in these United States than anywhere else.

But the magazine fiction of England is worse than ours; for at the risk of saying a kind word for the section-hand that feeds me, I admit that the quality of magazine fiction over here is fair—in many cases, fair and warmer. If English magazine fiction were a little better it would be almost mediocre. But taking literature by and large, hither and yon, here and there, and forward and back, the English excel us in every branch of the sport, including speed and control. They are the guys who put the English and the literature into English literature. The other ingredients have been inserted by Americans.

As to humor, the theme ought never be discussed. Humor-analysis is usually indulged in by utterly unhumorous persons, who tell you what a great help to them their sense of humor is. I shudder whenever I hear the old, familiar phrases—the distinction between wit and humor, the antiquity of jokes and so on. But I am about to regard the humor of the English.

When people tell you that the sense of humor in the English is not strong they are right. The sense of humor is not strong in people. In America, where nobody admits to a lack of it, it is equally rare. Please, cherished reader, do not argue with me. At the moment I am a dogmatic person, though my theories are subject to change without notice. By the time this reaches your antagonistic eye it may be my opinion that the land of comic supplements, Eva Tanguay, artificial flowers in automobiles, and opposition to woman suffrage is humor's own dwelling-place. But this stern and stock-bound country loves to joke at the unhumorousness of *Punch*. He jests at *Punch* that never read a copy. *Punch* has far better stuff in it than *Life*, *Puck*, and *Judge*. Its pictures are better and its jokes and short articles assume intelligence on the reader's part. Which the reader, as all American editors will learn some day, possesses.

There is nothing so good in the realm of light verse in America as Owen Seaman. Do you know, scoffers at *Punch*, the prose sketches of A. A. Milne or the verses of "Evoe" or "Dum-Dum"? Do you know George Morrow's or Lewis Baumer's or Heath Robinson's drawings? Do you know the work of J. C. Squire, better than Calverley's and more varied? Do you know Anthony C. Deane? Or A. W., of the London *Chronicle*? Well, take it from one who does, that you are wrong when you say that the English have no sense of humor.

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At a banquet I attended recently one of the speakers mentioned the nationality of humor. "We have so much humor," he said, and meant it, "that is typically American. To illustrate: what could be more American than the New York man's assertion that Boston did have one great charm —the one o'clock train to New York!"

"The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees," said Dr. Johnson, "is the highroad that leads him to England." And perhaps Lycurgus used to tell Pericles—and I haven't time to look up whether they were contemporary — that the road to Sparta was Athens's greatest possession.

Thus much for the nationality of humor.

Away from London I picture clusters of pretty towns, clean and well-ordered; green lawns, trimmed and manicured hedges; affable shopkeepers; inns with flavorous names; and all not very commercial. All the manufacturing towns I model from Arnold Bennett's Bursley, which seems to me essentially like Mattoon, Ill., or Manistee, Mich. I have not thought much about physical England, because I do not care. I am Peter Bell, and to me a primrose-on-Severn is *primula vulgaris*. And a country is a place where people live.

Some of these people in England are recruited from the sex to whom the earth owes its rotary motion. English women I imagine as fair to outward view, shy, disproportionally deferential to men, sweet-and-low voiced, unselfish, and so grateful for masculine attention that most American men would be embarrassed by the obviousness of their gratitude. I think of them as superior to English men, but I am probably wrong there, just as I am in my appraisal of American women. I picture the English woman poorly dressed, her clothes not well fitting, and of a general drab color scheme. Her shoes would be much too large. And she would be dressed thus because better clothes cost money, and her husband, rightly or wrongly, doesn't give her so much apparel-allowance as the American husband lavishes.

More impenetrable than the London fog

I IMAGINE POULTERERS, TURBOT-VENDERS, SWEET-SHOPS, DRAPERS, AND FRUITERERS.

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AWAY FROM LONDON I PICTURE GREEN LAWNS, TRIMMED AND MANICURED HEDGES; AFFABLE SHOPKEEPERS; INNS WITH FLAVOROUS NAMES; AND ALL NOT VERY COMMERCIAL.

is English politics. I am not a fair judge of such matters, I suppose, for neither do I understand American politics. But I always have to skip the political part in an English novel. Even in "The New Machiavelli" I found English politics dull. I shy from a Mrs. Humphry Ward novel in fear of encountering the subject, and Mr. J. C. Snaith's "An Affair of State," which was all politics, was deadly, I thought. So I have no definite picture of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd-George, or Mr. Asquith.

In England they call the newspaper men journalists and the editorials leaders and the copy-readers sub-editors. Aside from these differences and others as trivial, I think their newspapers are similar to ours —a mixture of sincerity and hypocrisy.

I should be disappointed to find that the Englishman is not a better sport than the American. For one thing, he is trained to it. Every Englishman, I imagine, devotes a good part of his time to activity in some sport; the American is vicarious—he watches hired athletes play baseball, a good game, but a game where it is considered right to squeeze all you can out of the rules and to disconcert your opponent whenever possible—and thousands of him don't even watch the game, but crowd around tickers and gaze at down-town scoreboards. It is the game and not the prize with the Englishman. At least that is my idea of him, which idea Americans tell me is all wrong. I don't believe it.

There, in ever so many words, are some of my Preconceptions of England. If they approach accuracy, I am overjoyed; if not, any magazine whose purpose is Truth can get me to write "What England Is Like" for an absurdly low price by merely sending me a courteous request beginning: "Enclosed please find passage to London and return, also letter of credit for your expenses. . . . . ."

You may recall, if you are the same reader I began with, that I vaunted my ability to distil this long story into a ten-word paragraph. Seven words will do.

England must be like America. . . . . Very like.

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The SORCERER'S STONE

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "VAITI OF THE ISLAND," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

Editor's Note—Here begins a series of stories that will take you into the tropic wildness of New Guinea—almost as far away from baseball, and tariff reform, and woman's suffrage as you can get and still remain on this earth. Savages, and strange magic, palms and pearl-fishing, dense woods and tropic seas—here you enter a kingdom with more of the primitive South Sea life than ever Stevenson gave you. The author has traveled alone throughout the remotest southern tropics—Malaysia, Fiji, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, she knows them all. The cannibal country of Papua, the Solomon Islands, and Borneo—all have told her their strange tales. She is the master story-teller of the South Seas. Each story is complete in itself—you can read any one alone, with satisfaction; yet the quest of the Sorcerer's Stone holds them together with unrelieved suspense until the end.

IT WAS dark in the *marea*, yet not so dark but that the Marquis and I could see about us. We had been inside this New Guinea temple, or club-house, or Parliament building—you might call it a little of all three, and not go very far wrong—for over half an hour, and our eyes were getting accustomed to the gloom.

There were thirty or forty men in it, squatting about the floor, or lying on the bamboo shelves they used as beds. In the brown dusk of the unwindowed building,

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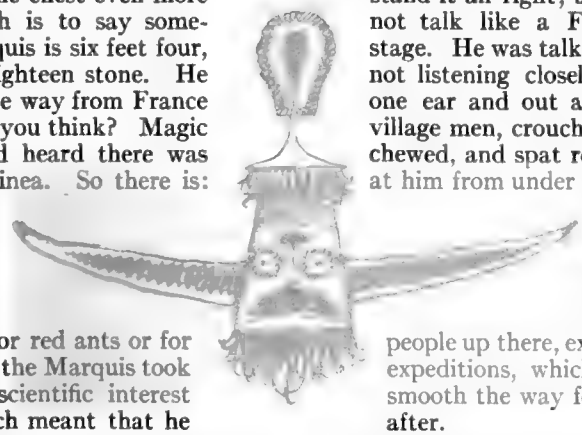
they seemed to melt into their surroundings like ghosts, for they were brown too, and wore no clothes save a bark loin-cloth. You could see the whites of their eyes, and their bead necklaces, and the halos of colored feathers they wore in their hair—little more. They were smoking, chewing betel-nut, and spitting its blood-red juice out on the floor—grunting, scratching, staring at us. They had heads like a soldier's fur busby; their bodies were small, according to white men's standards, but they were notably well-made and muscled, and evenly developed. Most of them had wooden spears and tall war-bows lying on the ground within reach; and the walls of the *marea* were covered with clubs, shields, spears, and bunches of barbed arrows.

The scene was old to me—old to weariness. I had been in these temples, or others like them, more times that I could count, recruiting boys for some inland trip, trading, getting food. It was true that I had never been in this especial district of New Guinea, but I did not see much difference between the savages I knew and the savages I didn't know. And anyhow, I had long since lost interest in them, save as a means of making money.

But the Marquis, I think, felt it to be the moment of his life.

There he sat, on a pile of our baggage, as on a throne, holding his head erect, and swelling out from the chest even more than usual—which is to say something, for the Marquis is six feet four, and weighs near eighteen stone. He had come the whole way from France to study—what do you think? Magic—of which he had heard there was plenty in New Guinea. So there is: it is the greatest nuisance in the country, and I for my part would as soon think of going out to look for red ants or for stinging-tree. But the Marquis took what he called a scientific interest in the occult—which meant that he was bored for want of a little honest hard work to do, and didn't know it—and I had had bad luck with my last prospecting trip into the interior: lost four carriers (clubbed and eaten) and two mates (blackwater fever) and found nothing.



So I was rather glad to take on the Marquis, when he turned up in Port Moresby wanting a resident of the country to find carriers for him and lead a trip through the country lying about the coast. I thought I might light on payable gold after all—I've always had an idea that there might be something in the Kata-Kata country, and I thought, too, that I could do with a quiet, peaceful, easy sort of trip for once, after the kind of thing I had been having.

Quiet! Peaceful! Just wait till I have done.

It looked peaceful enough that evening, at all events. We had had a fairly long tramp to get to the village—which is celebrated all over Kata-Kata as the headquarters of local sorcery—and had not arrived till sundown. The Marquis, on hearing that the Kata-Kata people were not cannibals, had insisted on sleeping in the *marea* instead of in our tents. It would be better for his purpose of studying the natural man and his connection with the occult—so he said. I thought it might turn out in his seeing a little more natural man than he wanted, since the Kata-Kata folk were by reputation a nasty lot, and had been man-eaters ten years ago, though the Government had sent punitive expeditions in often enough to reform them since then.

Unless the Marquis was asleep, or eating, he never stopped talking. His English was not quite English, but you could understand it all right; at any rate, he did not talk like a Frenchman on the stage. He was talking now, and I was not listening closely; it went in at one ear and out at the other. The village men, crouched on the ground, chewed, and spat red, and looked out at him from under their sullen brows. They did not like us very much, it struck me. They were not accustomed to white people up there, except with punitive expeditions, which do not exactly smooth the way for those who come after.

Our interpreter—who could not interpret very much of the Kata-Kata talk after all—had told us that Mo, the big sorcerer, was out in the forest making spells, but that he would be in at sundown, and then perhaps he might consent, if we gave him plenty of tobacco and a lot of salt, to show

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us something. We had been waiting for him a good while, but there was no sign of Mo.

I was getting quite sleepy, as I sat on the ground, smoking and thinking. It had grown darker; the men had thrown some cocoanut shells on the pile of hot ashes in the center of the floor, and a small, fierce blaze had sprung up, showing the white boar-tusk bracelets on the brown arms, and the quiver of the long head-feathers. The Marquis, I knew without listening, was telling me about a "dear woman who loved him—a beautiful, a kind"—because he was twisting the ends of his mustache while he talked—he always did that when he began sentimental confidences, and the ends of his mustache, in consequence, were like nothing but long, sharp pins.

Of a sudden, he dropped his hands, sprang off the throne of sacks like a wallaby—he was wonderfully light on his feet, for his size—and went down the ladder leading from the door to the ground, in two jumps. I had been sitting with my back to the doorway, and could not see what it was that had agitated him; however, I got up, without undue haste, undid the fastening of the revolver holster that was strapped to my belt, and went down the ladder after the Marquis.

The village street was wide and sandy, reflecting back the light; there was a young moon coming up now above the cocoanut palms, and the sharp brown gables of the houses stood out clear among the stars. I could see the natives slipping like shadows in and out among the platforms and supporting piles all down the street; I saw a wolf-like kangaroo dog sitting in the moon, and a small tame cassowary taking a running kick at it, as it went past. But I could not see the Marquis.

This did not altogether please me, for Kata-Kata is a good way outside Government influence, and things might happen, though they are not likely to. I walked about in the soft sand for a minute or two, and stopped to look and listen. I could hear nothing of the Marquis, but I heard what located him for me just as well as a flood of French or English conversation—the coy, pleased, flattered giggle of a girl.

I made straight for the sound, and there in the growing moonlight, behind the white stems of a clump of betel-palm, was the Marquis—dancing.

I have not mentioned it—being unaccustomed to writing, and apt to lose my way—but I ought to have said that the Marquis had two special fads, and they were sorcery and dancing. He knew all about every dance that had ever been danced in the history of the world, from David's fandango before the ark, down to Genée's latest pirouette at the Empire. And, in spite of his height and weight, he could dance them all himself, more or less, but mostly more.

You might have thought he would look ridiculous when he danced, but he did not: no man looks ridiculous doing that which he does supremely well. He did not look ridiculous even now—pink, fat, a bit dishevelled, stepping and springing, advancing and retreating, and wreathing his fat arms above his bullet head, here in the moonlight, behind a clump of betel, with a grass-kilted, giggling New Guinea girl looking on at the mad procedure.

"Hallo, Mark!" I said (I used to call him that, because, being only a plain Australian without much schooling, I never could remember or pronounce his own extraordinary name). "What are you dancing?"

"It is the Love Dance of the Red Men of Roraima," said the Marquis, doing something quite extraordinary—I think with the calves of his legs, but he was too quick for one to see.

"Why the Love Dance, and why Red Men?" I asked.

"Because," said the Marquis, beginning to walk with a cross-swaying motion that really was fine—like Indian corn blowing in the wind—"I desire to find the key to the heart of this little beautiful, since I saw her on the steps of the *marea;* and the dance talks, even when one does not know a word of their own blessed language. And the Red Men—I chose their dance because they will, without doubt, be spiritually akin to the soul of this *boshter* little kid."

The girl drew up one leg under her grass crinoline like a hen, and giggled as if she understood. She was really pretty—if a New Guinea girl is ever pretty; I do not admire them myself, but it is all a matter of taste. She was lighter in color than most, a sort of golden brown, and of course, being a young savage, and not a civilized person, she had a perfect figure. She had the little, aristocratic-looking hands these Papuans often have (their hands, I reckon, are like those of the old

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I MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE SOUND, AND THERE IN THE GROWING MOONLIGHT, BEHIND THE WHITE STEMS OF A CLUMP OF BETEL-PALM, WAS THE MARQUIS—DANCING.

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families among white people, because neither Papuans nor old families ever do a stroke of work that they can help), and she had big eyes, and a bush of hair, and was a good deal dolled up with red and yellow flowers and pearl-shell necklaces and things.

All the same, she was just a little nigger, and the Marquis never ought to have flattered her by taking notice of her. It puts them out of their place.

Still, he went on dancing, and I really forgot about the girl for a little, watching him. It was so good, and the scene was so extraordinary—the open space of sandy soil, all lit up by the moon, and that great figure, dancing with incomparable lightness, against the background of long banana leaf and slender betel palm, like a very new sort of fairy in a very strange kind of fairy glade.

Then I happened to glance at the girl, and immediately all my amusement went out like a candle in the wind, and I fell to counting up what this especial freak of the Marquis's might be likely to cost us. For the little Papuan, who had been standing some way off at first, chewing her necklace and giggling, had suddenly turned quite grave—solemn, even—and was advancing, step by step, like some one in a dream, toward the space where the Marquis danced. Her hands were spread out as if she were blind, and her eyes never looked at the ground, or the moonlight, or the village houses showing through the trees—only at the Marquis, dancing. And she stepped nearer and nearer.

I don't go about with cotton-wool in my ears in the Papuan bush country, even when things are—or seem—as quiet as Sunday evening church in Sydney with the wrong girl alongside of you. I heard something moving in the scrub that wasn't a pig or a dog; the Marquis didn't hear it, for he was whistling softly to himself all the time he danced, and the girl didn't, for she was hypnotized, or something like it. But I thought it as well to stop the circus just there; so, without looking round, I went forward, grabbed the Marquis by the shoulder, and said—"Cut it out!"

He had been long enough in my company by this time to know that I had generally very good reasons for anything I might say or do.

He stopped—not without a turn or two to finish it off nicely—and, responding to a pinch on the arm, moved away with me quite amicably. When we got back to the *marea*—the girl had vanished, somehow, as these natives can, without one's even seeing how—he asked me what the matter was.

I did not answer him at first, for I was annoyed at the whole proceeding. Of course, I knew that he was only bent on a little trifling amusement—the Marquis let off most of his feelings in talk, and never took anything what you might call seriously—but all the same, he ought to have remembered, I thought, that we were in a strange, possibly a hostile country, and not have started flirting with any "little beautiful" before we had been an hour in the town.

So I sat down on the floor of the *marea* again, and lit my pipe, before I would answer.

"Flint, my very good friend, I fear that you are in a blooming wax," said the Marquis. "Why should you wax with me. What have I done?"

I took out my pipe. "You don't seem to remember," I said, "that we're in a hostile country. I'd be obliged if you would." I put back my pipe.

"What did you see?" asked the Marquis, quite grave and sensible now.

"I saw nothing," I said. "I don't know that there was anything. But I think I heard—the little creak that some of these big blackwood bows make."

"When you take them to your bosom and pull hard?" asked the Marquis, who had been trying his strength on some of these weapons, and had been a good deal impressed by their power.

"Just that," I said. "I wouldn't dance the Love Dance of the Red Men of Roraima any more, if I were you. Or I wouldn't dance it at that particular girl. Or at any girl."

"She is a beautiful," said the Marquis. "She is what you Australians, in your touching symbolism, call a tart. I remember an Australian little girl, in——"

He had got hold of both sides of his mustache—I saw that I was in for the deluge, so I cut it short.

"I believe that's your sorcerer coming at last," I said.

There was a noise of throbbing drums in the village, a tramping down the street, that evidently foretold the commencement of the evening dance. Now, it was hardly

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to be supposed that the village would begin its entertainment before the sorcerer came back from his spells in the forest to join in the revels. I told the Marquis this, and suggested we should have some trade stuff taken out of the packs in readiness. We got one of our boys to untie a sack or so, and selected some beads, knives, salt, and tobacco.

"And here is the sorcerer, back from his spelling," declared the Marquis, peering through the door at a tall, fine-looking man who was striding down the street with a general air of owning the whole place. He carried a big torch in his hand, and had a netted string bag over one shoulder. Slung on his breast was a large, hollow piece of bamboo, which he took some care to keep in a perpendicular position. His face, rather a fine one for a New Guinea native, showed clearly in the light of his torch: it was painted in stripes of black and scarlet, with a very fiendish effect. On his head was a magnificent head-dress of paradise and parrot feathers, rising fully three or four feet above his mat of hair. He had no clothes except a bark belt, and did not wear the bead and shell

THE UGLY LITTLE MAN BEAT THE AIR WITH HIS HANDS, THUMPED HIMSELF IN THE RIBS, AND ALL THE TIME YELLED, CHATTERED, GASPED, AND CHOKED.

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necklaces affected by most of the other people. There was something slung round his throat like a locket; it swayed about so that I could not see what it was.

"Yes, that's the sorcerer without a doubt," I said. "He's making right here."

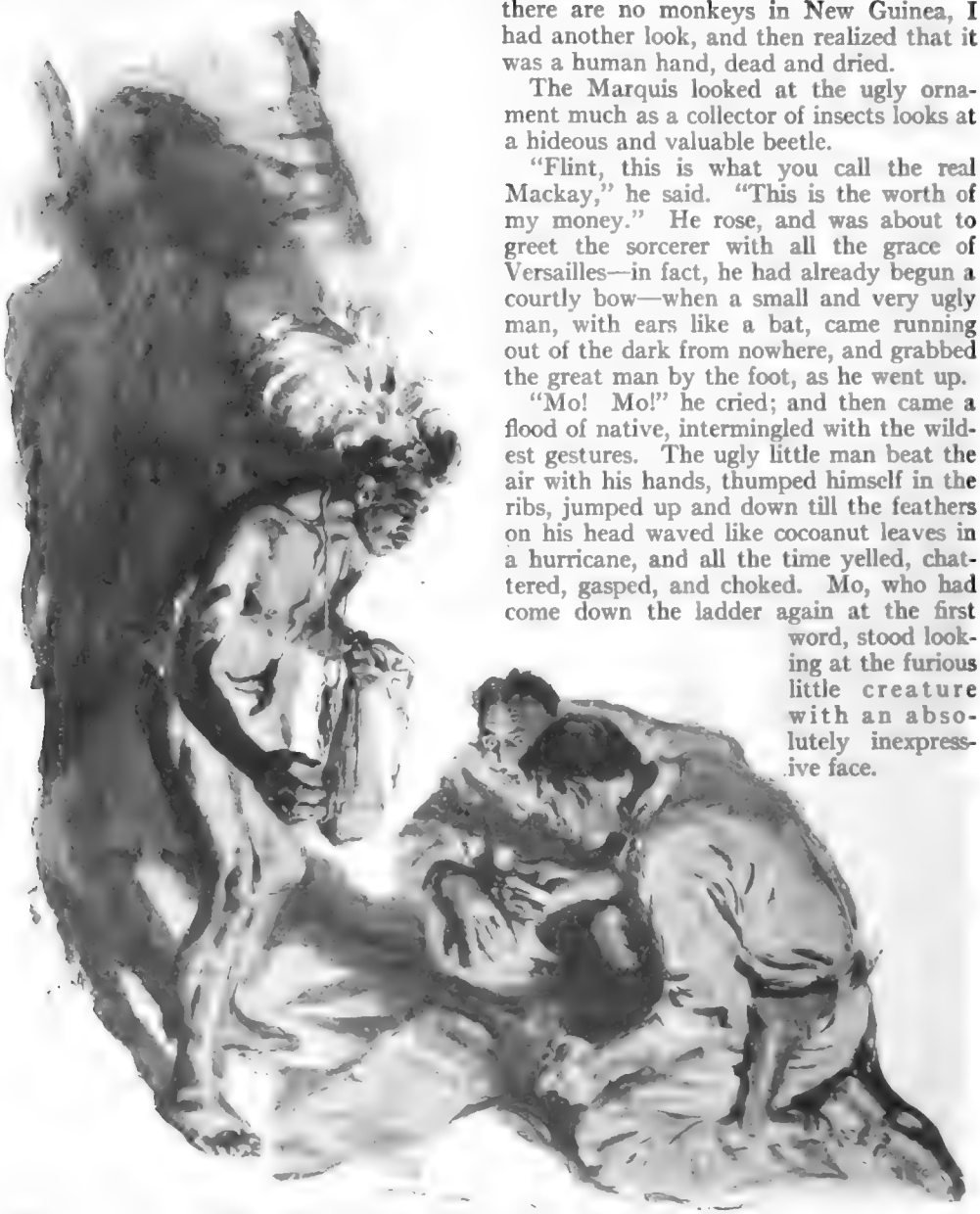
He was; and our interpreter, a timid little lad from the coast, was so terrified at the sight that he ran and hid himself at the back of the *marea*, and had to be dragged out by force. By the time we had succeeded in quieting him down and assuring him that our weapons would protect us all from any sorcerer, the man was at the steps and mounting them.

In the light of the fire, we saw at last what his locket was. I took it, at first, for a monkey's paw, but, remembering that there are no monkeys in New Guinea, I had another look, and then realized that it was a human hand, dead and dried.

The Marquis looked at the ugly ornament much as a collector of insects looks at a hideous and valuable beetle.

"Flint, this is what you call the real Mackay," he said. "This is the worth of my money." He rose, and was about to greet the sorcerer with all the grace of Versailles—in fact, he had already begun a courtly bow—when a small and very ugly man, with ears like a bat, came running out of the dark from nowhere, and grabbed the great man by the foot, as he went up.

"Mo! Mo!" he cried; and then came a flood of native, intermingled with the wildest gestures. The ugly little man beat the air with his hands, thumped himself in the ribs, jumped up and down till the feathers on his head waved like cocoanut leaves in a hurricane, and all the time yelled, chattered, gasped, and choked. Mo, who had come down the ladder again at the first word, stood looking at the furious little creature with an absolutely inexpressive face.



JUST AS MY HAND MADE A SUDDEN CLUTCH AT THE CRYSTAL, HIS HAND MET IT, AND THE TWO HANDS CLOSED ON EACH OTHER.

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"What's he saying?" I asked our interpreter, Koppi Koko.

The native's face grew purposely blank and dull. "I no savvy," he said.

"You do savvy," I told him, beginning to unbuckle my belt.

"I savvy, I savvy," he cried nervously. "Savvy little bit. That fellow man, him telling Mo some one make gammon along him, he no like. That fellow, he brother along Mo. 'Fore God, Taubada [master], I no more I savvy."

He seemed a good deal scared about something, and when a Papuan is thoroughly scared, you may leave him alone for all you will get out of him. I said no more, and the furious little man, after a final jump and yell, shoved something into Mo's hand, and bolted away under the house like a rat. The sorcerer put his hand into his string bag for a moment, drew it out empty, and mounted the ladder once more.

You could not tell what he thought, or if he thought anything, so complete was the veil of indifference he had drawn over his face. He had of course heard of our arrival in the village, so I was not surprised at his taking our visit as calmly as he did. But I did not—quite—like the way he had accepted the plaint of the battered little man.

The rickety floor of sago-sheath creaked and dipped as Mo strode up the building. He went straight to where the Marquis and I were standing, folded his arms over his breast, and uttered something in native that was evidently a greeting. The Marquis bowed, took his hand, and shook it. I nodded at him. Mo turned aside a minute to hang up the hollow bamboo he carried so carefully (we could see it was plugged at one end with wood), and then swept Koppi Koko to him with a gesture of one hand.

We were great chiefs, no doubt, he said; he was glad we had come to see his village. Did we belong to the Government?

We assured him we did not—knowing that Kata-Kata had probably been saving up a good long score to settle with His Majesty's representatives, since the last punitive expedition. This great chief, I said (through Koppi-Koko), had come a very long way from his village, which was many, many moons away, to see Mo and hear about his wonderful doings. If Mo would show him any sorcery, he would give much tobacco and salt and beads, and other treasures. And (since sorcery is illegal) he would promise not to tell the Government anything about it.

While I talked, I could hear the dance getting ready in the village: feet were stamping; drums were throbbing with the intoxicating triple beat that all Papuan travelers know; loud, brassy voices were rising and falling in a monotonous chorus. I was glad to hear them, for I know the difference between songs of peace and songs of war, and this was not one of the latter.

Still—many years in New Guinea have given me an instinct for danger that has nothing at all to do with sight or hearing; and it was stirring, ever so slightly, now. I watched the sorcerer's face as I talked.

It was still a blank; you could no more have read it than you could read a stone wall. Mo replied to my address that he had been making magic all day, and was tired. Another day, he said, he would show us some. To-night we could give him that tobacco and salt he saw, and he would think and prepare himself. Magic, he explained, took much preparation.

I did not care for the whole thing—a nigger is a nigger to me, and I can't stand seeing them put on airs. Besides, I do not believe in their nonsense. But the Marquis did, and he was very anxious to see something; so I swallowed my own feelings, and told Mo we should be glad to see his performance to-morrow, if that would suit him, and in the meantime, he might have the tobacco—not the salt: that would come when he had done something to earn it. Salt is precious in the interior of New Guinea, and I was not minded to throw any of it away.

The Marquis was almost ready to cry—he had been looking forward to an immediate satisfaction of his curiosity, and he was like a child when disappointed.

"Ask him something," he demanded. "Ask him at least what it is that he has in his bamboo, and why he carries a human hand round his neck, and what is in that string bag of his. Not to hear anything to-night, my Flint, that would indeed be the long lane that breaks the camel's back. I'm not made of patience!"

"That's right; you're not," said I. "Well, Koppi Koko, ask him."

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But here our interpreter went on strike. He was "too much fright," he declared. He would not ask Mo what was in the bamboo, or about the hand, or anything else. It struck me that he already knew, since he came from the coast, only a few days away. But if he did, he would not tell.

"You need not worry," I said to the Marquis. "I know all that's in his old bag without looking. I've seen other sorcerers' bags. There'll be a lot of trash like lizards' tails and bats' wings, and frogs' feet, and there'll be queer-shaped stones he has picked up, and bits of carved wood, and dried leaves and plants, and there's sure to be some quartz crystals—that's great magic, with them—and there'll very likely be a dagger made of human bone, and a native fork or two, and a betel-chewing outfit—poker-worked gourd, with a boar-tooth stopper, nuts, nice little spatula with carved head. That's about all."

"There could be nothing of more interest in the world," declared the Marquis. "Ethnologically, you can see, without doubt, the connection between the Witches of Macbeth——"

"Cut it out, Mark," I said. "You ought to know by this time that this horse isn't yarded with that kind of corn. But if you don't feel you can lay your golden head on your little pillow to-night without seeing the curio shop, I'll work it all right. It only means a handful or two of salt."

As I said before, I hate spending my salt when I haven't got to; but I opened a tin, took a good handful, and offered it to Mo, pointing at the same time to his bag, and to our eyes. Koppi Koko had disappeared. I noted the fact, and decided to argue with him—helped by a bit of lawyer cane—later on.

The other natives had all cleared out by this time, and the sound of the dance was growing. Thud-thud went the feet; gallop-gallop the drum, like a horse's hoofs. The fire was low in the *marea*, but it cast up a deep red glow toward the roof, giving light enough to see the contents of the wonderful bag, as Mo tumbled them out on the floor beside us. The salt had been too much for him; he accepted it eagerly, and was eating it like sugar, smearing his paint all to bits, and nearly choking himself as he sucked it down. These inland natives hardly ever see salt, and they are as keen for it as an alligator for fish, once they get the chance of a little.

Everything that was in the bag the Marquis handled, weighed, even smelt. I could tell him about most of the things. I did not know the Kata-Kata country, but quite a lot of the charms were familiar enough. This stone, I said, was meant to make the yam crops grow. This one was used for charming down rain. This carved monstrosity, like a pig that was half a beetle, probably was a charm for making war.

All the time he was handling and exclaiming over the trash in the bag, I kept a lookout on the sorcerer's face. There was something I did not like in the air; the fact that I could not define it made it none the less real. It had to do, maybe, with the wooden demeanor of Mo—or with the disappearance of all the other men from the *marea*—or with a certain strange pitiful whimpering that had been going on under the house for quite a good while—a dog, perhaps; perhaps not.

Anyhow, I looked at Mo a good deal. If there was mischief in the village—no matter of what kind—the sorcerer was sure to be at the bottom of it.

The drums galloped outside, the dance went on. The moon climbed over the motionless tops of the cocoanut palms, and looked down into the open mouth of the *marea*. Half in the moonlight, half in the firelight, Mo's face grew suddenly dark: he made a snatch at something that the Marquis was examining and hid it away—where, I could not see.

It was a trifling object, only a piece cut out of one of the plaited red and yellow belts that nearly every one in the village wore, men, women, and older children. The Marquis had been handling it rather closely, to examine the pattern. A smile crept over the sorcerer's face when it was gone—a cunning, ugly smile, worse than the stony inexpressiveness that had gone before. I saw he was bent on making us forget that scrap of plaited stuff. He pulled out a lot of other things from the bag—fossils, beaks, bats' wings, lumps of quartz crystal that glittered in the moon—and began showing them off.

More: by the sound of a certain word I had heard Koppi Koko use, I understood him to say that he was ready to do some magic for us, if we liked. He took down a cocoanut shell from the wall, and intimated

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that it was to be filled with salt first of all. I filled it, and Mo got up from his crouching posture on the floor, and disappeared, making signs to show that he would return.

"How do you find that?" asked the Marquis.

"Lucky he had that rag in his collection," I said. "He evidently forgot it was there, didn't want us to see it, and is going to do some of his nonsense to put it out of our heads. It's a throw-in for us, Mark."

"If that signifies a bit of good luck, I am entirely of accord," said the Marquis. "Flint, I am joyous; I must dance."

And dance he did, lightly as a girl of sixteen, there in the huge dusk *marea*, in the moonlight and the firelight, holding out his arms like wings, and whistling as he danced. Before he had done, Mo appeared again, with something in his hand; and for an instant, the stony veil was lifted altogether from his face, and he shot such a look of hate at the Marquis that I felt my hand slip involuntarily round to my hip.

"The old curio dealer doesn't like your dancing, Mark," I warned. "Somehow your accomplishments don't seem popular here."

"It was the dance of Marianne before Herod," said the Marquis, stopping at the end of a pirouette. "I dance that dance when I am glad. The second part of it, I mean—the part when Marianne has got the head of John the Baptist, and is satisfied of that."

"Old Ikey Mo isn't satisfied about something or other," I said. "Let's get him to work; perhaps he'll forget his troubles then."

"What has he got in his hand?" asked the Marquis, with interest.

It was a lizard, about ten inches long, yellowish in color, and quite dead. He gave it to us to handle. We both saw that it was dead and beginning to grow stiff; it seemed to have died naturally, as there were no marks upon it. Mo squatted down on the floor, and motioned us to keep quiet. He laid the lizard out upon a banana-leaf, shut his eyes, and began to chant something in a low, monotonous voice. We could not hear very clearly, for the drums throbbed on and on in the village, and the distant dance had risen to a thundering chorus of feet and voices, like the beat of the trade-wind surf on the long beaches of Papua.

By and by he stopped, opened his eyes, and took something out of his bag. The dance still thundered on; through all its far-off roar, we could hear the dog that cried under the house—if it was a dog.

Mo had taken a crystal out of his bag—the biggest one—and unwrapped it from its covering of leaves. It was a pretty thing, like the end off a chandelier luster, and just about the same size, only it was double-ended, with two points. The lizard lay still and dead upon the ground. Mo pointed the crystal at it, and began stroking the air just above the little corpse, without actually touching it. Over and over it he went with the crystal, making lines of light as the dying fire caught the quartz and drew violet and green and crimson colors out of it.

He was breathing very hard all the time, and sweat was pouring off his naked body. One could see that he was making a tremendous effort, but where, or how, one could not understand.

At last he stopped, laid the crystal down on the banana-leaf, and looked intently at the lizard. We looked too.

I know that no one will believe what happened next, but I must tell the thing as it occurred. The lizard moved.

We watched it, holding our breath. It moved again. It drew its legs under it.

The sorcerer took the crystal up, and drew more lines in the air, breathing hard and narrowing down his eyes till they were two black sparks beneath his beetling eyebrows.

The lizard got up, staggered, and walked away. It was alive.

I never wished I knew French until that minute. It would have been something to understand the expletives that the Marquis was pouring out, in a sharp, rattling, musketry fire of amazed profanity and delight. I said a thing or two myself, but it sounded meek and mild by comparison. And he did not stop for a good three minutes. Then he got up—the sorcerer was standing now—and seized the greasy savage in his arms, rocking him about as if he were a child.

"I have found it—the true occult power—genuine article, all-wool and a yard wide—my God, yes!" he exclaimed. In his excitement, he was going to our stores to give the sorcerer I don't know what or how

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much of our invaluable food, but I stopped him in time.

"Don't do it, Marky," I said. "Never let these brutes know how much you have, or they'll loot you, first chance. You've given him quite enough. I allow it's wonderful, but there may be some very simple explanation after all."

"You do not understand," said the Marquis. "You have no faith. Let me look yet again at the crystal. It is of course but an instrument of the power—still——"

He took it in his hands, and began examining it. Mo kept a close watch on it, hovering over us like a hen over her chickens when a hawk is about. It was plain that he valued his charm quite a good deal.

"The finest crystal I ever saw, with any one of these sorcerers," I declared, handling it. . . . . .

I don't know how the idea came into my head, but it did come, like a shock from a battery—just about as hard, and as quick. And what was queer, it came into the Marquis's head at exactly the same moment. For just as my hand made a sudden clutch at the crystal, his hand met it, and the two hands closed on each other. Our eyes met, and if mine were as glaring and excited as his——

I think they must have been. Mo had the thing out of our two hands before we knew where we were. It was gone, back in the bag like a conjuring trick, and the stony veil had fallen before the sorcerer's face again.

We were both breathing hard, like men who have run a race, but I think we kept pretty cool. It was the Marquis who begged then, by signs, to see the crystal again, and succeeded in getting Mo to show the end of it, shining out of the green wrapping of fresh banana-leaf, between the string meshes of the bag. But it was I who pulled my watch out, and got the face of it up against the point of the crystal—all of it that Mo would let us touch now. The sharp end of the thing scored into the glass of it as if it had been butter.

What the Marquis said that time I have always wanted to know—it sounded much livelier than the last. I cut him short with a kick.

"For God's sake, keep cool," I said. "Don't let him suspect anything; it's our only chance. You don't know how they value those charms of theirs—it's no question of buying. . . . . Come away and leave him alone. Don't let him think we care about it."

I almost dragged him away. It was deliciously cool and fresh in the moon outside; there was a smell of coming rain, and the wind brought whiffs of pawpaw blossom from somewhere in the forest, heavy and treacly-sweet. The noise of the dance was dying down: it was almost quiet.

Under the *marea*, in the space among the piles, that doglike whimper went on. But the Marquis and I were too excited to notice it. Afterward, I remembered how we had heard it.

"It's bigger than the Kohinoor, but not near so big as the Cullinan," I said, when we were out of earshot.

"Nevertheless, it is a king's fortune," affirmed the Marquis. He was quite pale, and almost trembling. "And this sorcerer is using it to make charms!"

"If we can get it—" I began.

"Where shall there be any difficulty? It is only to buy."

"Is it? You don't know these sorcerers. Probably he thinks his whole power depends on it."

"Flint, my Flint, it would be hard to say what it depends on. He has power, we know it. He has power of life and death. What a man!"

"Oh, he's only a greasy nigger after all, whatever conjuring tricks he can play," I said irritably. "They claim a lot, these sorcerers. They say they can kill any one by wishing, and bring him to life again by making spells. If you listened to what they say——"

"But the lizard, he was dead," said the Marquis, in a solemn voice.

"Hang the lizard! It's the diamond we are after now. First to get it, and then to find out where it came from—if that's possible."

"Flint, my friend, I am not rich—you know that," said the Marquis, with something like tears in his fat voice. "I have strained myself—have, what is it you say? bust—have bust my resources, to make this voyage in New Guinea. But if we can get that diamond—see, the glories of my house are restored; I am once more the proper kind of a marquis, you bet! And you, you are rich. You are a gentle and a spiritual, Flint—I shall be glad to think of you rich."

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All this time we had been making away from the *marea*, but the cry under the house never ceased to follow us. I could not stand it at last. There are many things in a New Guinea inland town which you had better not inquire into, unless you are prepared to put up a fight. But somehow I felt I wanted to look into this, and I told the Marquis so.

"Is it not a dog?" he asked, surprised.

"I don't think it is," I said. "Anyhow, give me your box of matches, and we'll go back and see. It gets me, somehow."

The *marea* was dark and empty when we returned; the sorcerer was gone. The dance was taking new life—it roared like a forest fire, down there at the end of the village. There was not a soul in sight, as we got under the *marea*, and struck our matches to look.

It was not a dog. It was the girl who had been so fascinated with the Marquis's dancing a few hours earlier. She was crouching on the ground like a sick monkey, her head on her knees, moaning in a cold, frightened sort of way, as if she did not expect that any one would hear, or heed.

"Hold! the little beautiful!" cried the Marquis. I got him by the slack of his trousers, just in time. He was springing forward to catch her in his arms and console her—a kind and a manly impulse, no doubt, but one that, I judged, might cost the little creature dear.

She did not even notice him. She went on softly wailing, like a thing that was doomed to die, and knew and feared it. In one slight brown hand she held something that was half wrapped round her waist, half torn loose. I struck another match, and looked at it. It was a red and yellow waist-belt, with a piece cut out. The gap was just about the size of the piece of red-and-yellow stuff we had seen in the sorcerer's bag.

She would not listen when we spoke to her; she only drew away and shivered. I judged it best to leave her, for the present at all events. We crept along under the piles, walking half doubled up, till we were out in the moonlight once more. The street was still quiet, but the ugly little man with the bat-like ears, who had been so angry earlier in the evening, was coming up toward the house. He seemed to hear the crying: he turned half round as he passed, and shook his spear at the *marea*, glaring at the little, crouching shadow below.

Then he looked at us, and deliberately spat toward the Marquis; turned, went on, and entered another house.

"That throws some light," I said. "Mark, I reckon that the girl has been too much struck with that beautiful performance of yours, and that the ugly little man is her lover, and doesn't like it. I rather think he has complained to his brother, Mo, and got him to puri-puri her, and she's half mad with fright."

"What is puri-puri?" asked the Marquis, looking grave.

"They've another word here. All over Papua, mostly, it means the same—sorcery. He's got a bit of her waist-belt to make a spell of, and she thinks she's going to die in consequence. Of course she won't, but she's badly scared."

"Flint, he has the power of life and death—that man," said the Marquis. "What can we do?"

"Rats, he hasn't power of life and death!" I said. "We can give him a talking to, and keep him from scaring the poor little soul any more, or she might really die of fright. Don't go talking to her—it would only make things worse."

"The first thing in the morning we must talk to him, isn't it?"

"First thing. We might as well have our tent, Marky; I think it would be more healthy than the *marea*, somehow."

We had, and slept in it—part of the night. About the small chill hour that comes near dawn, we were roused out by a wild crying from one of the houses near at hand—a house into which we had seen the little maiden creep, still sobbing, before we turned in ourselves, for, needless to say, the Marquis and I had been keeping as much of a lookout over her as we could. But this was not the girl's crying; it was horrified yells from the other inmates of the house—yells of such dismay that we wasted no time in catching up our arms and running in.

The house was nothing but a brown thatch roof, set on a sago-palm floor. It was dimly lighted by a fire; in the short interval before I could get my hurricane lantern alight, I saw a dozen or two brown

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naked forms, moving about distractedly, and howling. Something was visible on the floor among their feet.

I got the lantern alight, and held it up. There lay the pretty little girl, dead and stiff. She had not a wound or a mark on her, but she seemed to have been cold for hours. Probably the growing chill of her small body was what had attracted the attention of her companions.

"Flint, my friend, she is dead, the little beautiful, and I have been her murderer, by gum!" said the Marquis, in a low, shocked whisper.

"You haven't anything of the kind, Mark; don't be morbid. . . . . Poor little girl!" I said, looking at her again, as the women, howling loudly, picked her up and carried her away.

"Life and death—life and death!" said the Marquis. "Flint, we are in deep water."

"If it's only water, we're lucky," I said, leading the way out of the house again. "Sentries after this, Mark. I take no chances."

The Marquis was looking at the *marea*, where the sorcerer, no doubt, was coolly sleeping.

"Blood — blood!" he said. "Always, where there is a great diamond, there shall be blood. The stone is blooded now, my Flint. When will be the next?"

"Death in the Pot"—another story in the quest of "The Sorcerer's Stone"—will be published in the September number.

LOVE *alias* DYNAMITE

By

HUGH JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE soldier was a slim and sleazy youth, with washed-out blue eyes, and an apologetic, almost servile, manner that coordinated well with the rest. One could fancy him as a unit in the Squadrons of the Shiftless, the Army of the Inconsequential, or the Legions of the Lost, but in the Desperate Handful of a Forlorn Hope—never. And I said as much to Sergeant Medders.

Ten minutes later, with his keen eye on the far horizon, the Sergeant delivered himself of the following axiomatic errata:

"It's a long worm that has no turning, and the meek shall inhabit the earth. Don't you go stakin' no seemolions on the Marathons of long-suffering humanity nor the proposition that they ain't *no* time when a jack-rabbit'll talk back sassy to a bull pup. That boy was tried onct before a General Court Martial for Desertion, Mutiny, Infringement of the Riot Act, and assault on the Friendly Person of a Foreign Power, or somethin' like that, and don't you forgit it."

And this is the story that followed:

Dorniker wasn't rightly what you'd call a soldger. This new city-slimed type of hoodlums we git from New York's East Side ain't like to be. He wouldn't keep clean and he would talk tough. He didn't hit it off right with the men, and the Captain got on his trail. Among 'em they was makin' it right oncomfortable for Dorniker when he come to me.

"Sargint," s'e, "dey ain't pinnin' no popularity medals on me up dere in de troop, see? An' I want a show fer me white alley."

I was in charge of the stables then. We was at Morelos on border patrol and that

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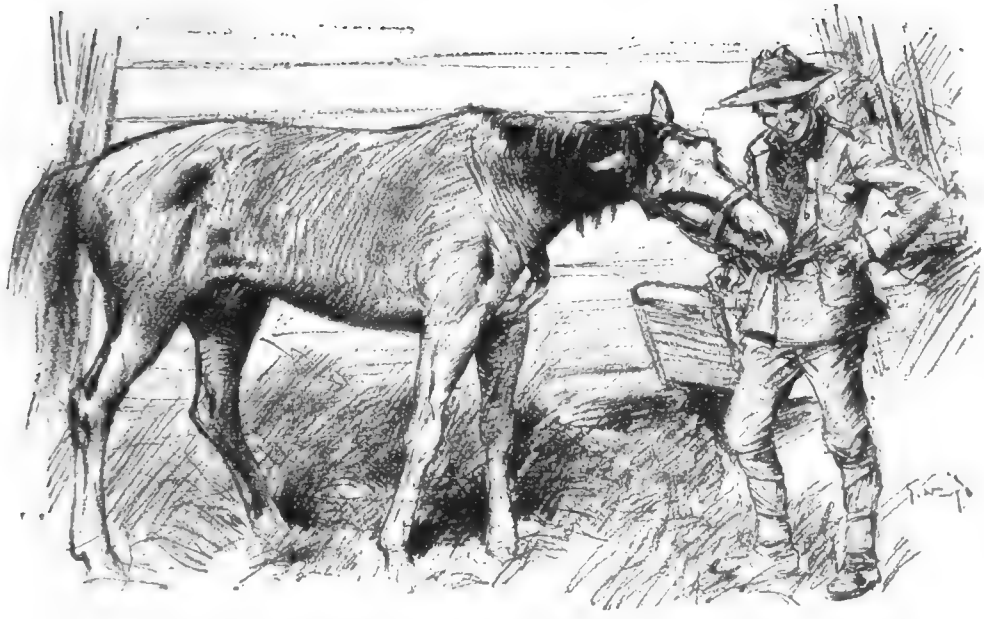

HE DIDN'T HAVE NO BUNKIE TO TELL THINGS TO, BUT HE DID HAVE HIS HORSE.

duty wasn't no cinch. "I'm sorry fer you, Dorniker," s'I. "But the men I have at stables has got to be eefficient."

"Dat's where I gits off, Sergeant," s'e. "I'm de guy wot put de fish in dat woid. I used to be a swipes on de Sheepshead Track. I ain't much on de Ump Shoulder Ump up dere in de troop, but—g'wan, put me wid de ponies, Sergeant—one day—and see."

In the end I took him. Well, you may not know it, but once in every ten million three hunderd thousand times they comes a man that's born under the consolation Horso and the sign Gee-gee. That man's lost away from the stables. And Dorniker was him.

By night that boy knowed every horse in the corral by name and character, and inside a week they'd follow him around the paddock like a flock of sheep. They ain't no explainin' these things. You can jest watch 'em and be glad you've had the chanct. I never heard him raise his voice to a horse, and as for strikin' one, the sight of *that* seemed to bring out the only touch of ginger he had in him. And that got him deeper in. He reported the First Sergeant to the Captain for abusin' a horse.

The Captain didn't believe him, and the First Sergeant—he was one of these fat-necked Prussians that'll remember a injury farther'n their own name—put him on The List. After that he couldn't turn without facin' trouble comin' or arrived. But never a peep outa him. He used to be after the men continual about the way they tied their horses too short, or didn't groom 'em proper, or failed to put the blankets smooth; and that kind of thing didn't help his popularity none.

But he seemed to be fairly content. He was foolin' around the picket-line all day, tinkerin' with the horses and regulatin' the feed, and that seemed to be all he wanted exceptin' just one thing—a horse of his own.

When a recruit's got so he can be trusted with spurs and a curb bit, and's fit to walk out and be seen *as* a soldger, then comes the big eevent of his soldger life. He gets his own horse assigned. After that, he's full-fledged. He's got character. He *is* somebody. Nobody else can ride that horse. He belongs to Private X, and by that sign Private X has acquired the best friend he'll have in his service—a friend he can talk to all day without a quarrel—somebody he can cuddle and confide in without bein' mushy or without bein' betrayed, ever.

And most soldgers treat their horses jest that way. They ain't got no women folks, nor no kiddies. A man seems to have jest so much fondlin' in him that's got to have a objec', and in the cavalry nine cases in ten it's the horse.

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Dorniker didn't get none. That was the First Sergeant's work. He kep' the Captain's mind poisoned, and nothin' I could say made any difference.

But we had one horse in "L" Troop that nobody rode. He was too long to stand in a stall, and he looked like a carpenter's claw-hammer stuck on a Frankfurter and mounted on knittin' needles. And that horse was b-a-d, BAD. He'd been abused in his innocence till he come to look on everything that walked on two legs and didn't wear feathers as his nacheral preforeordestinated enemy. He'd bite, kick, strike, squeal, sunfish, fall backward, and roll with his rider. He was crafty. He'd entice folks close by standin' saggin' like a rag-picker's horse on a dump-heap, and when they got jest so near they'd be nobody to report, "Sir, the Maine has blowed up and is now sinkin," because he would kick in four directions at the same time, and he had a reach on him like the long arm of the law.

Troop hosses' names has to begin with the troop letter, and I guess Imagination was out around the corner when they named that horse Love—it was like callin' a cyclone Cutie.

Well, soldgers is peculiar. You see a horse that'll go nosin' about for carrots, that'll come when his rider calls, and that knows a few tricks, like shake hands, and walk lame, and roll over, and that horse'll be saddled on the Gover'ment till Judgment Day. But you take a horse that don't respond to caressin' even if he's the best horse in the squadron—they'll call him a grouch and they'll somehow see that the inspector condemns him on the next visit. They'll neglect him; they'll abuse him. He'll go from bad to worse till he gits to be jest such another case as this here sudden-death Love of ours was till Dorniker comes along.

It wasn't no cinch for Dorniker in spite of his gift. The first time he comes up to Love, he goes away with that man-eater's autygraft etched in two upside-down horseshoes on the full of his stummick, and I thought he was dead. But he wasn't. He come back after two days in the hospital, and he stayed with it.

With supplin' exercises he got the kinks out of that horse's conformation. He'd spend eight and ten hours a day on him. With right groomin' he had Love so slick a fly couldn't light on him without slidin' off and breakin' his neck. But he done it all on the q. t. out behind the mesquite and he'd rough the coat up at stable time so the Captain'd never know. I didn't savvy till one day he come to me.

"Sargint," s'e, "do you dope it if I'd come out to drill some day on Love and ride him through, de main guy'd let me have him fer my hoise?"

It was worth a try, and the Captain was tickled to death. When Love pranced out at Fours Right, curvin' his neck and tippin' along like he was walkin' on eggs, the Old Man rubs his eyes and wants to know where the new horse comes from. Love romps through like a kitten chasin' a yarn ball, and when it was over the Captain compliments Dorniker some high and gives him Love for his.

I thought the boy's troubles was over. He'd sing and whistle around the stables from reveille to taps. He spent jest as much time as ever on Love, and half his pay went for comforts and sweets for the horse—lump sugar, blanket-lined covers, and the like of that. He didn't have no Bunkie to talk to and walk out with and tell things to, but he did have his horse; and I'm tellin' you that sure-kill Love got as biddable as a water-spaniel, and he'd whicker at that boy a hunderd yards away.

I hate to go on, because I hate to think white men could be so mean as these ones was. "L" Troop hated Dorniker, and they always had hated that horse. Then the First Sergeant was always eggin' 'em on. But I ain't makin' no excuses. It was plumb low-down.

Finally one day when Dorniker mounted for drill Love seemed a little skittish. Ten minutes later he was tearin' through that troop like a cyclone through a Kansas cottonwood grove and breakin' all old records. He busted up fours, platoons, and squads. He was blind, crazy, squealin' mad. He runs breast on into the Captain's horse and knocks the Old Man spinnin'. Then he breaks for stables. Dorniker stuck to him and got him stopped. When he took that saddle off, he unfolded the blankets careful, like he was lookin' for somethin', and there, sure enough, in the skin fold was one of these nettle burrs that'll raise a blister if you look at 'em.

I never seen nothin' affect a person so. That boy's face got the color of wax. He stands for a minnit shakin' all over and then

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goes up and puts his arm around Love's neck and cries like a baby.

They had him. If he told the Captain, they'd say that he'd been careless lettin' his blanket lie round till it picked up the burr itself. He kept a stiff upper lip and took his medicine like a man. The Captain'd had time to cool off and he was reasonable,

LOVE WAS TEARIN' THROUGH THAT TROOP LIKE A CYCLONE THROUGH A KANSAS COTTONWOOD GROVE AND BREAKIN' ALL OLD RECORDS. HE WAS BLIND, CRAZY, SQUEALIN' MAD.

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but he said Love couldn't be rid to no more drills.

Four nights after, somebody threw a stone in the corral and nigh put that horse's eye out. Still Dorniker didn't peep. He jest sat up till dawn puttin' on compresses and cuddlin' his horse like a mother with a sick kiddie.

Then we got word the inspector'd be down in a week.

Now they was one thing sure. No inspector was goin' to see that Love horse the way Dorniker kep' him lookin', or trot him out the way Dorniker rode him, and ever mark him to condemn.

But what do you reckon that Dutch Sergeant done?

WHEN HE GOT THROUGH THEY WASN'T MUCH MORE LEFT

We kep' an outpost at Alcodones, fifty miles to the west. The detail was for a month and called for six good men. How the Sergeant persuaded the Old Man that Dorniker belonged there after the recommends he'd give him the other way, I don't know; but Dorniker went and Love didn't.

They wasn't nothin' to it. They put a big bully of a man named Frelinghausen takin' care of Love the day Dorniker left. He wasn't fit to groom a battle-ship, and in a week, with kicks and blows and abuse, he had that horse right back where Dorniker found him, and then condemned and sold at auction.

A lieutenant of *Rurales* from across the Line bought him with fifty Mexican *pesos*, and I'd rather shoot a horse any day than have that there Guadalupe Arenas ride him a mile.

He started in to tame Love Mexican style, and every day we could see his system gettin' in its work. It had somethin' to do with starvation, and the idee is that if you break a horse's spirit once complete it won't never come back no more. I never studied it none. I know he got Love so's he could gallop him around on the Mexican side, and he used to come out every day to do it and shame our troopers—so he said—for not knowin' how to handle horseflesh.

What worried me was Dorniker's comin' back.

When a boy's built like that, you can't tell what turn his mildness will take.

I couldn't bring myself to tell him when he got off the train and come hotfootin' down past me at a run, beatin' it for Love's place on the Line as eager as a boy home from school. Then he walks to the corral. Then he comes back slow enough to my tent. He'd guessed, and they wasn't no need my sayin' anything.

"Well, Sargint," s'e, "they done it."

It was jest in the first cool of the evenin', and a Mexican band used to play in the plaza then, and our men liked to go down there and squat around *hombre* style and swap lies. You could count on half the troop bein' there, and that's where Dorniker found 'em. I followed him.

He walks up an' stands there lookin' down at 'm.

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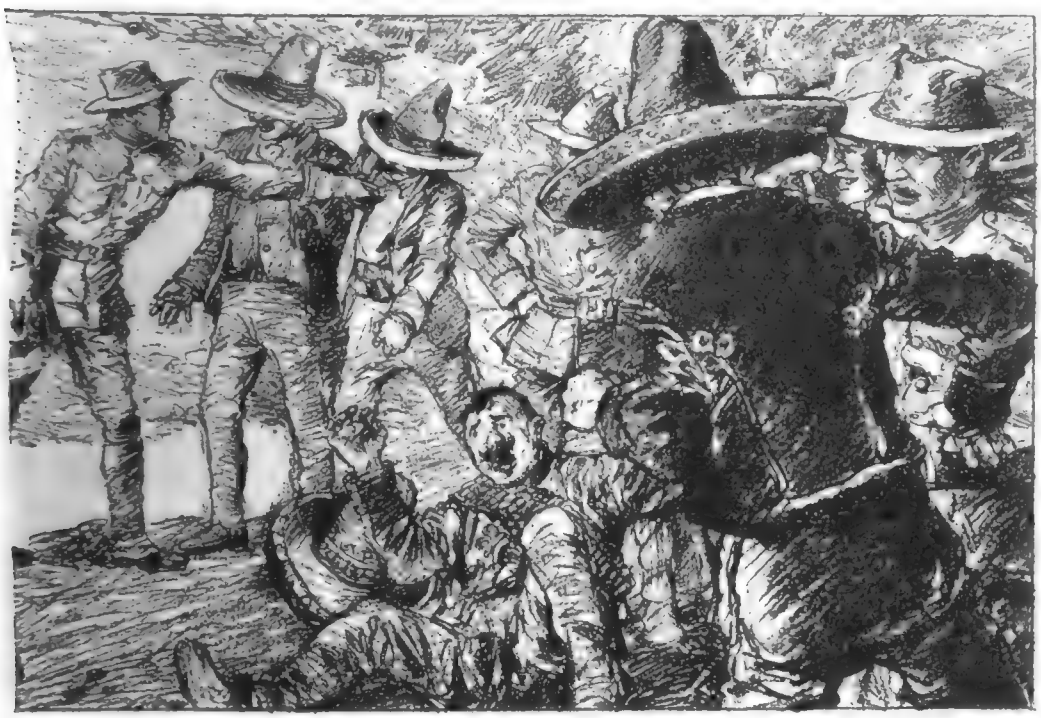

OF DON SEÑOR ARENAS Y LIMON THAN A GROANIN' PULP ON THE GROUND.

Nobody says hello to him. In fac', nobody much meets his eye. They was all extreme interested in the sky-line or the buttons on their shirts. Them men was ashamed. Then he starts speakin'—quiet and low.

"I'm leavin' youse."

Only this here bully Frelinghausen thinks it's up to him to talk. (He was the one that put the burr in the blanket.)

"If you had the nerve, it'd be good riddance of bad scum."

Dorniker jest give him a queer little questionin' look, smilin' with the eyes only. "Yes," s'e in the same sing-song tone, but with all the tough dropped out of his words. "I'm scum. I ain't had no raisin'. I jest growed on the wharfs with a bad lot. I've stole, and I've perjured—and once a gang I was in killed a cop."

One or two of 'em looked up nervous. Somehow they was a kind of pricklin' tension in the air, like too much 'lectricity on a mountain top. I wisht it was all over and nobody hurt. But Dorniker started in again. His words changed complete. Now they come each one separate—clinky and dry—like empty cartridges fallin' out of a automatic on the rocks:

"Yes. I'm bad. I'm scum. But I'm so much better'n you *dogs*, I can't breathe the same air," and he stops, chokin'.

"That stuff don't go." Frelinghausen starts to git up. I can see him yet, lumberin' to his hands and knees and stoppin' in that undignified pose.

Dorniker makes a little rush at him and stops in front. "Sit—you cur, or I'll cut your heart out."

Frelinghausen he sits.

"Yes," Dorniker starts in, like nothin' had happened. He had 'em. He was playin' with 'em. "I got in bad with you from the start. You hated me. You mistreated me. Sometimes you kicked me. Did I complain? You lied about me to the Captain—and you done *little* mean things, not fittin' for men. *All* right. Did I complain? Then when I didn't whimper, *you got me through my horse*—my pore dumb horse—tied down to the ground with a rope—you *soldiers* what wears a uniform and

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wants so everlastingly to be respected."

I never knowed what Dorniker had in mind that day. I hate to think what might have happened. But sudden, he stops and stands with his mouth half open, starin'.

Out along the Line lopes Arenas on all that was left of Love. Starvation and hard knocks had been at work. The pore horse's neck was jest a chain of bones. His knees was all broke and scabby where he'd been down in the rocks strugglin' against lash and heel rope. His flanks was hollow black caves, and his sides was bloody with long, scrapin' rowel wounds, and the big silver thorn bit was flecked with red foam.

I don't think it was seein' Dorniker across the Line that done it. But it looked it. Love balked, dead in his tracks. Arenas was showin' off, Mexican style. He jams his razor rowels deep, and the blood spurts behind 'em.

Love didn't move. He jest stood with his thin old nose stretched out to home and let a pitiful little whicker out of him.

I ain't goin' to say what Arenas done then. Our ways ain't the ways of them people, and he was showin' off their ways. He leans far forward on Love's neck and reaches——

Half a dozen of our boys murmurs, horrified, and Dorniker says, low and terror-struck: "My God——"

There ain't much more to tell. All we seen was one tan streak, and that was Dorniker crossin' the Line and goin' for *Teniente* Arenas. They come to the ground in a crawlin', kickin', strikin' heap, and they rolls off down the hill fightin' like cats, till Arenas's arm comes clear with one of them Mexican knives in his hand. But Dorniker squirms out, stands, and kicks the greaser's wrist. The knife drops, and Dorniker squares away with more sense, American style.

When he got through they wasn't much more left of Don Señor Arenas y Limon than a groanin' pulp on the ground. . . . Then Dorniker strips off the heavy saddle and the silver bridle and throws 'em on the ground, and it all didn't take three minutes.

Hombres and some *Rurales* had gathered round in number enough to try to take a hand, but we was there, and while they was sizin' up the chances, Dorniker steps over to where Arenas was layin', callin' for a *padre* and the police. Out of his pocket that boy took what of the six months' pay he hadn't spent on the horse—a dirty little wad of bills it was—and throws 'em in Arenas's face.

"Here's what you paid for this horse—twict over," s'e, mounts up, and lopes away. . . .

They caught him that night tryin' to steal back into God's country, and sends him to Santone to be tried for a deserter.

"Well, it was desertion and all, wasn't it, Sergeant?" I asked, for he wanted only a period.

"The Court said it was an example of the metamorphosis of patience as a virchoo. You can see that horse in D Troop any day. He was bought back by Special Order of the War Department, which sometimes shows the stirrin's of a soul. In a new troop, with another name, both him and Dorniker is conspicuous successes. The Squadron kiddies rides that horse."

It was even as Medders had said. The alliterative restrictions of the naming regulation holds fancy spellbound. Love entered D Troop for the only vacant name on the roster. In a scrupulous box-stall bedded with deliciously clean, sweet-smelling straw, we found a sleek sorrel who pricked up friendly ears, and confidently nosed me—for sugar, I suppose. The beautiful eyes were mild and gentle, but painted on the name-board in regulation lampblack we found the sinister designation:

DYNAMITE.

He had been a bachelor for many years, but finally married. After several years, his wife said one evening:

"You do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to, dear. I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you!" growled the husband. "There you go again. Ceased to love you! Why, I love you more than life itself! Now, will you shut up and let me read the paper?"

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"HEALTHY, WEALTHY, *and* WISE"

By VIRGINIA RODERICK

THE tooth-brush is coming into its own as an instrument of education. About three years ago, in a Cleveland school, forty children with defective teeth were organized into a special class to try out the effects of mouth-hygiene. First they were submitted to various mental tests. Then their teeth were put in order, they were provided with proper brushes, pledged to wield them three times a day, and taught how to eat.

Twenty-seven went through the test period of about a year, and then the mental examination was repeated.

It showed a total gain of 99.8 per cent.!

Some of this "dental squad" are to form part of the exhibit at the International Congress of School Hygiene which is to be held in Buffalo, August 25 to 30, with delegates from all the civilized world. These living exhibits will illustrate one of the many lines along which we are finding out our responsibilities to school children.

"What am I to think of a public-school system which never taught me to eat, breathe, or walk correctly—the very essentials of living?"—Those who ask that question are legion.

We are to think that such a system will not do; and this congress, the first of its kind in America, is to demonstrate that it will not. It is to prove, with sound scientific evidence, that physical health is the very foundation-stone of education.

Instruction in the myriad needs and the ways of meeting them will be supplied to eye as well as ear. Supplementing the program, there will be models of well-built schoolhouses, with window space occupying not less than one sixth of the wall space, and admitting light only from the left and rear; model school kitchens and model school meals; an exhibit to show the glazed paper and polished desk-tops that so sadly damage young eyes, and the substitutes that conserve vision; fixtures to demonstrate good and bad ways of lighting schoolrooms; adjustable desks that really fit the child's body; photographs of open-air schools and summer camps; charts and pictures to show "before" and "after" in faulty mouths, and a moving-picture film entitled "Toothache"; the familiar tuberculosis exhibit; the remarkable and appalling sex-hygiene exhibit, and a hundred other aspects of school health.

About seventy-five per cent., or fifteen million, of our twenty million school children have physical defects. This includes the ten to fifteen million with bad teeth, five million with defective vision, six million with enlarged tonsils, adenoids, or enlarged cervical glands; five million with nose, throat, and ear troubles; the six hundred thousand who are tubercular; and the five million who suffer from malnutrition, often partly due to other defects.

To remedy these defects, and to prevent the ravages of epidemics, medical supervision is an obvious necessity. Yet of 1,038 cities (nearly ninety per cent. of the total) recently studied by the Russell Sage Foundation, only forty-three per cent. have regularly organized systems of public school medical inspection, and in only 214 of these cities does this include a complete physical examination conducted by doctors.

A thousand doctors are employed where many thousands are needed. Only sixty-nine cities have expert dental inspection. Five hundred school nurses—a recent phase of medical supervision—are doing a splendid work for both school and home, and an increase in their numbers is one of the best hopes in this field.

Medical supervision, of course, has a constructive side, which should be developed; school doctors should be essentially doctors of public health, teaching pupil, teacher, and parent—yes, and janitor!—to ride the "hobbies" of modern medicine: fresh air, pure water, plain food, and recreation.

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On this side they join hands with the score of agencies specifically directed to keeping well children well.

Chief among these is the sanitation of school buildings by improved plumbing, better architecture, dustless floors, vacuum-cleaners, proper dusting, the abolition of the common drinking-cup, and modern systems of ventilation. The knowledge that the percentage of tuberculosis is higher among teachers than in any other profession should be grim reason for pushing such reforms at top speed.

Outdoor schools are another ground of hope, not only against tuberculosis but, possibly, for general school-health. The two thousand children who study in furs and mittens have gained in strength, have been far less subject to colds and the usual child diseases than indoor pupils, and, besides, have attended more regularly.

Another positive point of improvement is the modern physical training. The day is past when the school turns out into the aisle for a few minutes' calisthenics, and learns from hygiene lectures or a slim, dry text-book merely that one has 200 bones and a diaphragm. Instruction in cooking and eating, gymnasiums, swimming-pools, the direction of play—all these are parts of a new régime which teaches the child how to live. Moving pictures are already in a few schools instructing children about their own bodies; or urging them to "swat the fly," to fight tuberculosis, to keep their mouths antiseptic.

EDUCATION THROUGH FOOD

And then there is the school-luncheon—with America miles behind European countries. In the past five years seventy-seven cities in this country have adopted the plan of furnishing their pupils plain, wholesome food at a nominal cost. In New York, for instance, lunch is supplied at a penny an article, with the restriction that the first penny must go for soup. Many of the children fed in this fashion would otherwise be lunching on ice-cream cones and glassy cakes from unspeakably dirty pushcarts and small shops.

The school-lunch proves afresh the interrelation between stomach and brain, between food and conduct, for it undeniably increases learning power and lessens sullenness and truancy. Besides, it teaches the child food-values, economy, healthful eating-habits, and table manners; and how to be friends with his mates.

Of course, this is particularly city and town work, as are nearly all the more conspicuous school reforms. The rural school is far behind.

Remember the one little room with an unjacketed stove in the middle that scorched those nearest and let the others freeze? Blackboards, with chalk-dust flying. Light shining in your eyes from windows up front. Windows open or shut to suit the comfort of those nearest. The most casual of sanitation. An unsightly playground. A teacher who taught something like twenty classes a day.

Well, however happy those memories, the results do not justify them.

Gradually, one-teacher schoolhouses are consolidating. Well-constructed buildings of three and four rooms are taking the place of the single rooms, and the graded system is gaining. Some rural schools already have modern equipment, not only in buildings, but in model farms, gardens, hen-houses, and kitchens—all as part of the curriculum. But these schools are still too few.

Important phases of school-hygiene must be omitted here—the whole vital subject of mental hygiene, with its eugenic implications; the problem of schools for "backward" children; the financial soundness of a community investment in the health of its children; the hygiene of college and university—except to note that the Secretary-General of the Congress, Dr. Storey, is a physical director who has made the institution in his charge a model, with dismissal from college the penalty for neglect of eyes or teeth.

He is the man to address, at the College of the City of New York, if you will help apply the findings of the Congress in your own community. Any one may become a member by the payment of five dollars, and delegates are wanted from women's clubs, boards of health, schoolboards, charity organizations; from all towns and cities. It is the distinctive feature of this congress, in preparation, that it recognizes the absolute necessity for community backing, and a sturdy effort will be made to achieve a permanent organization for carrying out school reforms.

If that should succeed, there need be no limit to our hopes for national health.

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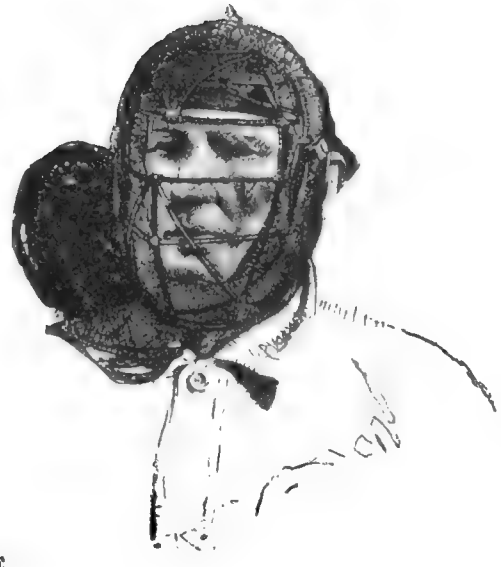
The MAN of the WIRE MASK



By

IRVING E SANBORN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. V. B. KLINE

WITH great show of dignity the umpire accepted the official batting-order from the rival captains and immediately dispelled all illusion of majesty by stooping to the menial task of sweeping off the home plate.

"Well, will you observe who's here—that Don Quixote person wearing a wire muzzle for a helmet! What's he for?" Exclamation and interrogation were of the feminine gender and drew attention to a very modern Eve and her dutiful Adam near the front of the grand stand.

"That's the catcher. He has to stand there and throw back what balls the batter don't hit," explained a patient masculine voice. "He wears all that junk to protect him from foul tips—when the ball shoots back from the bat, you know."

Obviously it was her first baseball game and he had engaged to initiate her into the mysteries of a sport about which so many of her friends continually raved in what seemed a foreign tongue, except that most of the words sounded like United States.

"If it's so frightfully dangerous as to require all that rigging, why don't they leave it to that funny jigger on wheels, like a tennis-net hung out to dry?" She meant the portable cage used in batting practise, the utilitarian properties of which he had pointed out to her during the preliminary exercises.

"That would stop the ball, but wouldn't throw it back; besides—" Before he finished expounding, the first batter popped a high foul which came down in the Don Quixote person's mitt, half a foot from the screen in front of the stand. There was a crash as the catcher hit the barrier, but he rebounded with the ball securely in his hand. Eve's mentor was on his feet excitedly shouting: "Oh, you Jimmy!" He sat down and was trying to explain to her why the batter was out, when the next man up slapped a fast one on the nose for a base hit into left field.

While the persevering instructor was endeavoring to justify to his pupil some of the remarks he had just aimed at the home pitcher, the succeeding batsman swung futilely at a ball he could not reach. The Don Quixote person caught and fired it with deadly accuracy to second base, causing the male fan to jump to his feet again in another verbal paroxysm. A pull at his sleeve made him subside and dutifully attempt to explain that now there were two men out.

"That tennis-net on wheels surely couldn't do that," was her comment. "Seems to be

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more to that Don Quixote job than just sending the balls back to the middle man."

"Sure," he assented, but further elucidation was interrupted by a two-base hit, which kept the teacher in silent apprehension until an outfielder gathered in a long fly for the third out.

This intermittent dialogue, wafted over the barrier which divides grand stand from press-box, epitomizes the popular idea of the catcher's relation to baseball. He is out there to throw back what gets by the batsman, with a few side-lines of individual endeavor incidental to the main trick of disposing of three visitors in a row as fast as they step to the plate. This task is supposed to be the prerogative of the pitcher. The catcher has nothing to do except hold third strikes, catch an occasional foul fly, flag unruly base runners, and see that nothing pitched high, low, wide, or underground gets away from him.

If that were all the catcher had to do and think about, it would be considerable job; but it is only a part of his duty, and the mechanical end at that. Failure to realize the value of thinking in baseball is responsible for the fact that the catcher generally is the most underrated cog in the machinery of a winning team. "Thinking part" implies disdain on the stage, but out there on the diamond the men who think are responsible for that elusive and much exploited thing called "inside baseball." Because so much of it devolves on the catcher he is the most important actor, barring, possibly, the master mind, commonly known as manager. And yet to nine out of ten spectators he is only a backstop.

The dutiful husband, brother, or admirer who attempted to explain to the modern Eve all that happened in the first inning probably did not realize that the failure of the opposing team to score a run in its half was due largely to the gray matter behind the wire mask.

If the catcher had not guessed intuitively, or by intercepting an almost imperceptible sign, the intent of the batsman and the runner before they started that "hit-and-run" play, he could not so easily and surely have thrown out the runner at second. He probably would not have thrown him out at all if he had not telegraphed his intuition to the pitcher by signaling him to "pitch out," where the batsman could not reach the ball. But for that the batter would have been able to hit the ball somewhere.

A foul would have protected the runner, permitting him to go back to first base, from where a fleet man would have gone all the way home on the two-base hit which the same batsman made right afterward. At least that long hit would have driven the base-runner to third, from where he could have counted on the long fly, which would have been only the second out. Again, if the catcher had not anticipated that "hit-and-run" play at all, and the batsman had made his two bagger with the runner in motion—no need to diagram farther the hole in which the pitcher would have found himself, but it illustrates the defensive value of one correct guess by the backstop.

In a sport which creates, sometimes by sheer luck, a hero whose worshipers may include a nation's fans, what chance has the brainy catcher, swathed from crown to toe in grotesque paraphernalia — which make him first cousin to a circus clown in action — to aspire to the idol's pedestal alongside the star pitcher's lithe, untrammeled athleticism, or the great batsman of the eagle eye and potent swat?

Thousands have said and tens of thousands have read that Christy Mathewson won the world's championship for the Giants from the Athletics in 1905; that Ed Walsh of the White Sox conquered the militant Cubs in 1906 single handed; that to Frank "Home-Run" Baker belonged credit for the Athletics' triumph over New York in 1911, and that Joe Wood was responsible for Boston's new purple and gold emblem of supremacy.

Thousands have forgotten that a catcher saved Mathewson from being side-tracked to first base by a manager who could not see in the slender collegian the "Big Six" we know; that Walsh sat on the bench for the better part of two seasons while a wise manager and a clever lieutenant were grinding this product of the Pennsylvania coal fields into a 195-pound gem instead of sending him back to the culm bank.

There is no desire to rob these heroes of one sprig of their laurels. The baseball public demands idols, and those whom Fortune sets in high places are entitled to enjoy the scenery. But one is impelled to protest against undervaluing that cushion-coated brain center, just abaft the home plate, without which a baseball machine would be in

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much the same condition as a paleolithic pachyderm after an operation for the removal of its medulla oblongata.

Take any romance written around the goal-posts of a football field. When its hero is not captain of the eleven, a fleet-footed half-back or a battered, groggy end finally scores the points which turn defeat into great victory—and lead to a church wedding. The busy, foxy little quarter-back gets into the picture only because it is necessary for him to give the right signal at the proper instant. Since baseball became a

EVE'S MENTOR WAS ON HIS FEET EXCITEDLY SHOUTING: "OH, YOU JIMMY!"

popular background for fiction, the centerpiece of the deftly typewritten tapestry usually ha been a pitcher, retiring the side with the bases full in the ninth, either by superlative cunning of wrist, or at imminent risk of broken bones from stopping a hot

liner. The optional idol is the batsman who delivers a home run with the same congestion as to bases. No one has yet tried to weave a romance around a catcher. His whole get-up is against it.

That is not the only parallel between quarter-back and catcher. What one is to football the other is to baseball. Just as the quarter directs every play while his team is on the offensive, so the catcher controls every defensive move of his team. On what happens in the brief moment while the backstop assumes that awkward, grotesque squat before each pitched ball, may hang the result of a game. Facing the field, every factor in the situation is before him. He must see that no play starts, with the pitcher's wind-up, until every man is in place and alert. He must know a lot about

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the batsman, his weakness and his strength —what kind of ball he can "kill," and what he is most likely to miss. He must watch base-runners to discover, if possible, the intent of the attacking side. If he does, he can instantly frame the defense most likely to checkmate the intended move, thereby reducing by half his opponents' chances of executing the play successfully.

This is the first essential in a backstop. Behind his mask must be a brain well stocked with experience; resourceful, intuitive, and quick thinking. That is one reason for the scarcity of great catchers. Another is the physical courage required to subject one's self to more hard knocks than befall any other player.

We hear a lot about the snap the catcher has to-day behind all his protective apparatus, compared to the risks run by oldtime backstops who knew naught of mask, mitt, or mattress, but stood behind the bat with only a rubber mouthpiece to reduce the danger of inhaling their teeth. Do not forget that the pioneers who did that had to catch only balls that were "pitched"—not thrown.

In the old days, the catcher stood close to the plate only part of the time. Less than a dozen years ago he played back near the stand until there were two strikes on the batsman, unless there were men on bases. The demand for less "time out—" time required for frequent donning and removing of his armor—was responsible for the present custom of keeping the catcher close up all the time.

The development of team play, in hitting at bad balls to protect base-runners, and the introduction of the "spit-ball" have increased the number of foul tips and the catcher's liability to injury, which is only partially offset by improvements in his armor. Any experienced maskman carries his union card in his hands. One look at them is proof that he is not a musician by trade. No piano keyboard could be devised to fit the vagaries of his finger-tips, and as for the oboe—he might handle a slide trombone. Oldtime catchers proudly exhibit their distorted "hooks" in proof of their heroism, but any of his friends will match Tom Needham's hands against all of them.

One day when a foul tip knocked one of Tom's fingers farther out of skew than usual, he hurried out to the slab, shaking his injured hand, and extended it toward Mordecai Brown with the request:

"That last one knocked my finger plumb out. Give it a yank into place, will you?"

Brown inspected the collection of gnarled hooks and exclaimed: "Put me wise, Tom. I'm no mind-reader. They all look alike to me."

Another potent reason for the inadequacy of the supply of good catchers is that their reward is not commensurate with the hard work and thanklessness of their task. The real catcher commands a high salary; but, contrary to the general impression—partly created by themselves—ball players do not work altogether for the coin there is in it. The cheers from the stands, the names in big headlines, the pictures in the papers, and the eager crowding of fans after a hard-earned victory are part of the players' recompense, although few of them admit it. Little of this falls to the lot of the catcher. Even when a brilliant snap-throw picks a wise and dangerous runner off his base, the crowd usually jeers at the victim instead of lauding the alert catcher.

Ask any man whose study of baseball is confined to the hours he spends in the ball parks to name his "twenty favorite players." The chances are against his selecting a backstop. Ask any ten young Americans you find playing ball on the lots to what positions they aspire. Seven of them will want to be "swell" pitchers, and the other three champion batsmen.

For every King Kelly or Buck Ewing, whose praises are sung by veteran followers of the game, there are a dozen famous names that do not belong to catchers —Radbourne, Rusie, Clarkson, Corcoran, Keefe, Goldsmith, Comiskey, Anson, Brouthers, Dunlap, Rowe, Baldwin, Radford, Ward, Dalrymple, Gore—idols of twenty and thirty years ago and known now wherever baseball is spoken. They were great pitchers, great batsmen, or great leaders.

Pick a rooter out of the stand at random and send him into the minors to find the embryonic great catcher. He will bring back a lad with a steel whip, able to throw the ball around with dazzling speed—in practise—and with a Larry McLean reach. Of what is located beneath that catcher's hair he will wot not. He places the mechanical aids above the intellectual essentials. Yet a veteran whose arm is losing its power will dispose of twice as many steal-

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THE FAILURE OF THE OPPOSING TEAM TO SCORE WAS DUE TO THE GRAY MATTER BEHIND THE WIRE MASK.

ers as the recruit who can convert the ball into a near-bullet. Watch the experienced receiver when there are men on bases and see how many pitched balls he catches to the left of a vertical line bisecting his wishbone. Unless it is a very wide or low ball, the act of catching it will bring his right arm into position to throw. By saving this fraction of a second in getting the ball away, the old catcher flags runners whom the faster but belated thrower would lose.

A paramount reason for overlooking the value of a catcher to his team is that his work as an individual counts for little by comparison with that done in cooperation with his mates, particularly with his pitcher—and almost invariably the mate gets the credit. Reports of notable performances, such as striking out a dozen or fifteen batsmen in a game, do not indicate how many of them were whiffed by the pitcher and how many of the third strikes should be credited to the catcher. The idea of a catcher striking out a batsman may seem preposterous, but a pair of instances, vouched for by umpires who heard them, may illuminate the point.

Few things bother a battery more than the recruit who is put in for a try-out toward the end of a season by a down-and-out team. Luck often brings him to bat in a pinch, and neither catcher nor pitcher knows what he can hit, or what he can't. Incidentally, that is why many youngsters seem to make good with the bat at first, only to fail later on. Such a rookie, who did not stay long enough to get his patronymic into the official averages, came up in a game, with Billy Sullivan catching Ed Walsh, where even a long fly would have made trouble.

"What bush did they pick you from?" was Sullivan's greeting. "Three Lamp League, wasn't it?"

"Yep. Been with Dubuque two years," responded the recruit, flattered that the famous catcher knew that much about him.

"Great little town," said Sullivan with enthusiasm. "Played there a few years ago, myself." The umpire's announcement of "strike one" reminded the young man that he was not sitting in at a fan-fest.

"A few years! Say, I snuck away from home before I was knee-high to a duck to watch you play," scoffed the newcomer, peeved at having let them sneak over a straight one.

"Old stuff, kid," Sullivan jeered. "That joke wore spinach before you were born. They tell me you were one of the best little hitters in the league."

"Hit over .300 both years," bragged the recruit, only to be awakened by the cry

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of "strike two" from the umpire.

"Used a lighter stick down there, I reckon," suggested Sullivan. "You seem to like to rest this one."

"Same bat I've used for three months," snapped the youngster, just before he swung at what looked like another ball right in the groove, missed a "spitter" by a foot, and heard the verdict "You're out!"

Veterans seldom respond to these efforts to distract their attention from the pitcher, but the green ones generally are not wise to the trap. Charley Dooin of the Phillies pulled it another way on Fred Luderus when the latter broke in with the Cubs. The minor leaguer went after a bad ball and missed it woefully.

"Cheese it, boy. You needed a springboard to reach that one. They'll be slipping you a one-way ticket to Green Bay if you don't let those alone."

No response came from Luderus.

"Ah-ha! It's young Mr. Wise Guy?" crooned the blond backstop. "D'ye know, I like to see you lads with the noodles stick around and get your sigs. on good contracts. Get a hold of the next one. It'll be over."

"Nix, I know that one, too," growled the young batsman, but, true to Dooin's promise, a fast ball cut the plate and the umpire barked "strike two."

"On the level, I wasn't cheating," protested the catcher. "You've got a good chance here, and I'd like to see you grab it. Don't pass up this one."

Luderus saw the ball coming up fairly begging to be hit. As he put his back into the blow he already was reading in the box score "Home-run Luderus." But it was a slow ball and it floated leisurely into Dooin's mitt several instants after the atmosphere resumed the equilibrium from which the bat had disturbed it.

This outguessing, alias "crossing," the batsman is the secret of successful pitching, and the batsman who hangs up a .300 average is the man who divines the slabman's intent with great consistency. There are players who declare they are lucky to get a foul off Walter Johnson's speed or to hit Mathewson's fade-away hard enough to hurt it. But if Johnson used nothing but speed, or Matty only a steady stream of fade-aways, even the ordinary batsmen soon would gauge and gouge them for many runs. Whenever a team starts a batting rally against an effective slabman, who has been holding them down, it is almost a certainty its batters are calling the turn on what is being pitched, for marvelous speed or sharp hooks alone will not deceive major-league batsmen beyond a few innings.

More than one "phenom" has come into the big tent, after making a loud noise in some side-show, with speed enough to burn a hole in asbestos-lined concrete—and a curve no wider than a humming-bird's left ear. Facing such a pitcher, the big leaguers simply dig their spikes into the dirt, wait until they have his speed timed accurately, then begin to diminish the visible supply of baseballs.

But if such a youngster shows the latent talent of a pitcher he is turned over to a veteran catcher, who patiently helps him master the curve, the "floater," and the change of pace which are the rudiments of slab work. Then he instils into the youngster's mind the cunning that tells him how to "mix 'em up" on the batter. At last the finished pitcher, with his faithful teacher behind the bat, goes out and makes a winning. He may follow it with eleven or eight victories in a row. He becomes an idol and has brands of cigars and new styles in cravats and headgear named after him.

Whoever heard of even a dog named after a backstop?

Cleveland is talking yet about the day in October, 1908, when Ed Walsh struck out Larry Lajoie with the bases full, staved off a defeat that would have put Chicago out of the American League pennant race, and gave the Naps a beating which almost knocked them out of the running only three days before the season's schedule expired. That was the year when all the pageantry and parade of a presidential campaign was crowded into the side streets while four American and three National League teams raced down the boulevards neck and neck, right up to the wire.

October third is the date which Cleveland fans keep draped in black, for on that day mighty Lajoie "Casey-ed" with a chance to fight for a world's pennant depending on his bat. White Sox and Naps went into the last half of the seventh inning with the score 3 to 1 in Chicago's favor. Two errors in succession and a base on balls filled the circuit with Clevelanders after two were out. Frank Smith, pitching for the White Sox, knew that he should fidget when he

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saw Lajoie coming to bat, for this always dangerous slugger already had made a pair of two-baggers off him that day. Fielder Jones, his manager, removed Smith and called Walsh to the rescue. Catcher Sullivan strolled out to meet "Big Ed," and the two of them went into executive session.

When everything was set again, Walsh pitched four balls, none of them over the plate. In his eagerness Lajoie fouled off two of the bad ones, and the tang of them as they hurtled high over the far end of the grand stand told of the Frenchman's grim determination. With each long foul came a premature yelp of elation from the crowd.

That made two balls and two strikes. Walsh had one to waste, but Lajoie was "in the hole," with every sense tensely alert. Sullivan leisurely signed for a fast ball, straight across. Walsh shook his head. He wanted the signal for a spitball. Again Sullivan squatted and repeated the fast ball sign. Once more Walsh shook his head, but his catcher would not "switch." To pitch anything else meant a passed ball, for the catcher who expects one thing and gets another usually misses it. Walsh knew that, and he also knew Lajoie could hit that kind of a ball out of the lot, which meant four runs and the game.

In desperation, the giant Sox pitcher laid one squarely across the plate, putting all his tremendous strength into it. Lajoie scarcely moved his bat and, without waiting for the umpire's "batter's out," turned and walked away with his head down.

Lajoie expected Walsh to try to fool him with a spitball in that situation. With one chance to waste, it was the natural bait to use.

But Sullivan had divined exactly what Lajoie was thinking and "crossed" him with the unexpected. He had put himself in Larry's place and reasoned that the last thing in the world the great batsman would be looking for in that pinch was a ball he could hit a mile. In the official score of that battle it reads:

"Struck out—By Walsh, Lajoie," and there it stands for all time.

Little wonder the lad on the lot aspires to become a pitcher.

Two young ladies were talking over the wire, discussing the summer styles. In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, calling for a number. One of the young ladies indignantly asked:

"What line do you think you're on, anyhow?"

"Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but, judging from what I have just heard, I should say I was on a clothes-line."

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BIG BROTHERS *and* LITTLE

BY HENRY ROOD

PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY LEWIS W. HINE FOR THE NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE

SIX or seven years ago Tommy stood facing a judge in the Juvenile Court of New York. Tommy was charged with having "swiped" various and sundry articles that didn't belong to him. In more elegant vernacular, he was charged with juvenile delinquency.

The black-robed judge listened while a big, powerful policeman—armed, uniformed, helmeted—told how he had "got" Tommy "with the goods."

Tommy stood there, silent, defiant, ready to take what was coming to him—and he knew this would be a term of imprisonment in a reformatory of some kind, unless a miracle happened. And being an intensely practical product of the intensely practical East Side, Tommy wasn't looking for miracles to happen in his immediate vicinity. Therefore he stood silent, gazing at the floor while the cop recited one of the most familiar stories that are retold every day in that dingy old court-room; and because he looked down, the little fellow failed to see that a strange young man near by was listening intently.

When the policeman had finished, this strange young man spoke to Tommy. "Come here, my lad," he said kindly, "and tell me all about it."

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Tommy cast a single suspicious glance at the young man, and his childish fears vanished. In half a minute the stranger's arm was around Tommy's shoulders, and between sobs Tommy was telling truthfully how he came to "swipe" the goods, and how he got "pinched," and all about the home life he never had had in that great, reeking, straining, grinding East Side.

All this in a very few minutes—three or four at the utmost. Then the young man turned to the judge and bowed.

"I thought so," said his Honor, reaching for pen and papers. "Guilty, of course."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "but we'd like to look after the boy."

The judge nodded, signed the papers, handed them to the clerk of the court, and told Tommy to come nearer.

"My boy," he said, looking steadily into the eyes upturned to his, "you have done wrong; you have committed an offense for which I send men to prison. You have taken articles that belonged to other people, and it is within my power to send you to a sort of prison for just such boys as you."

Tommy went white at this, and his cap dropped from his hands. A court attendant picked it up, and the judge continued to speak calmly, but with decision.

"If I should let you go now, without any sort of punishment," he said, "you might steal something else in a few weeks, and then get deeper and deeper in crime until you were a professional thief, or worse. But since you were arrested, your record has been looked up. I am informed that you never have been in trouble with the police before; therefore I am going to give you one more chance to grow up a good citizen, and a useful man. I hear that you have been playing hooky from school, and running around the streets. You must stop all that. You must go to school, and mind your mother, and stay away from the gang of bad boys that hang around your neighborhood. I will fine you one dollar; and if you have no money, you will have to remain in the detention-room up-stairs until four o'clock this afternoon."

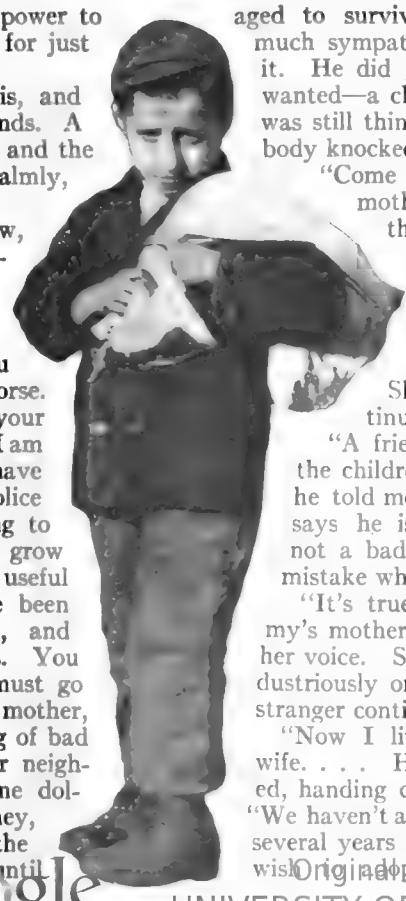
"Come along, kid," said a court-attendant, not unkindly, and he took Tommy by the arm.

Back through the dingy court-room they went, through a door to the left, and up a still more dingy stairway to a room where were a dozen other boys confined for trivial offenses.

Here he stayed till four o'clock that afternoon, when he slunk away by a circuitous route toward the tall, somber, dirty tenement which he called "home."

He didn't stop to play with his usual companions, nor even to pound the faces of one or two who jeered at him for having got "pinched." Tommy didn't propose to get hauled up in that court again. A second offense might mean confinement where he could not gain his freedom for years.

So he climbed wearily up one stairway after another until he came to the few rooms where he and his parents and the other children slept, ate, and managed to survive. He didn't expect much sympathy, and he didn't get it. He did get, however, what he wanted—a chance to think; and he was still thinking, hard, when somebody knocked on the door.



"Come in!" called Tommy's mother; and in response the door was opened and a gentleman entered, closed the door, and asked:

"Are you Tommy's mother?"

She nodded, and he continued:

"A friend of mine was up in the children's court to-day, and he told me about your boy. He says he is sure that Tommy is not a bad boy, that he made a mistake which he won't repeat."

"It's true, it's true," said Tommy's mother, a queer little break in her voice. She wiped her hands industriously on her apron, while the stranger continued:

"Now I live up-town, with my wife. . . . Here's my card," he added, handing out a bit of pasteboard. "We haven't any little boy now; died several years ago. And we do not wish to adopt a boy," he added

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hastily; "but what I would like to have is a Little Brother. It just strikes me," he went on, easily, sitting down in a chair near by, "that perhaps Tommy would like to have me for a Big Brother, too—for a while, anyhow," he added, smiling at the idea.

"What way?" demanded Tommy's mother, instantly on the defensive.

"Oh, I don't know, exactly. I want to come down here and see Tommy every once in a while, and he'll be up to spend an evening at my house each week, say. Then, if you don't mind, he and I can go to the Hippodrome occasionally, and when the baseball season opens, perhaps he'd like to see some of the big games. . . . "

The stranger paused, and smiled at the woman standing opposite him. The expression of suspicion in her face had given way to one of incredulity.

"Then, when he gets a little older," said the strange gentleman, "we can go off fishing together, and perhaps I can help him get a good job somewhere."

After further conversation, to which the wondering Tommy himself was a party, the suggested arrangement was made.

Now all this actually happened, less than seven years ago, the details of the incident having been changed only enough to conceal identities. To-day, if you chance to have business in one of the large downtown banks in New York City, you can see Tommy at work; not as office-boy, porter, or minor clerk—he has made his way through such jobs—but as assistant in the cage of the paying teller. He not merely supports himself, and helps his family, but during the worst months of last winter he paid the rent for a very poor widow and her little flock, who otherwise would have been driven from the tenement to the street.

Tommy is one of many boys saved to society because when the first Juvenile Court of New York was established, a dozen years ago, a man was appointed as clerk who possessed a keen, logical mind, and a broad, sympathetic outlook on life.

This man, Ernest K. Coulter, spent his days in that dingy, uninviting old courtroom, seeing instances of suffering, misery, and depravity among little children that sickened and appalled him. Ten thousand boys and girls are brought into that room by the police every year, to be dealt with according to the law. As Mr. Coulter went to his home night after night, heavy-hearted, he was tormented by the thought that the Juvenile Court was performing only part of the office of saving children from crime; and before long he became convinced that no court in the world could do this great service without assistance. Ceaselessly he wondered what could be done to keep the boys straight after they had gone back to the street gang and the temptations of every kind that beset and overwhelm the children of the streets.

Day after day, and night after night, Mr. Coulter struggled with the problem which seemed impossible of solution, until one evening, in answer to an invitation, he addressed a meeting of the Men's Club of the Central Presbyterian Church, in New York. And as he looked around at the men present, men who were devoting much of their time and thought, and much of their incomes, to work for others, an idea flashed into his mind—an idea which many believe to be a Heaven-sent inspiration. When he had concluded the address prepared for the occasion he commenced to tell the story of a little boy who had just been brought into court, charged with an offense that would send him to a reformatory, from which he would come out eighteen months later, possibly handicapped for life.

"There is only one possible way to save that youngster," Mr. Coulter said, in conclusion. "And that is to have some earnest, true man volunteer to be his big brother, to look after him, help him to do right, make the little chap feel that there is at least one human being in this great city who takes a personal interest in him; who cares whether he lives or dies. . . . I call for a volunteer."

Before the last words were fairly out of Mr. Coulter's lips, practically every man volunteered. Forty of them wanted the chance to be a big brother to the boy Mr. Coulter referred to; but as forty big brothers are several too many for any lad, arrangements were made with one of them, and the other thirty-nine gave Mr. Coulter their names, so that he could call upon them to act as Big Brothers for other unfortunate boys who came under his eye in the Juvenile Court.

And that is the way the Big Brother Movement started. That was in the autumn of 1904. Since then it has spread to more than forty cities in the United States, Australia, and Canada.

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A MESSENGER BOY: GOOD MATERIAL THAT IS BEING SPOILED BY THE WORK AND ASSOCIATIONS. THIS IS THE KIND OF BOY A BIG BROTHER CAN HELP.

The minister of that church, Dr. Wilton Merle-Smith, persistently put before his congregation the need for more men and money to carry on the work. He spoke to other congregations, inviting men of all religious denominations to take part, and himself set an example by "Big Brothering" three little fellows.

All that less than nine years ago; and in the single year 1912 there were 691 business and professional men in the city of New York actively interested with at least one boy each. As a total of 2,883 boys were cared for by Big Brothers during that year, it will be seen that a great many of these Big Brothers actually looked after three, four, and in some cases half a dozen boys each.

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Long ago the Movement grew so large that some sort of an organization was necessary to conserve its work; so the Big Brother Movement was incorporated under the laws of New York, an office was rented, with general secretary and assistants, and the work is handled as it could not be handled without system and regularity—although the plan has ever been to keep it free from red tape.

The entire object is to help the individual child, whether he comes directly from the Juvenile Court, or is released from a correctional institution, or is called to the attention of the officers of the Big Brothers by other societies or by individuals. Each boy who is taken in hand is given whatever assistance he needs individually. Sometimes a position is found for him, sometimes the environment of his home is changed. If this can not be done by Big Brother (and often by Big Brother's mother or sister), then a home for the boy is found in the country. If the need is physical development, the youngster is placed in a gymnasium under competent instruction; but in each case, and always, the main thing is that he shall know a Big Brother is personally interested in him, sharing his joys and sympathizing with his discouragements.

And what kind of men are these Big Brothers?

As a rule, the busiest men in New York. The largest number happen to be successful business and professional men. There are bank presidents, merchants and manufacturers, lawyers, surgeons, and physicians. Of course men of other occupations are included, but those named form much the largest proportion.

Owing to the establishment of the work on a systematic basis, the present plan of operation is much more effective than in earlier years. Each morning the court investigator employed in the Big Brother office goes to the Juvenile Court, hears the cases of the boys, and takes a history of such boys as come from families neither Jewish nor Roman Catholic. The Catholics in the early days of the Court had a committee of women to look after their children, and they now have the Catholic Protective Society—a very effective organization. The

A GROUP OF LITTLE BROTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN SENT AWAY FROM CITY STREETS TO REAL OUTDOORS. Photograph by E. E. Beck

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"SHOOTING CRAPS." IN THE STREET PLAYGROUND, THERE IS SMALL CHANCE FOR THE ACTIVE, WHOLESOME GAMES OF NORMAL CHILDHOOD.

Jews in New York have also established a Big Brother organization of their own, which is doing splendid work.

The court investigator talks with the boy, and impresses him with the fact that he wants to help him in his fight to do right and cut out going with "the gang"—for ninety per cent. of the boys who reach the Juvenile Court get there because they "run with" some street gang or other. Mr. Roy F. Parsons is the court investigator, and he has a wonderful sympathy with these boys and understanding of their ways. Mr. Parsons visits the boy's home, straightens things out there with his parents, meanwhile obtaining a general view of the boy's environment—and reports to the executive secretary, who thereupon starts out to find a Big Brother specially suited to take care of this particular boy.

Sometimes a part of this routine is dispensed with, as in the case of a youth of thirteen years who appeared at the office of the Big Brother Movement, and said that the judge had "sentenced" him to come up there and report. It was in the worst hot spell of a particularly torrid summer, and careful inquiry developed the fact that this lad had tired of life since his sweetheart, aged twelve, had failed to answer letters he had written her. Sure that she had cast aside his young affections, he strolled up to Central Park, took the cover from a manhole, tied one end of a rope around his neck, fastened the other end to a tree, and jumped in.

Fortunately for him, the rope was just a few inches longer than he had reckoned on. He was not more than half strangled when a policeman happened near and hauled out the would-be suicide and took him to the Juvenile Court.

Being a man of sense and experience, the judge saw that what the youngster needed was not punishment, but a few weeks of quiet life in the country, where his poor little body could recuperate, his nervous system regain normal condition, and his outlook become sane and cheerful. So he sentenced the boy to report at the office of the Big Brothers, from which he was at once sent to a farm in the Catskills.

He returned, a few weeks later, bright and happy as a boy could be.

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BAD AIR, DIM LIGHT, WORK — TENEMENT HOME LIFE CAN'T OFFER MUCH TO KEEP CHILDREN HEALTHY AND "STRAIGHT."

Another boy, arrested for stealing, was placed in charge of a Big Brother who is an important member of a great department store. The lad was given a job in the financial department, and after a few weeks' trial he proved to be so bright, and quick, and accurate, that the manager of the store paid $45 to have him taught to operate an electrical billing machine which the firm had just purchased. As soon as he was able to handle this new piece of office equipment his salary was raised from five to ten dollars a week.

Both members of another large firm in New York, which operates a store with several branches, are Big Brothers. They are busy men, but they have now no less than twenty-four boys employed in their various establishments, every one of whom has been arrested, tried in the Juvenile Court, and found guilty of some infraction of the law. And these Big Brothers say that they never have had boys who worked so hard, so faithfully, who were so careful of their employers' time, and supplies, and general good-will, as these little chaps. The reason is easy to understand. Unlike

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hundreds of others employed under usual conditions, they are not working primarily for their own advancement. They are working to "make good" for the care and tenderness and sympathy shown them when they were down and almost "out." Their job is to show the Big Brothers just how valuable Little Brothers can be. From their viewpoint it's all in the family; and if they are careless or neglectful, they injure the family reputation and the family fortune.

Not long ago a boy who was confined in the House of Refuge was called upon, in the institution's school, to spell the word "friend." Slowly the little chap spoke the letters, one by one: "F-r-i-e-n-d."

"Now," said the teacher, "can you tell me what that word means?"

For a moment the child was silent in deep thought; and then an idea flashed across his mind.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "he's a feller wot knows all about yer, an' likes yer jest the same."

Unconsciously that child had laid bare the mainspring, the heart, the dynamic power of the whole Big Brother Movement.

ERNEST K. COULTER, WHO STARTED THE BIG BROTHER MOVEMENT.

One of the Big Brothers, who lives in an imposing mansion up on Park Avenue, tells how he came home unexpectedly one hot evening, and found his Little Brother sitting on the broad front steps of the house. The boy had walked some three miles to get there. Not wishing to hurry matters, the Big Brother sat down on the steps, and the two chatted away about a dozen things, until finally the Big Brother asked if there was anything he could do for the Little Brother.

"Oh, nuttin at tall, thank yer, Mr. B——."

The Big Brother kept his own counsel, but suspected that a little later on he would hear some tale of an escapade, or a bout with "the gang." So they chatted again, for an hour; and when the lad finally started to go back to his East Side home he was asked once more if anything was troubling him.

"Not on yer life!" he said with decision. Then, after a brief pause, he added: "The bully thing about you, Mr. B——, is that a feller can come an' see you when there *ain't* anything the matter with him."

Not all the boys who are taken up by Big Brothers stand the test. But officers of the Movement say that ninety-seven per cent. of the boys looked after last year did not get back to court under charges a second time. When that does occur, however, the real test comes of a Big Brother's interest. It is up to him to visit the Little Brother in the House of Refuge or other reformatory as often as the rules permit; to write him letters, to do everything in his power to show the boy that even though he has failed to make good the first time, his Big Brother is as anxious as ever to help him.

Many are the little stories of actual life that the secretary of the organization gathers up as a matter of routine record and methodically files away. One is about a small boy who backslid, and dirty, reckless, disheveled, appeared in the Juvenile Court to answer charges so serious that conviction would mean a term of imprisonment on Randall's Island. When hauled up in court, facing policeman and judge, he admitted his guilt. He made no attempt to lie, but he was deeply indignant—not at the "cop" who had "pinched" him, or the machinery of justice which was handling him; but solely over the defection of his Big Brother.

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NEEDED: A BIG BROTHER.

Standing up as straight as possible, fixing his black eyes on the judge and the policeman with an expression of bitter enmity against mankind as a whole, he exclaimed:

"If Mr. Smith had stayed home as he'd oughter, this here wouldn't have happened!"

Then he heard his commitment, stoically, and was led off.

Now this Mr. Smith was the boy's Big Brother, and he had been called to Europe on business so suddenly that he had not had time to say good-by to his Little Brother. He had not worried, however, for the boy had changed so greatly in the course of a few months that his Big Brother believed all danger of a relapse into former conditions had passed. Nevertheless, as soon as possible after returning from abroad he hurried down-town to see Little Brother, and was met at the tenement doorway by one of the younger brood.

"Where's Eddy?" asked Big Brother.

A BIG BROTHER LISTENING TO THE STORY OF TWO BOYS WHO HAVE BEEN "PINCHED."

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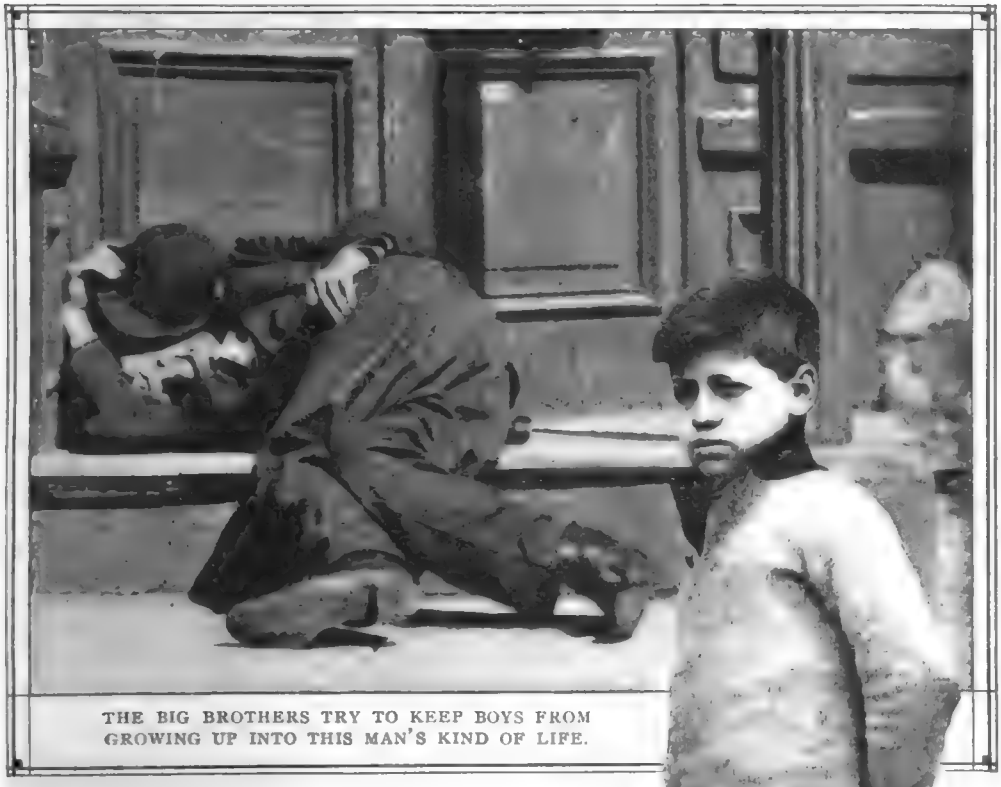

THE BIG BROTHERS TRY TO KEEP BOYS FROM GROWING UP INTO THIS MAN'S KIND OF LIFE.

"Oh, Eddy's up to th' lemon-factory."

"In the lemon-factory!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, who was familiar with the East Side vernacular. "You don't mean it?"

"Yep. Got inteh trouble jus' after yuh left home. He's gotter mad on yuh, sure."

"Well, I should think he would have," the Big Brother admitted penitently.

As soon as he could get there, he was at the House of Refuge, where he found Eddy, obdurate. He looked at Big Brother coldly, and it was long before explanations and apologies softened the hard crust of suspicion that had formed over his heart. Finally he was convinced; and then he saw that Big Brother felt so bad that he needed to be consoled.

"Never mind," said Eddy. "Fergit it. I'll be out o' here soon, and I don't mind stayin' awhile, anyhow. That wasn't it—gittin' pinched and sent up here, I mean. If you'll promise not to go away again when I git out, without lettin' me know, why it'll be all right. But it's up to you, after this."

Big Brother promised, and in due course the sentence was finished and Eddy was released. To-day Eddy is working in a bank. He has been there for nearly three years, and he has earned three promotions.

This little story illustrates definitely the theory

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of the Big Brother Movement, that while probation officers of a Juvenile Court are necessary, they can not possibly take the place of personal friendship such as a Big Brother gives. No mind is keener than that of the street child; no one knows more positively than he the difference between a paid probation officer, who keeps official tabs on him, and a Big Brother who is a real friend.

Very early in its experience the Big Brother Movement realized that it was absolutely necessary to have some place out of the city where hundreds of Little Brothers could be sent: some because they were in imperative need of country air and quiet and plenty of good food; others because it was important to get them away from the city streets and into an environment of decent living and kindness and sympathy. This side of the problem has been solved largely by the generosity of various school camps, which have offered hospitality to Little Brothers, while church brotherhoods and a newspaper Fresh Air Fund have paid traveling expenses.

There is a farm in the state of Maine to which Little Brothers have been taken with most beneficial results. Two years ago a bank president gave $600 to send to this place for four years a boy who had been arrested for stealing lead-pipe. It was a common case: mother dead, father hard at work from morning until night, little boy running loose in the streets from the close of school until bedtime. It was almost inevitable that a child of ten or eleven should gradually get into bad company, and entirely reasonable that he should be arrested when twelve.

One year at the Maine farm transformed the boy.

Meantime the bank president kept track of him, wrote to him, received letters in reply—the funniest little scrawls. And the more he thought of it, the more important did it seem to him that the Big Brothers should have a farm of their own, near to New York; a farm where they could have fifty boys at a time; where the lads would be taught to read and write and cipher, where they would be taught the more profitable branches of farming, carpentry, and other trades, so that when they left they would be practically self-supporting.

Now this bank president years ago inherited a large and beautiful farm, which had been in the possession of his family for more than two centuries. This he turned over for the purpose of helping Big Brothers make good citizens out of the children of the streets. Others interested in the work have provided money to stock and equip it, and it is running smoothly and successfully.

The boys brought there come of their own accord, of course, and with very few exceptions they want to stay. They do house-work as well as light farm-work, and don't seem to object to one more than to the other.

During recent months the Executive Secretary of the Big Brother Movement, Mr. R. C. Sheldon, has been receiving inquiries from all over the country about organizing local movements in various cities. There is one wise method, and one foolish method. If you want to organize a Big Brother Movement in your town that will be talked of for a little while, and surely fail, start out with a big dinner, and much newspaper comment, and other self-advertisement. If, on the other hand, you want a Big Brother Movement that will rescue poor little children from lives of crime and wretchedness, ask a few serious, earnest men to meet quietly, and get it under way with the least possible publicity. Do it honestly, sincerely; for the one object of helping boys who get into trouble.

A German farmer living in Kansas had just purchased a motor-car. A few days later the dealer received a letter reading as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"I like my car fine, only it runs just as fast up hill as it does down. What is the matter?"

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CROUCHER -HOPELESS CASE

A Crime Doctor Story

by E. W. HORNUNG
AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

Illustrations by Frederick Dorr Steele

Editor's Note—One of the most important cases ever handled by Dr. Dollar, pioneer in dealing with crime from a medical standpoint, was that of a woman not consciously criminal. In a suffragette raid Lady Vera Moyle had struck a policeman. Two months later, after she had served her sentence for breaking windows, she found that she had really murdered the policeman and that Alfred Croucher, whose record was already black, was about to be executed as the murderer. Through Dr. Dollar's intervention with the Home Secretary, Croucher was released, without the revelation of Lady Vera's part in the dreadful affair. This is the story of her attempt at restitution.

ALFRED CROUCHER had the refreshing attribute of looking almost as great a ruffian as he really was. His eyes swelled with a vulgar cunning; his mouth was coarse and pitiless; no pedestal of fine raiment could have corrected so low a cast of countenance, or enabled its possessor to pass for a moment as a gentleman or a decent liver.

But he had often looked a worse imitation than on the morning of his triumphant exit from jail, his bullet head diminished in a borrowed cap, his formidable physique tempered by a raincoat all too sober for his taste.

Nor was that all the change in Mr. Croucher at this agreeable crisis of his career. The bulging eyes were glazed with a wonder which quite eclipsed the light of triumph; and they were fixed, in unwilling fascination, upon the tall figure to which the borrowed plumes belonged, a man whom he had never beheld before that hour, but at whose heels he trotted from the bowels of the prison to the motor-car flashing in the sun beyond the precincts.

"'Alf a mo'!" cried Croucher, making a belated stand instead of jumping in as he was bid. "I didn't rightly catch your name inside, let alone wot you got to do with me an' my affairs. If you come from my s'lic'tor, I should like to know why; if you're on the religious lay, 'ere's your 'at an' coat, an' I won't trouble you for a lift."

"My name is Dollar," replied the apparent owner of the nice new car. "My business is neither legal nor religious, and it need not necessarily be medical, though I do happen to be a doctor. I came at the request of a friend of yours, to see if there's anything we can do to make up to you for all you've been through."

"A friend of mine!" ejaculated Croucher, with engaging incredulity.

The doctor smiled, but dryly, as he had spoken. "It's one of the many unknown friends you have gained lately, Mr. Croucher; and I should like to make another, if only to the extent of a little spin and some breakfast at my house. There is more sympathy for you than you seem to realize, and one or two of us are ready to show it in any way you will permit. But I wouldn't stand here unless you want a public demonstration first."

Mr. Croucher decided to disregard the suspicions that a kindness always excited

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in his mind, and took his place in the car without further argument.

In a moment he was wondering why he had been such a fool as to hesitate at all. The car slid out of the shadow of the prison, into the sunlight of a bright spring morning, over a sparkling Thames, and through the early traffic, without let or hitch. And the gentleman in the car knew how to hold his tongue, and to submit himself to sidelong inspection as a gentleman should. But little had Croucher made of him by Welbeck Street, except that he looked too knowing to be a crank, and not half soft enough for his notion of the good Samaritan.

Breakfast removed any lingering misgivings, though it might have created them in a more sophisticated mind. It was an English breakfast fit for a foreign potentate; there were soles, kidneys, eggs and bacon, hot rolls, and lashings of such coffee as made Mr. Croucher forget a previous craving for alcohol. He thought it funny that so generous a repast should be served on a black old table without a cloth, and he did not fancy the leathern chairs with the great big nails, more fit for a museum than a private gentleman's house.

But a subsequent cigar, in which the private gentleman did not join him, was up to the visitor's highest standard, and the subject of a more articulate appreciation than all that had gone before.

"You shall smoke the box if you care to stay with me," said Dr. Dollar, with a warmer smile.

"Stay with you!" exclaimed Croucher, suffering a return of his worst suspicions. "Why should I stay with you?"

"Because there are worse places, Croucher, and one of them has left you a bit of a wreck!"

"A bit of one!" cried the other in a sudden bitter whine. "They've just about done me in, doctor, if you want to know. Two months' 'ard, that I was never ordered, on top of one in the condemned cell for what I never done! That's' ow they've tret me—somethink cruel—wuss than wot you'd treat a dawg wot give you 'ydrophobia. And wot '*ad* I done? 'Elped myself when the stuff was under my nose, an' me starvin', an' the jooler's winder ready broke for a cove by them as never 'ad his temptations. I don't say it was right, mind you; but that much I did do, and not what they said I 'ad an' couldn't prove. They couldn't prove it because I never done it; they couldn't 'ang me because they didn't dare; but they made me sweat an' shiver just the same, they took ten years off of my life, they give me such a time as I sha'n't forget till my dying day. And as if that wasn't thick enough, they give me two months' 'ard on their own, no judge or jury for that little lot, an' turn me out wot *you* calls a bit of a wreck, but *I* calls a creepin' corpse!"

"What you say is perfectly fair," observed the doctor, in a sadly unimpassioned tone; "but it is also fair to remember that others have been saying it for you, for some time past, and that you are free this morning as the result. As to your mental and bodily sufferings, I can see some of the effects for myself, and those at least I could undo. That was the idea in meeting you, and perhaps I ought to say at once that it was not my idea. It was that of the unknown friend of whom I have already spoken; but I am prepared to carry it out. I run a kind of nursing home, here in my house, and there is a bed ready for you if you care to occupy it."

"A nursing 'ome!" said Croucher, shrinking from a vision of lint and ligatures. "There's nothink so much the matter with me that I want to go into an 'ome."

"Nothing that rest could not cure—rest and diet—I agree," said the doctor, with an eye on the empty dishes.

"But won't it cost a lot?" inquired Croucher, thinking of the kidneys especially. "I'm stony-broke, you see," he explained with increased bitterness.

"Our friend insists on paying the bill," said the doctor grimly.

"And who is our wonderful friend, doctor, when 'e or she's at 'ome?"

Dr. Dollar laughed as he pushed back his chair. "That's the one thing you mustn't ask me; but come up and see the room before you make up your mind against it."

It was at the top and back of the house, pleasantly appointed, and attractive in the morning light and that of a fire already crackling in the grate. By the fireside stood a white wicker chair and a glass table strewn with the newest and lightest of monthly and weekly literature; ash-trays and match-boxes were in comfortable evidence; a bed of vestal purity was turned down in readiness, and a suit of gay pajamas airing with a bath-gown on a set of bright brass pipes.

"The bathroom is next door," explained

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"IT WAS 'ER WOT BROKE THE JOOLER'S WINDER FOR HIM"

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the doctor. "You would have it practically to yourself; but your room would be your castle." And he pointed out an efficient bolt upon the door.

"You wouldn't lock me in on the other side?" suggested Croucher suspiciously.

"Certainly not; you may have the key; but I should expect you to keep to your own floor, and, of course, to the house. You would not be a prisoner in any sense; but if you went out, Croucher, I'm afraid you would have to stay out. Otherwise my treatment would not have a fair chance; what you require, in the first instance, is absolute rest and no truck with the outside world."

"And good 'olesome grub?" suggested Croucher, with a slant of his goggle eyes.

"And plenty of square meals. Perhaps not so square as this morning's, because you won't have any exercise; but that sort of thing."

"A little drop of anythin' to drink, doctor?"

"With your meals, and in moderation, by all means; but don't ask me for nightcaps, and don't try to smuggle anything in."

"I wouldn't do such a thing!" exclaimed Croucher with virtuous decision. "Doctor, I'm your man, and ready to turn in as soon as ever you like."

And a shabby waistcoat hung unbuttoned at the swoop of a horned thumb.

"One moment," said the doctor. "If you are really coming to me, and coming to stay, I am to telephone to my tailor, who will take some little time getting here."

"Your tailor!" cried Croucher. "Where the dooce does *'e* come in?"

"You may well ask!" replied Dollar with involuntary candor. "That friend in need, who was the first to assert your innocence, and to whom you owe more than you will ever know, is anxious to give you a fresh start in life, and an entire new outfit in which to make it."

"Well! I call that 'andsome," declared Alfred Croucher, for once without reserve. "I won't arst 'oo it is no more, but I shall live in 'opes o' findin' out an' sayin' thanky like a man. And to you too, sir, if it comes to that."

Dr. Dollar took the opportunity of being no less explicit in his turn. "There's no reason why it should come to that, Croucher, I assure you. I can not too strongly impress on you that anything I do for you is by business arrangement with the friend who takes this extraordinary interest in your career."

Dr. Dollar's lack of personal interest did not rankle in Croucher's mind, once he was in Dr. Dollar's proffered bed and room—both the most luxurious in which he had ever lain; after prison they were as the seventh heaven after the most excruciating circle of Dante's Inferno. He stretched his great limbs in peace ineffable, fell asleep dreaming of the fine flash suits for which he had been duly measured, and was never decently awake until the evening.

A substantial tea, when he did wake up, was the least they could provide him after neglecting to rouse a man for his midday meal; but a distinct grievance on that score was forgotten in the appetite that accrued for dinner, and the infinitely tactful choice of the eventual viands. Steak and onions was the strong act of a romantic drama after the very heart of this transpontine rough; if he had been shown a bill of fare, Alfred Croucher would have chosen steak and onions, with Welsh rarebit to follow; and Welsh rarebit did follow, as if by magic.

There was rather less to be said for the drink; the patient could have done with a longer and a stronger draft; but it was a drop of good stuff, if Mr. Croucher was any judge; and he decided not to create a possibly prejudicial impression by complaints of quality or quantity.

"You done me top 'ole," he murmured, rolling his bulbs of eyes when the doctor stood over him once more. "Top 'ole, you 'ave, and no error. I never struck a nicer bit o' fillet; saucy glass o' wine that, too. Not that I was ever much 'and at the liquor, but there are times w'en it seems to do yer good."

"You shall continue to take it, medicinally," returned Dollar gravely; "but don't count on the type of fare you've had today. Three meals in future, but rather lighter ones. The first day was different. Remember you are here to lie low, and that doesn't do on fighting food. Sufficient for the day, Croucher! Here are some flowers from the friend who works by stealth, and these are the weeds I promised you this morning; you might do worse than judge the givers by their gifts."

It was perhaps as well that Alfred Croucher did not pause to puzzle out that saying, for the rare blooms were as pearls

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before his kindred of the sty, but the box of perfectos as a trough of offal. One was ignited without delay; yet it was hardly a matter of hours before the chartered sluggard was blissfully asleep once more, his door locked and bolted on principle, and a red fire dying in the grate.

II

It might have been a falling coal that woke him up. Such was the innocent Croucher's first impression. But in that case it was nothing less than a shower of coals, a gentle but continuous downpour, and they fell with a curiously crisp and metallic tinkle. Moreover, the sound was not from the fire at all, but apparently from the window on the opposite side of the room.

Croucher lay listening until his quickened senses could no longer be deceived; somebody was at his window, the dormer window that anybody could get at over the leads, that ought to have been securely barred, but wasn't, as he suddenly remembered with aggrieved dismay. He had himself considered that unprotected window and those leads, in one of his last waking moments, as a not impossible solution of the whisky problem.

But this was different; this was awful; this was a case for alarming the house without scruple or delay. Croucher felt bitterly indignant that a patient in a nursing home should be exposed to such terrors by night; and he had got as far as his elbow toward a display of spirit (and incipient virtue) when the catch flew back with as much noise as he might have made himself. Before more could happen, Mr. Croucher had relapsed upon his pillow with a stentorian snore.

Then a sash went up too slowly, a limb crossed the sill and felt the floor with excessive caution, and for a little lifetime Alfred Croucher suffered more exquisitely than toward the end in the condemned cell. The monster was leaning over him, breathing hotly in his face, all but touching his frozen skin.

"Alfie!" said a blessed voice, as a tiny light struck through the compressed eyelids. "Alfie, lad, it's me!"

And once more Alfred Croucher was a man and a liar. "Shoddy!" he croaked with a sepulchral sob. "An' me asleep an' dreamin' like a bloomin' babby! Why, wot the 'ell you doin' 'ere, Shod?"

"Come to see you, old son," said Shoddy. "But it's more like me arskin' what *you're* up to in a 'ouse like this?"

" 'Avin' the time o' me life!" whispered the excited patient. "Livin' like a fightin'-cock, on the fat o' the teemin' land, at some ruddy old josser's expense!"

And he poured into the still adjacent ear the true fairy-tale of his first day's freedom, from his introduction to Dr. Dollar in the precincts of that very jail which was to have been his place of execution and obscene sepulture.

"I know. I seen you come out with him," said Shoddy, "an' drive off in yer car like a hairy lord. I was there with a taxi meself——"

"There to meet me, Shod?"

"That's it; that's 'ow I tracked you to this 'ere 'ouse. The room took more findin'; but there's an old pal o' mine a shover in the mews—'e showed me the back o' the 'ouse, an' blowed if I didn't spot yer at yer winder first go off!"

"That must've been early on, old man? I bin in bed all day. Oh, such a bed, Shoddy! I'm goin' to sleep me 'ead into a pulp before I leave it."

"You ain't," said Shoddy, firmly. "You're comin' along o' me, Alfie; that's why I'm 'ere."

"Not me," replied Alfie, with equal firmness. "I know w'en I'm well off—and it's time I was."

"I'm with you there!" Shoddy nodded in adroit sympathy. He had kept his electric lamp burning all the time; and an extra prominence of eye and cheek-bone, a looseness of lip and a flickering glance, were not inarticulate in the chastened countenance of his friend. "It must've been 'ell, Alfie, real old red-'ot 'ell!"

"And all for wot I never done," he was reminded with some stiffness.

"That's it," the other agreed with perfunctory promptitude. "But that's exactly why I'm 'ere, Alfie. You didn't think I done a job like this for the sake o' takin' 'old o' yer 'and, didger? It's just because it seems you didn't commit yerself, Alfie, that I'd got to see yer by 'ook or crook before the day was out."

"Where's the fire?" inquired Alfie idiomatically; but his professional friend, like other artists in narration, and all givers of real news, was not going to surrender the bone of the situation until his audience sat

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up and begged for it with protruding tongue.

Mr. Croucher literally did sit up while the exasperating Shoddy interrupted himself to make a stealthy tour of the room, in the course of which his electric torch illumined the comfortably bolted door, and the not less delectable box of perfectos. To one of these he helped himself without permission, but a brace were in blast before he resumed his position on the bed.

"The fire?" said he, as if seconds and not minutes had elapsed since the cryptic question. "There's no fire anywhere as I know of—not to-night—but there soon may be; that's why I want you out o' this. If you didn't commit yourself, Alfie, don't you see as somebody else must have done?"

"Oh, cough it up!" cried Croucher under his breath.

"Well, if you didn't stiffen that copper, on the night o' the sufferygite disturbance—an' we know you didn't—then somebody else did!"

"You don't mean to tell me you know who did?"

There had been a tense though tiny pause; there was another while Shoddy changed the torch to his right hand, and blew a cloud over the head of his now recumbent companion.

"I know wot everybody says, Alfie."

"More than their prayers, I'll bet, like they did before. Wot do they say?"

"One o' the sufferygites——"

"Corpsed the copper?"

"That's it, old man."

"And I never thought of it!"

"It bears some thinkin' about, don't it?" said Shoddy. "Why, you're trem'lin' like a blessed leaf!"

"I should think I was trem'lin'! So would you if you'd been through wot I been . . . . . Shod!"

"Yuss, Alfie?"

"I see the 'ole blessed thing!"

"I thought you would."

"It was 'er wot broke the jooler's winder for me!"

"That's wot they say."

"They? Who?"

"Lots o' people. I 'eard it down some mews; some o' the pipers 'ave 'inted at it. The Home Secretary's been in fair 'ot water all round; they say 'e's 'ushed it up because she's in serciety."

"Wot's 'er nime, Shod?"

"Lidy Moyle—Lidy Vera Moyle, I think it is. And 'ere's another thing, a thing that I was forgettin'."

"Out with it."

"I see 'er come 'ere this afternoon, whilst I was watchin' the 'ouse in case you come out."

"My Gawd, Shoddy! Let me sit up. I can't breathe lyin' down."

"She 'ad some flowers wiv 'er," said Shoddy, pursuing his reminiscences. "Looks as though she'd got a friend in the 'ome."

"I'm the friend," said Mr. Croucher grimly. "Take and run yer light over that washstand; the gov'nor brought 'em up 'isself wiv these 'ere smokes."

"Roses, in the month o' March!" murmured Shoddy, as a bowl of beauties filled the disk of light. " 'Ot-'ouse flowers for little Alfie! Why, the girl's fair struck on you, cully!"

"I'll strike 'er!" said Alfie, through teeth that chattered with emotion. "I very near 'anged for the little biter, and don't you forget it!"

"Not me," said Shoddy, steering for the bed with his headlights of white-hot filament and red-hot cigar. "That's wot brought me 'ere through thick an' thin."

"So she's the great unknown!" said Croucher more than once, but not twice in the same tone. "So it was 'er, was it?" he inquired as often, until Shoddy insisted on a hearing.

"Don't I keep tellin' yer?" said Shoddy. "That's wot brings me—at the gaudiest risks you ever see—only to 'ear you gas! Can't you listen for a chinge? There's a big thing on if you've guts enough for the job."

It was a simple thing, however, like most big things; the projector had it at his finger-ends; and in a very few minutes Mr. Croucher was considering a complete, crude, and yet eminently practical proposition.

"There's money in it," he was forced to admit, "if there ain't the big money you flatter yerself. But I believe she thinks o' givin' me a start in life any'ow."

"This'd be a start an' a finish, Alfie! Besides, it'd be your revenge; don't you forget wot you've been through," urged the other.

"Catch me!" said Croucher eagerly. "But—don'cher see?—I been through so much that I was lookin' forward to dossin' down 'ere a bit. I ain't the man I was. It's wot I need. Where's the fire?—as I said afore. The gal won't run away."

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"That's just wot she will, Alfie; goin' abroad any day—an' might get married any day, a piece like 'er! Then you might find it more of a job. There's another 'old we've got, an' might lose any old day."

The other hold appealed with peculiar power to the character and temperament of Alfred Croucher, and not less strongly to a certain sagacity which added more to his equipment. But he had never been quite so comfortable in his life; comfort had never been so decidedly his due; and the substance of present luxury (with a fresh start in the near future) was not lightly to be exchanged for a gold-mine, with all a gold-mine's gambling chances.

The discussion ended in a compromise and the withdrawal of Shoddy by the catlike ways and means of his arrival. But he did not depart without pointing through the open window, and a forest of chimney stacks, to a lighted but uncurtained square on a lower level. And thither, at certain appointed hours, the patient might have been caught peeping, or even in the act of making rude and furtive signals, for several days to come.

Handled as it deserves, the tale of those days would make a psychological chapter of dual interest, and for reasons that may yet appear. But for the moment Alfred Croucher holds the stage—and soliloquies are out of vogue. Yet even his objective life had points of interest. He slept less than he had hoped to sleep, but read more than he had ever read in all his life; and his reading, if not a sign of grace, was at least a straw that showed the way the wind might have blown but for the intrusive Shoddy.

Out of the doctor's little typewritten list the patient in the top-floor-back began by choosing "For the Term of His Natural Life." It held him—with a tortured brow that sometimes glistened. When the book was finished he was advised that "It Is Never Too Late to Mend" was a better thing of the same kind: "In spite of its name," added Dollar, in studied disparagement. Croucher took the hint; breathed as hard as he had done before he knew

SHE FELT LONELIER THAN EVER IN HER LIFE BEFORE.

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that Shoddy was Shoddy; was heard blaspheming over Hawes in his solitude, and left wondering what Tom Robinson's creator would have made of Alfred Croucher.

Something of that speculation found its way into words, with the return of the book, and was the cause of lengthier visitations from the doctor, whose eye began to brighten when it fell on Croucher, as that of a man put on his mettle after all.

And then one morning he came in with a blue review, and a new long poem, which might have hurt but might have helped; only it had no chance of doing either: for the top back room was empty of Alfred Croucher, who had walked out of the house in the loudest of his brand-new clothes.

III

The Rome Express had left Paris sprinkled with the green flakes of a precocious spring; and it hummed through a mellow evening into a night of velvet clasped with a silver moon. The famous train was not uncomfortably crowded; it is not everybody who will pay £2.8.7 for a berth in a sleeper which in Switzerland, say, would cost some twenty francs. Most of those who had committed the extravagance seemed by way of getting their money's worth; even the lady traveling alone in the foremost *wagon-lit*, though she refrained from dining in the restaurant car, would have struck an acquaintance as in better spirits than for some months past. And so she was. But she was still far from being the Lady Vera Moyle of last year's fogs.

She was going to her mother, who had been seriously ill since Christmas, but was now completing her recovery in Rome. And yet her illness had meant less to Lady Armagh than to the wayward child who had been told (by the rest of the family) to consider herself its cause; it might indeed have been a direct dispensation to tie Lady Vera's hands and tongue; and in the *train de luxe*, perhaps for the first time, she herself recognized the merciful wisdom of Providence in the matter.

Alfred Croucher was a free man: that was the great thing. There were moments when it was an even greater thing than Lady Armagh's convalescence. But there was later and greater news yet for Lady Vera to gloat over in the train. Not only was poor Croucher a free man, but that dear Dr. Dollar had hopes of him at last. He had said so the day she left for Paris; he had never said anything of the kind before. Nothing could have been more pessimistic than the Crime Doctor's first report on his latest patient; nothing franker than the way he had made room for him in the home, merely and entirely to gratify her whim.

She belonged to the class that he was pleased to consider as potentially the most criminal of all. She was well aware of it, and the knowledge provided her with a considerable range of feelings as the train flew on and on. She felt herself the object of a purely pathological interest; she felt almost as small as a specimen under a microscope; she felt lonelier than ever in her life before . . .

Lonely she was in the way that mattered least. She was traveling for once without a maid. The faithful creature had been summoned from Paris to her father's deathbed. Esther would have let her old father die without her; but her beloved ladyship had sent her about her dismal business with a kiss.

The compartment was overheated; they always are unless you complain in time. Lady Vera had made her efficient little fuss too late, and the result was not apparent before the small hours and Modane. During the long wait there she lay awake, though she had duly entrusted her keys to the conductor, and the voices of those who had omitted that precaution caused a welcome change in her "long, long thoughts." She put her mind to her fellow passengers, and kept it on them with native resolution.

She was in decent company; a moderately well-known man and his wife in one adjoining compartment, a white-haired ecclesiastic in the other. She wove a romance about the venerable gentleman, and speculated on the well-being of the other pair; in such innocent ways could she amuse herself when out of muddle-headed mischief in the name of God knows what.

There was just one tiny matter that annoyed her memory before she fell asleep to the renewed lullaby of the express. And that was the utterly unimportant matter of a youngish man in a loud suit, one of a brace of incredibly common Englishmen, who had nevertheless been staying at the hotel in Paris, had "passed a remark" to Esther in the lift, and certainly stared with

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insolence at Esther's mistress, not only in Paris but in passing along the corridor of this very train.

To Vera Moyle there seemed no time at all between her passing thought of this creature and the vile glare that woke her up. At first it blinded her, for she was in the upper berth, within inches of the excruciating blaze; it came almost as a relief when a head bobbed between the glare and her eyes.

Lady Vera blinked her indignation; she was too sleepy to do more at first, and too old a traveler to make much fuss about a mere piece of stupidity. She could not see the man's face, but his head was of the type which occasions the inevitable libel on the bullet, and its hideousness hardly mitigated by the Rembrandtesque effect of the electric light behind it. She conceived it to belong to some blundering official, and ordered him out in pretty sharp French. But the man did not move. And in another short moment Vera Moyle had become aware of three very horrible things: it was the creature in the loud suit, and he had shut the door behind him, and was holding an automatic pistol to her breast.

"One syl'ble that anybody else can 'ear," he muttered as her mouth opened, "an' it's yer larst in life! 'Old yer noise an' I won't be 'ard on you—not 'alf as 'ard as you been on me!"

"It isn't—oh, surely it isn't Croucher?" cried the girl, with an emotion made up of every element but fear.

"It is Croucher," said he in brutal mimicry. "That bein' just so, I puts away the barker—see?—no decepshun!" The pistol dropped into a loud tweed pocket. "I reckon I can do me own bit o' barkin'—yuss! an' bitin' too!—" concluded Croucher.

"Will you please go out?" said Lady Vera, still with sorrow in her steady eyes.

"No, I will not please. I'll see you damned first," said Croucher, with sudden ferocity— "like you very near seen me! If we're over'eard, you'll be thought no better'n you ought to be; but by God they won't think you as bad as wot you are!"

Lady Vera took no advantage of a studious pause. The ruffian was making his points with more than merely ruffianly effect; the whole thing might have been carefully rehearsed. But to the girl in the upper berth it was now no more than she deserved; it was a light enough punishment for the dreadful deed by her committed—no matter how unconsciously, in how fine a frenzy or how just a cause—and on him visited with all but the last dread vengeance of the criminal law. He had a right to say what he liked to her after that, even to say it then and there, with all his natural and acquired brutality.

"That is, until I tell 'em," added Croucher, with crafty significance. His hearer had to recall the words before the pause; when she had done so, he was again requested to leave the compartment, and there was a harder light in her eyes.

"I'll see you in the morning," she promised. "I'm going on to Rome."

He laughed scornfully. "You needn't tell me where you're goin'! I know all about you, and 'ave done for some time. I been on yer tracks, my dear! You seen me; it's your own fault we didn't 'ave it out before. This ain't quite the pitch—but it's a better place than the one you got me into!"

"I got you—out again," was what Lady Vera had begun to say; but something about him made her stop short of that. "I was doing my best for you," she continued humbly. "I thought you were going to let me give you a fresh start in life."

"A fresh start! I want a bit more than that, lidy."

"Well, what do you want?"

He rolled his eyeballs over the racks laden with her hand-luggage. "Your jewel-case," said he promptly. "Which is it?"

"That one, in this corner, over my feet!"

Her equal alacrity might have been the mere measure of her eagerness to get rid of him; but Alfred Croucher was far too old in deception to be very easily deceived.

"Then you can keep it, with my love!" said he. "I'll trouble you for them rings instead—*and* the rest wot you're 'idin' be'ind 'em!"

The girl turned paler in the electric light. She was sitting up in her suspicious readiness to point out the jewel-case. The other hand, with most rings on it, had flown instinctively to her throat; for she was traveling, as ladies will, with her greatest treasures—her diamond necklace and pendant, and a string of pearls—on her neck for safety.

"Suppose I refuse, and——"

She glanced toward the bell.

"Then I'll say what *I* know."

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"And what do you know?" Her back was to the wall.

"What I see that night! What I see an' was mug enough not to twig till I come out an' 'eard all the talk! Is that good enough? If not, the rest'll keep; but it'll put you in the jug all right, I don't care 'oo's on your side. It's one law for the rich and one for the pore; 'ang me as never done it, an' 'ush you up 'as did! But I've 'eard tell that murder will out, an' you'll find that murderers will in—to prison—even when they're titled ladies with the king on 'is throne be-'ind 'em! It'll ruin you, if it does no more—ruin you an' yours—an' break all your 'earts!"

It was enough. She stripped her neck; she stripped her fingers; rings and necklace, pearls and pendant, all lay in a shimmering heap in his capacious palm, held for a moment's triumph under the electric light, reflected for that moment in a mirror which his bulky frame had hidden until now.

It was the mirror on the door of the miniature dressing-room between every two compartments in the *train de luxe;* but in the very moment of his exultation it ceased to reflect either Alfred Croucher or his ill-gotten spoil. The door had opened; it framed a sable figure crowned with silvery locks; lean hands flew out from the black shoulders and met round the neck of Croucher with the fell dexterity of a professional garroter.

The pair backed together without a word. The one had murder in his set teeth; the other, death in the bulging eyes and darkening face, with its collar of interlaced fingers, white to the nails with their own pressure. And Lady Vera watched the two men as the fawn might watch the python struck to timely death—until the communicating door shut upon them both, and only her own form remained in the mirror.

Presently, as her nerve came back, one or two observations of a negative order were gradually made by Vera Moyle. The chief thing was that there was no sound whatever from the compartment beyond the looking-glass door, no fuss or undue traffic in the corridor. What had happened? Only too soon she knew.

They had stopped at some nameless station between the tags of the Italian boot. It was a chance of peeping out, and out peeped the shaken girl from her window overlooking the line. And there, skipping on to the next low platform, bag in hand, went the loud trousers under Alfred Croucher's equally new and noisy ulster; and there at his elbow went the venerable ecclesiastic, even holding him by the sleeve!

It was a long road to Rome for Lady Vera Moyle; but toward the end there came another stage in which the *wagon-lit* forgot to swing and sing like humbler coaches, and the pale campagna swam past unseen. It began with a knock behind the drawn blind of her compartment—now but a mirrored divan of Utrecht velvet and stamped leather, as unsuggestive of a good night's rest as the white face and the bright eyes behind the tiny table in the corner.

"*Entrez!*" she cried with nervous irritation.

The door opened and shut upon the somber face and long, athletic limbs of John Dollar.

"Dr. Dollar! I had no idea you were in the train!" Her voice had broken with very joy; her hand trembled pitifully during its momentary repose in his.

"You have never shown up, you see," said Dollar. "I have been in the next compartment all the way from Paris." He jerked his head at the looking-glass door.

"But there was a priest in there!"

"There was the high priest of a new religion in which you'll never believe any more," said Dollar with a wry smile. "May he sit down for a minute, Lady Vera?"

She looked at him with cooling eyes. "Certainly, Dr. Dollar, if it makes an explanation any easier."

"I didn't intend to explain at all," he had the nerve to tell her. "I meant my ecclesiastical body to do that for me—but his wig was blown out of window on the other side of Genoa. I've been hanging about all day in the hope of catching you. I couldn't leave it any longer. I had to give you these!"

And he placed upon the table between them the diamond necklace and pendant, the string of pearls and the handful of rings she had been wearing in the night.

"You made him give them up!" she cried, in thankful tears that never fell, but only softened and sweetened her indescribably.

"Naturally," he laughed. "It wasn't very difficult."

"And I thought you were a confederate, when I saw you crossing the line together!"

"I was putting the fear of a foreign jail

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"'OLD YER NOISE AN' I WON'T BE 'ARD ON YOU—NOT 'ALF AS 'ARD AS YOU BEEN ON ME."

upon him to the last. But he had a confederate in the train; he was in reserve outside your berth until I lured him into mine and laid him out! Otherwise I should have been with you sooner; but in one way it was better to take out man with your jewels on

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him. The two of them were only too glad to be kicked out at the first station. And the other fellow was a man who broke into my house to see Croucher, the first night we had him there!"

"Did they tell you so?"

"No. I knew it at the time. I heard the whole thing, even to fragments of a conversation from which it was possible to reconstruct the plan they actually brought off last night. I make it a rule not to listen at patients' doors, but I'm not going to blush for this particular exception."

Her soft, wet eyes were looking him through and through. "Yet you kept him on—for my sake?"

"Not altogether, Lady Vera." They were an honest pair. "It put me on my mettle; it gave me something to prevent. At first, as I'm afraid you knew, I really didn't want to touch the fellow with a pole. He was an obvious incurable; he would have been better hanged—justly or unjustly!"

"Don't speak of that—or do!" exclaimed the girl. "It makes me forgive him everything!"

"Well, my first idea was about right. He was beyond reclaim. But I never thought he would give me a definite move to block. It was as though—as though one took a man on for cancer and found him plotting to shoot the Chancellor of the Exchequer before he died! I apologize for the analogy, Lady Vera," said Dollar, making the most of their laugh, "but the man became a new proposition on the spot. And the funny thing is that I believe I almost might have cured him, after all, but for the very thing that bucked me up!"

Lady Vera looked out at a flying brake of naked trees, the color of cigar-ash. He had lost her attention for the moment.

"I was a little fool," she said at length. "I should have listened, and been content to help him in some other way. I am sorry."

"I'm not!" replied Dr. Dollar. "It was a very sporting folly—but everything you ever did was that!"

She shook her head sadly, as a brown river girt with olives flashed under the train like a child's skipping rope.

"I haven't changed my opinions," she said, just a trifle aggressively. "But I would give my life to undo many of my actions—not only that one—many, many!" And she looked him bravely and humbly in the eyes. "So the whole thing has served me right, and will if it all happens again!"

"If what does?"

"This blackmailing of me by that poor man!"

"It won't. I've frightened him."

"He will think of some subtler way."

"There's no subtlety in him—no power, no initiative, no anything but mere brute force," said Dollar. "The fellow is a deadly tool and nothing more. He knocked under to me in a moment."

Lady Vera shook her head again, but this time she was looking firmly in his face. "I feel," she said, with a stoical conviction, "that I shall be fair game to him as long as we both live. And it's what I deserve."

Dollar abandoned his attempt at disingenuous disabuse; the extreme to which he flew instead was a little startling, but these two knew each other.

"You must marry, Lady Vera," he was moved to say. But his manner was eminently uninspired. He might have been telling her she must hand her keys to the hotel porter at Rome. That was in fact the note he meant to take, only he sang it louder than he knew.

"I can never marry," she answered calmly. "I have blood upon my hands."

"You can marry a man who knows!" And the unaltered note took on a tremolo of which he was both aware and ashamed, but still their eyes were frankly locked.

"I can marry nobody, Dr. Dollar."

"The man I mean isn't fit to black your boots! But he'd protect you, he'd help you, and you would be the making not only of him but of his dream—and not only *his* little dream——"

It was her hand that stopped him. It had taken his across the little table.

"The man you mean is worth ten million of me! But I can never marry him or anybody. And you, and you alone, know why!"

She bent her brave eyes back on the campagna; a pale, tufted heath was swimming by; gum-trees hardly heightened the prevailing neutral tint; a modern corrugated roof, pinned in place by a few primeval boulders, held her attention on its swift course across the window-panes; and when she looked round, Lady Vera was all alone.

The next "Crime Doctor" story—"The Golden Key" will appear in the October number.

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The IRON TRAIL

by

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE NET," "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

CHAPTER XXVI—CONTINUED

NATALIE met Dan on the dock as he left the S. R. & N. motor-boat, and led him directly to the house.

She went straight to the point. "I'm in dreadful trouble," she said, "and I sent for you to tell you that I had no idea of betraying confidences."

Dan uttered some inane platitude, but his eyes lighted with relief.

"When I saw in the papers what a stir that North Pass & Yukon story had made, I was afraid I had done something dreadful. Tell me, is it so? Did I make trouble?"

"Well—yes. O'Neil was furious, and nobody knows yet what the result will be."

"Does he blame me?"

"N-no. He says you're on Gordon's side now. He blames me, or did, until he generously took it on himself."

"What does it all mean? I'm nearly distracted." Natalie's eyes were pleading. "Did you think I spied on you?"

Dan glowed with embarrassment and something more. "I didn't know what to think," he said. "I was wretchedly miserable, for I was afraid. And yet I knew you couldn't do such a thing."

"Mr. Gordon sent me to Omar purposely," Natalie explained. "He sent me twice. It was I who brought him word that the road was saved. I told all I'd learned because I believed he no longer hated Mr. O'Neil. I learned the truth too late."

"Why do you stay here?" Dan demanded hotly.

"Why? I—don't know. Perhaps because I'm afraid to leave. I'm alone—you see mother believes in him; she's completely under his sway, and I can't tell her the sort of man he is. She's happy, and her happiness is worth more to me than my own. But—I *shall* go away. I can't stand it here much longer."

"Where will you go?"

"Back to my old home, perhaps. Somewhere—anywhere away from Alaska."

"I suppose you know I can't get along without you."

"Please don't. You have been very good and sweet to me, but—" She shook her dark head. "You couldn't marry me—even if I cared for you in that way."

"Why? I intend to marry you whether you want to or not."

"Oh, Dan, it wouldn't do! You know—about—mother. I've nearly died of shame, and—it would be sure to come up. Somebody would speak of it, some time."

Dan's blue eyes went cold and smoky as he said: "It would take a pretty brave person to mention the subject in my presence. I don't care a whoop for anything Gordon or your family may say or do. I——"

There was a stir in the hall outside, and the speaker turned to behold Curtis Gordon himself in the doorway. Gordon, in passing, had been drawn by the sound of voices and had looked into the library. Recognizing Natalie's caller, he frowned.

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"What is this?" he inquired coldly. "A proposal? Do I interrupt?"

"You do," said Dan; then, after a pause, "I'll finish it when you leave."

Gordon entered, and spoke to his stepdaughter. "What is this man doing in my house?"

"He is here at my invitation," she replied.

"Tell him to leave. I won't have him."

"Why don't *you* tell me?" cried Dan. "I don't need an interpreter."

"Young man, don't be rash. There is a limit to my patience. If you have the indecency to come here after what you have done, and after what your sister has said about me, I shall certainly——"

Dan broke in roughly: "I didn't come to see you, Gordon. You may be an agreeable sight to some people, but you're no golden sunset in my eyes. Eliza flattered you."

Natalie gave a little terrified cry, for the men were glaring at each other savagely. Neither seemed to hear her.

"Did you read that article?"

"Read it? I wrote it!"

Gordon's face flamed suddenly with rage; he pointed to the door with trembling fingers and shouted: "Get out! I'll not have you here. I discharged you once. Get out!" His utterance was rapid and thick.

Dan smiled mirthlessly, dangerously. In a soft voice he said: "I haven't finished proposing. I expect to be accepted. You'll pardon me, I know."

"Will you go, you——"

Dan turned to the girl, who, after that first outcry, had stood as if spellbound, her face pale, her eyes shining.

"Natalie, dear," he said earnestly, "you can't live in the same house with this beast. He's a cheat and a scoundrel. He's done his best to spoil your life and he'll succeed if you stay, so come with me—now. Eliza loves you and wants you, and I'll never cease loving you with all my heart. Marry me and we'll go——"

Gordon uttered an inarticulate sound and came forward with his hands working hungrily.

"Don't interrupt!" warned Dan over his shoulder, and his white teeth gleamed in sudden contrast with his tan. "No man could love you as I do, dear—" Gordon's clutch fell upon him and tightened. Dan stiffened, and his words ceased.

Then the touch upon him became unbearable. Whirling, he wrenched himself free. He was like a wild animal now; body and spirit had leaped into rebellion at contact with Gordon. His long resentment burst its bounds; his lean muscles quivered. His frame trembled as if it restrained some tremendous pressure from within.

"Don't do that!" he cried hoarsely, and brushed the sleeve where his enemy's fingers had rested, as if it had been soiled.

Gordon snarled, and stretched out his hand a second time, but the younger man raised his fist and struck. Once, twice, again and again he flung his bony knuckles into that purple, distorted face, which he loathed as a thing unclean. He battered down the big man's guard; right and left he rained blows, stepping forward as his victim fell back.

Gordon reeled, he pawed wildly, he swung his arms, but they encountered nothing. Yet he was a heavy man, and although half-stunned by the sudden onslaught, he managed to retain his feet until he brought up against the heavy mahogany reading-table in the center of the room. His retreat ended there; another blow, and his knees buckled, his arms sagged.

Then Dan summoned all his strength and swung. Gordon groaned, lurched forward, and sprawled upon the warm red velvet carpet, face down, with his limbs twisted under him.

His vanquisher stood over him for an instant, then turned upon Natalie a face that was now keen and cruel and predatory.

"Come! We'll be married to-day," he said, and, crossing swiftly, he took her hands in his. His voice was harsh and imperative. "He's down and out, so don't be frightened. Now hurry! I've had enough of this damned nonsense."

"I—I'm not frightened," she said dazedly. "But—I—" Her eyes roved past him as if in quest of something.

"Here! This'll do for a wrap." Dan whipped his fur overcoat from a chair and flung it about her. "My hat, too!" He crushed his gray Stetson over her dark hair, and, slipping his arm about her shoulders, urged her toward the hall.

"Mother! She'll never——"

"We'll call on her together. I'll do the talking for both." He jerked the front door open with a force that threatened to wrench it from its hinges and thrust his companion out into the bracing cold. Then,

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as Gordon's Japanese butler came running from the rear of the house, he turned.

"Hey, you!" he cried sharply. "The boss has gone on a little visit. Don't stumble over him. And tell Mrs. Gordon that Mr. and Mrs. Appleton will call on her in a few days—Mr. and Mrs. Dan Appleton, of Omar!"

It was but a few steps to the pier; Dan felt that he was treading on air, for the fierce, wild joy of possession was surging through his veins.

But as he lifted Natalie down into the launch, he felt her shaking violently, and suddenly his selfish exultation gave way to a tender solicitude.

"There, there!" he said gently. "Don't cry, honey. It's all right. It's all right!"

She raised her face to his—and his head swam, for he saw that she was radiant.

"I'm not crying, I'm laughing. I—I'm mad—insane with happiness."

He crushed her to him, mumbling her name over and over; and neither of them knew that he was rapturously kissing the coon-skin collar of his own great coat. The launch-man, motor crank in hand, paused, staring; he was still open-mouthed when Dan, catching sight of him, shouted:

"What's the matter, idiot? Is your back broken?"

"Yes—no, sir!" The fellow spun the fly-wheel vigorously; the little craft began to vibrate and quiver, and then swung out from shore.

A moment later the engine-man yelled. He came stumbling forward and seized the steering wheel as the little craft grazed a buoy.

"That's right, you steer," Dan laughed, relaxing his hold. To Natalie he said: "There's a sky-pilot in Omar," and pressed her to him.

"It's a long way to Omar," she answered, then hid her face against his breast and said meekly: "There's one in Cortez, too, and he's much nearer."

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW THE HAZARD WAS PLAYED

Eliza's greeting to the runaways was as warm as their hearts could wish. She divined the truth before they could speak and took Natalie in her arms with a glad cry of welcome. The two girls kissed each other, wept, laughed, wept a little more, kissed again; and then followed a recital of the day's incidents.

Dan was drunk with delight, and his bride seemed dizzied by the change which had overtaken her. She looked upon it as miraculous, almost unbelievable, and under the spell of her happiness her real self asserted itself. Those cares and humiliations which had reacted to make her cold and self-contained disappeared, giving place to an impetuous girlishness that distracted her newly made husband and delighted Eliza. The last lingering doubts that Dan's sister had cherished were cleared away.

It was not until the bride had been banished to prepare for dinner that Eliza thought to ask her brother: "Have you told Mr. O'Neil?"

The triumph faded suddenly out of his face.

"Gee, no! I haven't told anybody."

They stared at each other, reading the thoughts they had no need to voice. "Well, I've done it! It's too late now!" said Dan defiantly.

"Maybe he'll fire us again; I would if I were he. You must tell him this very minute."

"I—suppose so," he agreed reluctantly, and picked up his hat. He scowled and set his features in a brave show of moral courage. "She's mine, and he can't take her away," he declared, "so—I don't care what happens. But I'd just as soon slap a baby in the face." He left the house like a man under sentence.

When he returned, a half-hour later, Eliza was awaiting him on the porch. She had been standing there with chattering teeth and limbs shaking from the cold, while the minutes dragged.

"What did he say?" she asked breathlessly.

"It went off fine. Thank Heaven, he was out at the front, so I could break it to him over the 'phone!"

"Did he—curse you?"

"No! I opened right up by saying I had bad news for him——"

"Oh, Dan!"

"Yes! I dare say I wasn't very tactful, now that I think it over, but you see I was rattled. I spilled out the whole story at once. 'Bad news?' said he. 'My dear boy, I'm delighted. God bless you both!' Then he made me tell him how it all happened

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and listened without a word. I thought I'd faint. He pulled some gag about Daniel and the lion; then his voice got far away, and the blamed wire began to buzz, so I hung up and beat it back here. I'm glad it's over."

"He'll probably send you a solid silver dinner-set or raise your pay. That's the kind of man he is." Eliza's voice broke. "Oh, Danny!" she cried, "he's the dearest—" She turned away, and he kissed her sympathetically before going inside to the waiting Natalie.

Instead of following, Eliza remained on the porch, gazing down at the lights of the little city. An engine with its row of empty flats rolled into the yard, panting from its exertions; the notes of a piano came to her faintly from the street below. The lights of an incoming steamer showed far down the Sound. O'Neil had made all this, she reflected: the busy town, the hopeful thousands who came and went daily, owed their prosperity to him. He had made the wilderness fruitful; but what of his own life? She suspected that it was as bleak and barren as the mountain slopes above Omar. Beneath his unfailing cheerfulness she felt sure there lurked a hunger which the mere affection of his "boys" could never satisfy. And now the thought that Dan had come between him and his heart's desire filled her with pity. He seemed suddenly a very lonely man, despite his material success.

"Poor Omar Khayyam," she thought wistfully, "I wish there were love enough in the world for you. I wish there were two Natalies, or that—" Then she shook the dream from her mind and went into the house.

O'Neil behaved more handsomely even than Eliza had anticipated. He hurried into town on the following morning, and his congratulations were so sincere, his manner so hearty, that Dan forgot his embarrassment and took a shameless delight in advertising his happiness. Nor did Murray stop with mere words: he summoned all his lieutenants, and Omar rang that night with a celebration such as it had never known.

The company chef had been busy all day, the commissary had been ransacked, and the wedding supper was of a nature to interfere with office duties for many days thereafter. Tom Slater made a congratulatory speech—in reality a mournful adjuration to avoid the pitfalls of matrimonial inharmony—and openly confessed that his digestion was now impaired beyond relief. Others followed him; there was music, laughter, a riotous popping of corks, and over it all O'Neil presided with grace and mellowness. Then, after the two young people had been made thoroughly to feel his good-will, O'Neil went back to the front, and Omar saw him seldom in the weeks that followed.

To romantic Eliza this self-sought seclusion had but one meaning—the man was broken-hearted. She did not consider that there might be other reasons for his constant presence at the glaciers.

Of course, since the unwelcome publication of the North Pass and Yukon story O'Neil had been in close touch with Illis, and by dint of strong argument had convinced the Englishman of his own innocence in the affair. A vigorous investigation might have proved disastrous; but, fortunately, Curtis Gordon lacked leisure in which to follow the matter up. After his public exposure at Eliza's hands he was far too busy mending his own fences to spare time for attempts upon his rival.

Consequently the story was allowed to die out, and O'Neil was finally relieved to learn that its effect had been killed.

It was at about this time that the sanguinary affray at Beaver Cañon began to bear fruit. One day a keen-faced, quiet stranger presented a card at Murray's office, with the name:

HENRY T. BLAINE

Beneath was the address of the Heidlemann building in New York, but otherwise the card told nothing. Something in Mr. Blaine's bearing, however, led Murray to treat him with more than ordinary consideration.

"I should like to go over your work," the stranger announced, and O'Neil himself acted as his guide. Together they inspected the huge abutments, then were lowered into the heart of the giant caissons which protruded from the frozen stream. The Salmon lay locked in its winter slumber now; the glaciers stood as silent and inactive as the snow-mantled mountains that hemmed them in. Down into the very bowels of the river the men descended, while O'Neil described the nature of the bottom, the depth and character of the foundations, and the measure of his progress. He explained the

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"COME! WE'LL BE MARRIED TO-DAY," HE SAID. HIS VOICE WAS HARSH AND IMPERATIVE. "HE'S DOWN AND OUT, SO DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. NOW HURRY!"

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character of that bar which lay above the bridge site, and pointed out the heavy layers of railroad iron with which his cement work was reenforced.

"I spent nearly two seasons studying this spot before I began the bridge," he continued. "I had men here night and day, observing the currents and the action of the ice. Then I laid my piers accordingly. They are armored and reenforced to withstand any shock."

"The river is subject to quick rises, I believe?" suggested Blaine.

"Twenty feet in a few hours."

"The volley of ice must be almost irresistible."

"Almost," Murray smiled. "Not quite. Our ice-breakers were especially designed by Parker to withstand any weight. There's nothing like them anywhere. In fact, there will be nothing like this bridge when it's completed."

Blaine offered no comment, but his questions searched to the depths of the builder's knowledge. When they were back in camp, he said:

"Of course you know why I'm here?"

"Your card told me that, but I don't need the Heidlemanns now."

"We are prepared to reopen negotiations."

"Why?"

"My people are human; they have feelings. You read Gordon's lies about us and about that fight at Beaver Cañon? Well! We're used to abuse, and opposition of a kind we respect; but that man stirred public opinion to such a point that there's no further use of heeding it. We're ready to proceed with our plans now, and the public can go to the devil till it understands us better. We have several men in jail at Cortez, charged with murder; it will cost us a fortune to free the poor fellows. First the Heidlemanns were thieves, and grafters, and looters of the public domain; now they have become assassins! If this route to the interior proves feasible, well and good; if not, we'll resume work at Cortez next spring. Kyak, of course, is out of the question."

"This route depends upon the bridge."

"Exactly."

"It's a two years' job."

"You offered to complete it this winter when you talked with Mr. Herman Heidlemann."

"And—I can."

"Then we'll consider a reasonable price. But we must know definitely where we stand by next spring. We have a great deal of capital tied up in the interior; we can't wait."

"This delay will cost you something."

Mr. Blaine shrugged. "You made that point plain when you were in New York. We're accustomed to pay for our mistakes."

"Will you cover this in the shape of an option?"

"That's what I'm here for. If you finish your bridge and it stands the spring breakup, we'll be satisfied. I shall expect to stay here and watch the work."

O'Neil agreed heartily. "You're very welcome, Mr. Blaine. I like your brand of conversation. Now let's get down to figures."

The closing of the option required several weeks, of course, but the outcome was that even before mid-winter arrived O'Neil found himself in the position he had longed to occupy. In effect the sale was made, and on terms which netted him and his backers one hundred per cent. profit. There was but one proviso—that the bridge should be built by spring. The Heidlemanns were impatient, their investment up to date had been heavy, and they frankly declared that failure to bridge the chasm on time would convince them that the task was hopeless.

In a way this was unreasonable, but O'Neil was well aware that they could not permit delay—or a third failure: unless his route was proved feasible without loss of time, they would abandon it for one they knew to be certain, even though more expensive. He did not argue that the task was of unprecedented difficulty, for he had made his promise and was ready to stand or fall by it. It is doubtful, however, if any other contractor would have undertaken the work on such time; in fact, had it been a public bridge it would have required four years in the building. Yet O'Neil cheerfully staked his fortune on completing it in eight months.

With his option signed and the task squarely confronting him, he realized with fresh force its bigness and the weight of responsibility that rested upon his shoulders. He began the most dramatic struggle of his career, a fight against untried conditions, a desperate race against the seasons, with ruin as the penalty of defeat.

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The channel of the Salmon at this point is fifteen hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep. Through it boils a ten-mile current; in other words, the waters race by with the speed of a running man. Over this O'Neil expected to suspend a structure capable of withstanding the mightiest strains to which any bridge had ever been subjected. Parker's plans called for seventeen thousand yards of cement work and nine million pounds of steel, every part of which must be fabricated to a careful pattern. It was a man's-sized job, and O'Neil was thankful that he had prepared so systematically for the work.

Supplies were arriving now in car-loads, in train-loads, in ship-loads: from Seattle, from Vancouver, from far Pittsburgh, they came in a thin, continuous stream, any interruption of which meant confusion and serious loss of time. The movement of this vast tonnage required the ceaseless attention of a corps of skilled men.

O'Neil had personally directed affairs up to this point, but he now obliterated himself, and the leadership devolved upon two others—Parker, small, smiling, gentle-mannered; Mellen, tall, angular, saturnine. Upon them, engineer and bridge-builder, O'Neil rested his confidence, serene in the knowledge that of all men they were the ablest in their lines. As for himself, he had all he could do to bring materials to them and to keep the long supply-trail open.

The piers at Omar groaned beneath the cargoes that were belched from the big freighters—incidentally, Happy Tom Slater likewise groaned beneath his burdens as superintendent of transportation. At the glaciers a city as large as Omar sprang up, a city with electric lights, power-houses, machine-shops, freight-yards, and long rows of winter quarters. It lay behind ramparts of coal, of grillage timbers and piling, of shedded cement barrels, and tons of steel. Over it the winter snows sifted and the Arctic cold deepened.

Here, locked in a mountain fastness more than a thousand miles from his base of supplies, O'Neil began the decisive struggle of his life. Here, at the focusing point of his enterprise, in the white heat of the battle, he spent his time, heedless of every other interest or consideration. The shifts were lengthened, wages were increased, a system of bonuses was adopted. Only picked men were given places, but of these there were hundreds; over them the grim-faced Mellen brooded, with the fevered eye of a fanatic and a tongue of flame.

Wherever possible, the workmen were sheltered, and steam pipes were run to guard against the cold; but most of the labor was, of necessity, performed in the open and under trying conditions. At times the wind blew a hurricane; always there was the bitter cold. Men toiled until their flesh froze and their tools slipped from their fingers, then dragged themselves stiffly into huts and warmed themselves for further effort. They worked amid a boiling snow smother that hid them from view, while gravel and fine ice cut their faces like knives—or again on still, sharp days when the touch of metal was like the bite of fangs, and echoes filled the valley to the brim with an empty clanging.

But they were no ordinary fellows—no chaff, to drift with the wind; they were men toughened by exposure to the breath of the north, men winnowed out from many thousands of their kind. Nor were they driven; they were led. Mellen was among them constantly; so was the soft-voiced, smiling Parker, not to mention O'Neil, with his cheery laugh and his words of praise. Yet often it was hard to keep the work moving at all; for steam condensed in the cylinders, valves froze unless constantly operated, pipes were kept open only by the use of hot cloths; then, too, the snow crept upward steadily, until it lay in heavydrifts which nearly hid the little town and changed the streets to miniature cañons.

Out of this snow-smothered, frost-bound valley, there was but one trail. The army lay encamped in a *cul-de-sac;* all that connected it with the outside world was two slender threads of steel. To keep them clear of snow was in itself a giant's task; for as yet there were no snow-sheds, and in many places the construction trains passed through deep cuts between solid walls of white. Every wind filled these level and threatened to seal the place fast; but furiously the "rotaries" attacked the choking mass, slowly it was whirled aside, and onward plowed that steady stream of supplies.

Only those who know that far land in her sterner moods can form any conception of the stupefying effect of continuous, unbroken cold. There is a point beyond which the power of reaction ceases, where the human mind and body recoil uncontrollably

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from exposure, and where the most robust effort results in a spiritless inactivity. It is then that efficiency is cut in half, then cut again.

And of all the terrors of the Arctic there is none so compelling as the Wind. It is a monstrous, deathly thing—a creature that has life, and preys upon men. There are regions sheltered from it, of course; but in the gutters which penetrate the mountain ranges it lurks with constant menace, and of all the coast from Sitka westward the valley of the Salmon is the most evil.

In the throat of this mighty-mouthed funnel, joining the still, abysmal cold of the interior with the widely varying temperatures of the open sea, O'Neil's band was camped, and there the great hazard was played.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A NEW CRISIS

With the completion of the railroad to the glacier crossing there came to it a certain amount of travel, consisting mainly of prospectors bound to and from the interior. The Cortez winter trail was open, and over it passed most of the traffic from the northward mining camps, but now and then a frost-rimed stranger emerged from the cañon above O'Neil's terminus with tales of the gold country, or a venturesome sledge party snow-shoed its way inland from the end of the track. Murray made a point of hauling these trailers on his construction trains and of feeding them in his camps as freely as he did his own men.

One day, as O'Neil was picking his way through the outskirts of the camp, he encountered one of his night foremen and was surprised to see that the fellow was leading a trail-dog by a chain. Now these malamutes are as much a part of the Northland as the winter snows, and they are a common sight in every community; but the man's patent embarrassment challenged Murray's attention; he behaved as if he had been detected in a theft or a breach of duty.

"Hello, Walsh. Been buying some livestock?" O'Neil inquired.

"Yes, sir! I picked up this dog, cheap."

"Harness too, eh?" Murray noted that Walsh's arms were full of gear—enough, indeed, for a full team. Knowing that the foreman owned no dogs, he asked half banteringly: "You're not getting ready for a trip, I hope?"

"No, sir. Not exactly, sir. The dog was cheap, so I—I just bought him."

As a matter of fact, dogs were not cheap; and Walsh should have been in bed at this hour. Murray walked on, wondering what the fellow could be up to.

He expected Dr. Gray out from Omar, but as he neared the track he met Mellen. The bridge superintendent engaged him briefly upon some detail, then said:

"I don't know what's the matter with the men this morning. They're loafing."

"Loafing? Nonsense! You expect too much."

Mellen shook his head. "The minute my back is turned they begin to gossip. I've had to call them down."

"Perhaps they want a holiday."

"They're not that kind. There's something in the air."

While they were speaking, the morning train pulled in and O'Neil was surprised to see at least a dozen townspeople descending from it. They were loafers, saloon-frequenters, for the most part, and, oddly enough, they had with them dogs and sleds and all the equipment for travel. He was prevented from making inquiry, however, by a shout from Dr. Gray: "Hey, Chief! Look who's here!"

O'Neil hastened forward with a greeting upon his lips, for Dr. Gray was helping Eliza and Natalie down from the caboose which served as a passenger coach.

The young women, becomingly clad in their warm winter furs, made a picture good to look upon. Natalie had ripened wonderfully since her marriage, and added to her rich, dark beauty there was now an elusive sweetness, a warmth and womanliness which had been lacking before. As for Eliza, she had never appeared more sparkling, more freshly wholesome and saucy than on this morning.

"We came to take pictures," she announced. "We want to see if the bridge suits us."

"Don't you believe her, Murray," said Natalie. "Dan told us you were working too hard, so Eliza insisted on taking you in hand. I'm here merely in the office of chaperon and common scold. You *have* been over-doing. You're positively haggard."

Ignoring Murray's smiling assertion that

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he was the only man in camp who really suffered from idleness, the girls pulled him about and examined him critically, then fell to discussing him as if he were not present.

"He's worn to the bone," said Eliza.

"Did you ever see anything like his wrinkles! He looks like a dried apple," Natalie declared.

"Dan says he doesn't eat."

"Probably he's too busy to chew his food. We'll make him Fletcherize——"

"And eat soup. Then we'll mend his underclothes. I'll warrant he doesn't dress properly."

"How much sleep does he get?" Natalie inquired of the physician.

"About half as much as he needs."

"Leave him to us," said Eliza grimly. "Now where does he live? We'll start in there."

O'Neil protested faintly. "Please don't! I hate soup, and I can't allow anybody to pry into my wardrobe."

Miss Appleton pointed to his feet and asked crisply: "How many pairs of socks do you wear?"

"One."

"Any holes?"

"Sometimes."

Natalie was shocked. "One pair of socks in this cold! It's time we took a hand. Now lead us to this rabbit-hole where you live."

Reluctantly, yet with an unaccustomed warmth about his heart, O'Neil escorted them to his headquarters. It was a sharp, clear morning; the sky was as empty and bright as an upturned saucepan; against it the soaring mountain peaks stood out as if carved from new ivory. The glaciers to right and left were mute and motionless in the grip of that force which alone had power to check them; the turbulent river was hidden beneath case-hardened armor; the lake, with its weird flotilla of revolving bergs, was matted with a broad expanse of white, across which meandered dim sled and snow-shoe trails. Under foot the paths gave out a crisp complaint; the sunlight slanting up the valley held no warmth whatever; and their breath hung about their heads like vapor, crystallizing upon the fur of their caps and hoods.

O'Neil's living quarters consisted of a good-sized room adjoining the office building. Pausing at the door, he turned on his visitors:

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but your zeal is utterly misplaced. I live like a pasha, in the midst of debilitating luxuries, as you will see for yourselves." He waved them proudly inside.

The room was bare, damp, and chill; it was furnished plentifully, but it was in characteristically masculine disorder. The bed was tumbled, the stove was half filled with cold ashes, the water in the pitcher on the wash-stand had frozen. In one corner was a heap of damp clothing, now stiff with frost.

"Of course it's a little upset," he apologized. "I wasn't expecting callers, you know."

"When was it made up last?" Eliza inquired, a little weakly.

"Yesterday, of course."

"Are you sure?"

"Now see here," he said firmly. "I haven't time to make beds, and everybody else is busier than I am. I'm not in here enough to make it worth while—I go to bed late, and I tumble out before dawn."

The girls exchanged meaning glances. Eliza began to lay off her furs.

Natalie picked up the discarded clothing, which crackled stiffly under her touch and parted from the bare boards with a tearing sound. "Frozen! The idea!" said she.

Eliza poked among the other garments which hung against the wall and found them also rigid. The nail-heads behind them were coated with ice. As Natalie began preparing for action, O'Neil asked in surprise: "Don't you like my little home?"

"It's awful," the bride answered feelingly.

"A perfect bear's den," Eliza agreed. "It will take us all day."

"It's just the way I like it," he told them, but they resolutely banished him and locked the door in his face.

"Hey! I don't want my things all mussed up," he called, pounding for readmittance. "I know right where everything is and—" The door opened. Out came an armful of papers, a shower of burnt matches, and a litter of trash from his work-table. He groaned. Eliza looked out long enough to say:

"Now run away, little boy. You're going to have your face washed, no matter how you cry. When we've finished in here, we'll attend to you." The door slammed

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once more, and he went away shaking his head.

At lunch time they grudgingly admitted him, and, although they protested that they were not half through, he was naively astonished at the change they had brought to pass. For the first time in many days the place was thoroughly warm and dry; and it displayed an orderliness and comfort to which it had been long a stranger. From some obscure source the girls had gathered pictures for the bare walls; they had hung figured curtains at the windows; there were fresh white covers for bed, bureau, and wash-stand. His clothes had been rearranged, and posted in conspicuous places were written directions telling him of their whereabouts. One of the cards bore these words: "Your soup! Take one in cup of hot brandy and water before retiring." Beneath were a bottle and a box of bouillon tablets. A shining tea-kettle was humming on the stove.

"This is splendid," he agreed when they had completed a tour of inspection. "Where did you find the fur rug?" He indicated a thick bearskin beside the bed.

"We stole it from Mr. Parker," they confessed shamelessly. "He had two."

Eliza continued complacently: "We nearly came to blows with the chef when we kidnapped his best boy. We've ordered him to keep this place warm, and look after your clothes and clean up every morning. He's to be your valet and take care of you."

"But—we're dreadfully short-handed in the mess-house," O'Neil protested.

"We've given the chef your bill of fare, and your man Ben will see that you eat it."

"I won't stand for soup. It——"

"Hush! Do you want us to come again?" Natalie demanded.

"Yes! Again and again!" He nodded vigorously. "I dare say I was getting careless. I pay more attention to the men's quarters than to my own. Do you know—this is the first hint of home I've had since I was a boy and—it's mighty agreeable." He stared wistfully at the feminine touches on all sides.

The bride settled herself with needle and thread, saying: "Now take Eliza to the bridge while the light is good; she wants to snap-shoot it. I'm going to sew on buttons and enjoy myself."

O'Neil read agreement in Eliza's eyes, and obeyed. As they neared the river bank, the girl exclaimed in surprise; for up out of the frozen Salmon two giant towers of concrete thrust themselves, on each bank were massive abutments, and connecting them were the beginnings of a complicated "false-work" structure by means of which the steel was to be laid in place. It consisted of rows upon rows of piling, laced together with an intricate pattern of squared timbers. Tracks were being laid upon it, and along the rails ran a towering movable crane or "traveler" somewhat like a tremendous cradle. This, too, was nearing completion.

Pile-drivers were piercing the ice with long, slender needles of spruce. Across the whole river was being woven a gigantic fretwork of wood, which appeared to be geometrically regular in design. The air was noisy with the cries of men and a rhythmic thudding, through which came the rattle of winches and the hiss of steam. Over the whole vast structure swarmed an army of human ants, feeble pygmy figures that crept slowly here and there, regardless of their dizzy height.

"Isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed the builder, gazing at the scene with kindling eyes. "We're breaking records every day in spite of the weather. Those fellows are heroes! I feel guilty and mean when I see them risking life and limb while I just walk about and look on."

"Will it—really stand the break-up?" asked the girl. "When that ice goes out it will be as if the solid earth were sliding down the channel. It frightens me to think of it."

"We've built solid rock—in fact those piers are stronger than rock, for they're laced with veins of steel and anchored beneath the river bed."

But Eliza doubted. "I've seen rivers break, and it's frightful—but of course I've never seen anything to compare with the Salmon. Suppose—just suppose there should be some weak spot——"

O'Neil settled his shoulders a little under his coat. "It would nearly kill Mellen—and Parker, too, for that matter."

"And you?"

He hesitated. "It means a great deal to me. Sometimes I think I could pull myself together and begin again, but—I'm getting old and I'm not sure I'd care to try." After a pause he added a little stiffly, as if not quite sure of the effect of his words:

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"That's the penalty of being alone in life, I suppose. We men are grand-stand players; we need an audience, some one person who really cares whether we succeed or fail. Your brother, for instance, has won more in the building of the S. R. & N. than I can ever hope to win."

Eliza felt a trifle conscious, too, and she did not look at him when she said: "Poor, lonely old Omar Khayyam! You deserve all Dan has. I think I understand why you haven't come to see us."

"I've been too busy; this thing has kept me here every hour. It's my child—and one can't neglect his own child, you know—even if it isn't a real one." He laughed apologetically. "See! there's where we took the skiff that day we ran Jackson Glacier. He's harmless enough now. You annoyed me dreadfully that morning, Eliza, and—I've never quite understood why you were so reckless."

"I wanted the sensation. Writers have to live before they can write. I've worked the experience into my novel."

"Indeed? What is your book about?"

"Well—it's the story of a railroad builder, of a fellow who risked everything he had on his own judgment. It's—you!"

"Why, my dear!" cried O'Neil, turning upon her a look of almost comic surprise. "I'm flattered, of course, but there's nothing romantic or uncommon about me."

"You don't mind?"

"Of course not. But there ought to be a hero, and love, and—such things, in a novel. You must have a tremendous imagination." He turned, as Doctor Gray came hurrying toward them, panting in his haste.

The doctor began abruptly: "I've been looking for you, Murray. The men are all quitting. There's a stampede — a gold stampede!"

Murray stared at the speaker as if doubting his own senses.

"There's no gold around here," he said at last.

"Two men came in last night. They've been prospecting over in the White River and report rich quartz. They've got samples with 'em and say there are placer indications everywhere. They were on their way to Omar, to tell their friends, and telephoned in from here. Somebody overheard and—it leaked. The whole camp has gone up in the air. That's what brought out that gang from town this morning."

The significance of the incidents which had troubled him earlier in the day flashed upon O'Neil; it was plain enough now why his men had been loafing and buying dogs. He understood only too well what a general stampede would mean to his plans, for it would take months to replace these skilled iron-workers.

"Who are these prospectors?" he inquired curtly.

"Nobody seems to know. Their names are Thorn and Baker. That gang from Omar has gone on, and our people will follow in the morning. Those who can't scrape up an outfit here are going into town to equip. We won't have fifty men on the job by to-morrow night."

"What made Baker and Thorn stop here?"

Gray shrugged. "Tired out, perhaps. We've got to do something, quick, Murray. Thank God, we don't have to sell 'em grub or haul 'em to Omar. That will check things for a day or two. If they ever start for the interior we're lost, but the cataract isn't frozen over and there's only one sled trail past it. We don't need more than six good men to do the trick."

"We can't stop a stampede that way."

Dr. Gray's face fell into harsh lines. "I'll bend a Winchester over the first man who tries to pass. Appleton held the place last summer. I'll guarantee to do it now."

"No. The men have a right to quit, Stanley. We can't force them to work. We can't build this bridge with a chain-gang. I'll talk with them, and if their story is right—well, I'll throw open the commissary and outfit every one."

"You're crazy!" exclaimed the doctor.

"If it's a real stampede they'll go anyhow, so we may as well take our medicine with a good grace. The loss of even a hundred men would cripple us." He turned toward the town.

Eliza was speechless with dismay as she hurried along beside him; Gray was scowling darkly and muttering anathemas; O'Neil himself was lost in thought.

Stanley lost little time in bringing the two miners to the office, and there, for a half hour, Murray talked with them. When they realized that he was disposed to treat them courteously, they told their story in detail and answered his questions with apparent honesty. They willingly showed him their quartz samples and retailed at

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length the hardships they had suffered.

Gray listened impatiently and once or twice undertook to interpolate some question, but at a glance from his chief he desisted. Nevertheless his long fingers itched to lay hold of the strangers and put an end to this tale which threatened ruin. His anger grew when Murray dismissed them with every evidence of a full belief in their words.

"Now that the news is out and my men are determined to quit, I want everybody to have an equal chance," O'Neil announced as they rose to go. "There's bound to be a great rush, and a lot of suffering—maybe some deaths—so I'm going to call the boys together and have you talk to them."

Thorn and Baker agreed and departed. As the door closed behind them, Gray exploded, but Murray checked him quickly, saying with an abrupt change of manner: "Wait! Those fellows are lying!"

Seizing the telephone, he rang up Dan Appleton, and swiftly made known the situation; Stanley could hear the engineer's startled exclamation.

"Get the cable to Cortez, as quickly as you can," O'Neil was saying. "You have friends there, haven't you? Good! He's just the man, for he'll have Gordon's payroll. Find out if Joe Thorn and Henry Baker are known and, if so, who they are and what they've been doing lately. Get it quick, understand? Then, 'phone me." He slammed the receiver upon its hook. "That's not Alaskan quartz," he said shortly; "it came from Nevada, or I'm greatly mistaken'

"You think Gordon——"

"I don't know. But we've got rock men on this job who'll recognize ore out of any mine they ever worked in. Go find them, then come back here and hold the line open for Dan."

"Suppose he can't locate these fellows in Cortez?'

"Then—let's not think about that."

CHAPTER XXIX

GORDON'S FALL

The news of O'Neil's attitude spread quickly, and excitement grew among the workmen. Up through the chill darkness of early evening they came charging. They were noisy and eager, and when the gong summoned them to supper they rushed the mess-house in boisterous good humor. No attempt was made to call out the night crew. By tacit consent its members were allowed to mingle freely with their fellows and plan for the morrow's departure.

Long before the hour when O'Neil appeared the low-roofed mess-house was crowded.

Natalie and Eliza, knowing the importance of this crisis, refused to go home and begged Murray to let them attend the meeting. Mr. Blaine, who also felt the keenest concern in the outcome, offered to escort them, and at last with some difficulty he managed to wedge them inside the door.

It was not an ideal place for a meeting of this size, but tables and benches had been pushed aside and into the space thus cleared the men were packed. The look of them was hardly reassuring; it was a brawny, heavy-muscled army with which O'Neil had to deal—men whose ways were violent and whose passions were quick.

Nevertheless the two girls were treated with the greatest respect, and when O'Neil stepped to a bench and raised himself above their heads his welcome was not unduly boisterous.

Outside, the night was clear and cold; inside the cramped quarters the air was hot and close and fetid.

"Boys," Muray began, "there has been a gold strike at the head of the White River, and you want to go. I don't blame you: I'd like to go myself, if there's any chance to make money."

"You're all right, boss!" shouted some one, and a general laugh attested the crowd's relief at this acceptance of the inevitable. They had expected argument, despite contrary assurances.

"Now we all want an even break. We want to know all there is to know, so that a few fellows won't have the advantage of the rest. The strike is three hundred miles away, it's winter, and—you know what that means. I talked with Baker and Thorn this afternoon. I want them to tell you just what they told me. That's why I called this meeting. If you decide to go, you won't have to waste time going to Omar after your outfits, for I'll sell you what you want from my supplies. And I'll sell at cost."

There was a yell of approval, a cheer for the speaker, then came calls for Baker and Thorn.

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"JUST A MINUTE!" HE SHOUTED. "WE'VE JUST LEARNED THAT THORN AND BAKER WERE WORKING FOR GORDON UNTIL TWO WEEKS AGO.

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The two miners were thrust forward, and the embarrassed Thorn, who had acted as spokesman, was boosted to a table. Under Murray's encouragement he stammered out the story of his good fortune, the tale running straight enough to fan the excitement into a blaze.

When Thorn had finished, O'Neil inquired: "Are you an experienced quartz miner? Do you know ore when you see it?"

"Sure! I worked in the Jumbo, at Goldfield, Nevada, up to last year. So did Baker."

"When did you go into the White River country?"

"August."

"How did you go in?"

"We packed in. When our grub ran out, we killed our horses and cached the meat for dog feed."

"Is there any other dog feed there?"

"No, sir."

"Any people?"

"Not a soul. The country is open to the first comers. It's a fine-looking country, too. We seen quartz indications everywhere. I reckon this speaks for itself." Thorn significantly held up his ore samples. "We've made our locations. You fellows is welcome to the rest. First come, first served."

There was an eager scramble for the specimens on the part of those nearest the speaker. After a moment Murray asked: "Did you fellows ever see any rock like that?"

One of his workmen answered: "*I* have."

"Where?"

"In the Jumbo, at Goldfield. I 'high-graded' there in the early days."

There was a laugh at this. Thorn flushed angrily. "Well!" he rejoined. "We've got the same formation over there in the White River. It's just like Goldfield. It'll be the same kind of a camp, too, when the news gets out."

O'Neil broke in smoothly, to say: "Most of our fellows have no dogs. It will take them three weeks to cover the trail. They'll have to spend three weeks in there, then three weeks more coming out—over two months, altogether. They can't haul enough grub to do them." He turned to his employees and said gravely: "You'd better think it over, boys, before you decide. Those who have teams can make it, but the rest of you will get left. Do you think the chance is worth all that work and suffering?"

The bridge-workers shifted uncomfortably on their feet. Then a voice exclaimed:

"Don't worry, boss. We'll make it, somehow."

"Thorn says there's nobody over there," Murray continued; "but that seems strange, for I happen to know of half a dozen outfits at the head of the White River. Jack Dalton has had a gang working there for four years."

Dalton was a famous character in the North—one of the most intrepid of the early pioneers—and the mention of his name brought a hush. A large part of the audience realized the truth of O'Neil's last statement, yet resented having it thrust upon them. Thorn and Baker were scowling. Gray had just entered the room and was signaling to his chief, and O'Neil realized that he must score a triumph quickly.

"If this strike was genuine I wouldn't argue, but—it isn't." A confusion of startled protests rose; the two miners burst out indignantly, but O'Neil, raising his voice for the first time, managed to make himself heard. "Those jewelry samples came from Nevada," he cried. "I recognized them myself this afternoon, and here's another fellow who can't be fooled. Thorn told you he used to work in Goldfield. You can draw your own conclusions."

The temper of the crowd changed instantly: jeers, groans, hisses arose; the men were on their feet now, and growing noisier every moment; Baker and Thorn were glaring balefully at their accuser. But Gray succeeded in shouldering his way forward, and whispered to O'Neil, who turned suddenly and faced the men again.

"Just a minute!" he shouted. "You heard Thorn say he and Baker went prospecting in August. Well, we've just had Cortez on the cable and learn that they were working for Gordon until two weeks ago." A sudden silence fell; Murray smiled down at the two strangers. "What do you say to that?"

Thorn flew into a purple rage: "It's a damned lie! He's afraid you'll quit work, fellows." Viciously he flung himself toward the door, only to feel the grasp of the muscular physician upon his arm.

"Listen to this message from the cashier of the Cortez Home Bank!" bellowed Gray, his big voice dominating the uproar.

Quite undisturbed by his prisoner's frantic

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struggles he read loudly:

"Joe Thorn and Henry Baker quit work fifteenth, leaving for Fairbanks over winter trail, with five dogs: four gray-and-white malamutes, black shepherd leader. Thorn medium size, thirty-five, red hair. Baker dark, scar on cheek.

"WILSON, Cashier."

The doctor's features spread nto a broad grin. "You've all seen the dog team, and here's the red hair." His fingers sank into his prisoner's fiery locks with a grip that threatened to leave him a scalp for a trophy. Thorn cursed and twisted.

The crowd's allegiance had been quick to shift, but it veered back to O'Neil with equal suddenness.

"Lynch 'em!" cried a hoarse voice, and the angry clamor burst forth anew.

"Don't be foolish," shouted Murray. "Nobody has been hurt."

"We'd have been on the trail to-morrow. Send 'em down the river barefoot!"

"Yes! What about that gang from Omar?"

"I'm afraid they'll have to take care of themselves," O'Neil said. "But these two men aren't altogether to blame; they're acting under orders. Isn't that right?" he asked Thorn.

The miner hesitated, until the grip in his hair tightened; then, evidently fearing the menace in the faces on every side, he decided to seek protection in confession.

"Yes!" he agreed sullenly. "Gordon cooked it up. It's all a fake."

O'Neil nodded with satisfaction. "This is the second time he's tried to get my men away from me. The other time he failed because Tom Slater happened to come down with smallpox. Thank God, he recovered!"

A ripple of laughter spread, then grew into a bellow, for the nature of Happy Tom's illness had long since become a source of general merriment. O'Neil's timely reference served to divert the crowd. It also destroyed most of its resentment.

"You fellows don't seem able to protect yourselves, so Doc and I will have to do it for you. Now listen!" he continued more gravely. "I meant it when I said I'd open the commissary and help you out if the strike were genuine; but nevertheless, I want you to know just what it would have meant to me. I haven't enough money to complete the S. R. & N., and I can't raise enough, but I have signed an option to sell the road if the bridge is built by next spring. It's really a two years' job, and some engineers don't believe it can be built at all; but I know it can if you'll help. If we fail, I'm ruined; if we succeed"— he waved his hands and smiled at them cheerfully—"maybe we'll build another railroad somewhere. That's what this stampede meant. Now, will you stick to me?"

The answer roared from a hundred throats: "You bet we'll stick!"

At the rear of the room, whence they had witnessed the rapid unfolding of this drama, the two girls joined in the shout. They were hugging each other and laughing hysterically.

When general good feeling was restored, Murray attempted to make his way out; but his men seemed determined to thank him one by one, and he was delayed through a long process of hand-shaking. He escaped at last, leaving the men grouped contentedly about huge pans of smoking doughnuts and pots of coffee, which the cook-boys had brought in.

When he reached his quarters he was completely fagged, for the crisis, coming on top of his many responsibilities, had taken all his vitality.

His once cheerless room was warm and cosy as he entered; he found Natalie sleeping peacefully on his bed, and Eliza curled up in his big chair, waiting. She opened her eyes drowsily, and smiled up at him, saying:

"You were splendid, Omar Khayyam. I'm *so* glad."

He laid a finger on his lips, and glanced at the sleeping Natalie. "Sh-h!"

"Where are you going to put us for the night?"

"Right here, of course."

"Those men will do anything for you now. I—I think I'd die, too, if anything happened to the bridge."

He took her hand in his and smiled down into her earnest eyes, a little wearily. "Nothing will happen. Now go to bed—and thank you for making a home for me. It really is a home now. I'll appreciate it to-morrow."

He tiptoed out and tramped over to Parker's quarters for the night.

"The Iron Trail" will be concluded in the September number.

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THE CRIMINAL HERO

A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

HEROES of history have been thieves for the most part. They stole countries with the dexterity of a pick-pocket filching a purse. Their success was so admired that they came to be regarded as semi-divine, were crowned kings, and established dynasties.

The criminal has fallen on evil days. He finds little appreciation for his talents. Once the winner of the thieves' Marathon was awarded the imperial purple; to-day he is forced into the prison dress.

And yet, though psychologists represent him as monstrous, in fiction he still holds heroic sway. He is a man more bold than armies, for he stands alone against humanity.

Three novels have recently appeared, each of which views the criminal from a different angle.

In "The Sixty-First Second" (Stokes) Owen Johnson tells a story of surpassing ingenuity.

A valuable ring is lent to Mrs. Kildair by a great capitalist who is in love with her. That night she has a number of fashionable guests in her apartment and the ring is stolen. Immediately, on becoming aware of her loss, she has the doors locked, announces what has happened, and declares that she will count a hundred: if the ring is not returned before she has finished counting she will call in detectives and have everybody searched. In order that restoration may be made more easy for the culprit, all the lights are turned out, and the guests are bidden to gather closely about a table. At the sixty-first second a ring is heard to fall on the table. The counting is continued up to a hundred. When the lights are switched on the ring has vanished.

Who took it the first time and who the second?

The book of its kind is a masterly piece of work, planned with the extremest economy of words and devoid of trickery to delude the reader. No wilfully false clues are given, and yet it is safe to say that if the last two chapters had been omitted no reader would ever have guessed the complete solution of the theft.

"The Quarry" (Little, Brown & Company), by John A. Moroso, is the story of a man wrongly condemned. The quarry's name was Montgomery. On circumstantial evidence he was tried for the murder of a night-watchman in New York, condemned, and sent to Sing Sing for life. He contrived to break jail and effected a successful flight to the South, where he became an inventor in the cotton-mills, and rose to be a rich and respected man.

He has married and has apparently blotted out his past, when the detective who arrested him in the first instance gets upon his track. Montgomery has cleverly altered all his measurements, that he may make identification impossible, but the indelible chart on his finger-tips is unalterable.

This is an American rendering of "Les Misérables," but it sacrifices nothing of sanity to melodrama. It describes a type case of a thing which happens more often than we dare acknowledge—the relentlessness of police justice, so-called, even when it has reason to believe it has miscarried. The book is an accusation—a loud-voiced protest.

I suppose "The Crystal Stopper" (Doubleday, Page), by Maurice Le Blanc, is immoral: it depicts a master-bandit in flattering terms. It is another of Arsène Lupin's adventures. Starting with a most distinguished burglary which is muddled by traitors in the band, it develops into a runaway account of the quest for the crystal stopper. Neither the reader nor Arsène Lupin knows wherein lies its peculiar value, but it must be valuable, because several people are trying separately to steal it; these people include a beautiful, virtuous woman and the head of the police of Paris. Finally the woman and Lupin, having circumvented each other, find that their motives are the same, namely, that they may save the life of a man who has been condemned to death—so they join forces.

Here, then, is a king of knaves turning his knavery to humanitarian ends and doing so in hostility to law and order. The situation is full of suspense—a suspense heightened by the fact that no one knows wherein lies the power of the stopper. For downright cleverness of invention this story has scarcely been excelled save by Poe's immortal "Purloined Letter."

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Herman J. Ridgway President
Ray Brown Sec'y and Treasurer

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY
Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY New York

STRAIGHT TALK
With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

LAST April we published an article entitled "Uncle Sam—Lawbreaker," by Frank Blighton. It criticized certain persons in the Reclamation Service, and others directly connected, for details in the handling of power and irrigation from the Roosevelt Dam, near Phoenix, Arizona—not as an engineering project, but as an example of a mistaken attitude in our big national policy of reclaiming arid lands.

Already the Government has invested about $100,000,000 in projects of this kind. And the work has just begun. Any one can see the necessity of beginning properly as well as proceeding properly. We feel that every one *should* see the necessity of calling attention to whatever is wrong, so that future efforts can profit by the example of early mistakes.

We have received many letters, praising and blaming us. Perhaps the most interesting are those that call us to account for publishing material which they suggest tends in general to "knock" a particular region.

Such letters are not surprising from the people of the West. They are instinctively "boosters." One principle of their philosophy is this: The way to make a thing succeed is to boost it. Or conversely: If you can't say anything good, don't say anything at all.

Now, nothing could be farther from our intentions than to "knock" any community. We know the spirit of the West. We believe in it—as a spirit, as a motive power. We believe in its energies and enthusiasms. We realize the big things that are being done out there. And we realize the need for every kind of help.

We too want to boost—where we feel that a boost will do the most good. We may differ, though, from some of our critics in deciding which is the best way to boost. Sometimes, we believe, a good thing can be boosted more effectively after the bad details in it are eradicated.

Below is a typical letter. We publish it because it is informative. But more than that, we publish it because we want to take this opportunity for giving the kind of a boost we have been criticized for not giving.

MY DEAR SIR:

In your April issue there is contained a story which tells about irrigation in the Salt River Valley, Arizona. You will be glad to have a little more knowledge regarding the effect of reclamation on arid lands. We know your desire to be fully informed. We would like to quote you a few figures and facts that will convince you that the farmer in the Salt River Valley under the irrigation project is making progress. He is a worker. His task of making the one-time desert a paradise of roses is no easy one, but he is doing the job well and is happily employed. He has builded a community that is world-famed for its progressiveness; he has established educational facilities that no other section of the country can equal; and he is ready and able to shoulder his share of the burden that always accompanies success.

His lands, once without an established value, are now a safe investment at a round figure per acre. His crops, once meager and uncertain, are now assured and bountiful.

Twelve years ago the total assessed valuation of Maricopa County (this is the county in which are included all of the lands in the Salt River Project) was $9,751,944.61. To-day the valuation for taxation purposes is $27,590,785.80—nearly three times the former amount. The bulk of this increase has

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been during the last few years, the few years that the project has been in operation.

During the past few years the number of farmers has increased considerably, and land has been subdivided into smaller farms. In 1909 there were 1,829 farmers, owners of land, entitled to have a voice in the operation of the project. In 1910 the figures increased to 2,130, in 1911 to 2,660, in 1912 to 3,048, and in March this year, 1913, the total had reached 3,368. This means that from 1909 to 1913, four years, there were 1,539 farmers, heads of families, settled on land under the project. The average size of farms here is 46.7 acres.

In the City of Phoenix, the center of the irrigated land, the valuations increased from $4,264,971.70 in 1900-01 to $12,451,295.90 in 1911-12.

During the past year the crop return from the 160,000 acres now under cultivation in the Valley reached the great sum of $6,000,000.

The population of the county has grown from 20,457 in 1900 to 34,488 in 1910. And Phoenix has to-day a population of at least 20,000. A community that can build in its cities high schools that cost $250,000 and grammar-schools that cost $75,000 and upward each, is surely a healthy community both from a moral and financial standpoint.

Here is where a little land means a living. The cost of irrigation works will not be a burden. Power generated by the system will within a year be producing a revenue to the project of over $500,000 annually.

Do you wonder, then, that the farmer wears a smile? That he goes along with his head erect, his eye gleaming and his pockets bulging? Honest, the roses here are great. You just can't resist 'em. And where men grow roses along their ranch fences like they do here, there is something about it that spells happiness, sunshine, big hearts. There is something wonderful about it all.

It is hard to describe this wonderful country, but come and see it.

HARRY WELCH, *Secretary.*
Phoenix & Maricopa County Board of Trade,
Phoenix, Arizona.

NOW EVERYTHING IS CLEAR

In the June EVERYBODY'S appeared an article by Julian Street, entitled "Why I Became A Cubist." On page 819 was shown a reproduction of a photograph of a painting by Picabia, entitled "The Dance at the Spring."

Many of our readers have written in since the June number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE appeared, calling our attention to the fact that in their opinion the plate on page 819 is upside down. Our correspondents don't seem to care very much whether the picture is upside down or not. Their only concern seems to be that the truth should be known.

The following letter is a fair sample of the correspondence received:

May 23, 1913.

GENTLEMEN:

In the June number of EVERYBODY'S, page 819, the plate for the "Dance at the Spring" is upside down.

Of course, you will get numerous letters on the same subject, and while the picture is just as plain upside down as right side up, those who haven't seen the Cubist exhibition ought to have the proper presentation given them so they may feel that what they have missed isn't going to worry them.

R. H. D.

The plate in question seems to represent a collection of a child's building-blocks, some of which have the corners chipped off. We can only say in extenuation that it was a situation where we felt that we had to take a chance. There were only four sides to the picture from which to choose. If we have unfortunately chosen the wrong side and the other three should go up, it is, of course, regrettable.

When we consulted Mr. Julian Street in our dilemma, he seemed to share with us the feeling that the "spring" showed plainer this way, and, if we recall his conversation correctly, he even advanced the idea that he thought the spring showed more elasticity.

A number of authorities consulted concurred in the opinion that the dance seemed gayer and more sprightly as viewed from this side of the picture than from any of the other three sides.

We must confess that we hardly anticipated any criticism in regard to this plate. What we were dreading was that some one would call our attention to the fact that the plate on the page opposite was printed wrong side out.

CONSIDER VS REBVKED

SEATTLE, V. S. A., Jvne 1, 1913.

DEAR SIR:

I wovld never vnder vsval circvmstances ventvre to give gratvitovs instrvctions to an editor svch as yovrself, bvt even editors sometimes err, or forget elementals; and it is therefore with no pride of knowledge on my part, bvt with a desire to fvrther the vncrvshable trvth, that I firmly advise yov that yov have cavsed to have the word "Publishers" in the caption "With EVERYBODY'S Pvblishers" in yovr Jvne issve of EVERYBODY'S spelled "Pvblishers." This in common with architects who label their buildings "Bvildings."

Hark back to the kilt days and yov may recall that V was V and U was U in the primer yov stvdied then. Look up the latest primer, and yov will find it the same. Yov will find it so in all accredited dictionaries.

God save ovr alphabet! Yovrs very trvly,

J. H.

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER *hath* 30 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

THE MILITANTS' MOTHER GOOSE

Suffragette, suffragette, where have you been?
I've been to London to frighten the queen.
Suffragette, suffragette, what did you there?
I blew ten buildings right into the air.

There was an old woman who lived down at Kew;
She had so many daughters they didn't know what to do;
They mounted the platform, they argued with roughs—
And all for the cause of the militant suffs.

Ride-a-cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To see a fine voter ride on a fine horse.
Votes on her fingers and votes on her toes,
She shall have ballots wherever she goes.

Noises and dins,
Noises and dins,
When a girl ballots,
Her trouble begins.

FASCINATING FACTS

On September 11, 1886, the highest temperature in Portland, Ore., was 93 degrees.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608. Since then telescopes have been in constant use there, yet, be the lenses never so powerful, many Englishmen can not see the United States of America.

The time spent in the compilation of Fascinating Facts might be used in
Digging Trenches
Playing Golf
Arguing against Suffrage
Writing Something Else
or Some Equally Futile Pursuit.

LINES ON BEING ASKED TO FILL A TEN-LINE GAP

"Ten lines to fill"—thus you implore.
You want them in a hurry.

Well, all you get from me is four.
The artist—he should worry.

1—M. —LABOR DAY. Partridge shooting begins in England. U. S. public-school teachers' vacations end.
2—Tu. —School begins. Fire of London, 1666. Henry George born, 1839. Eugene Field, first great column conductor, born, 1850.
3—W. —Oliver Cromwell died, 1658. New York *Sun*, once the nation's brightest newspaper, first issued, 1833.
4—Th. —Pindar born, 518 B. C. Paul Chabas discovers September Morn, 1911.
5—Fr. —First Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, 1774. *Dog days end.*
6—Sa. —Lafayette, whose headquarters may be sightseen all over the East, born, 1757. Jane Addams born, 1860. Czolgosz takes W. R. Hearst seriously, 1901.
7—Su. —Queen Elizabeth, some queen, born, 1533. Samuel Johnson born, 1709.
8—M. —Samuel Johnson astonishes his parents by his linguistic fluency, 1709..
9—Tu. —California admitted, 1850. Admitted by inhabitants to possess wonderful climate, 1850-1913 (incl.).
10—W. —Battle of Flodden, 1513. Battle of Lake Erie, 1813.
11—Th. —Hudson enters Hudson River, 1609. President of U. S. says she will revise the tariff, 1943. *FAIR.*
12—Fr. —R. J. Gatling, gun-inventor, born, 1818. Inez Milholland discovers New York, 1911.
13—Sa. —Quintus Horatius Flaccus ascends water wagon *(carrus aquæ)*, 32 B. C. Maud Ballington Booth born, 1865.
14—Su. —CARNATION DAY. Will Irwin, champion tennis player of Second Cliff, Scituate, Mass., born, 1873.
15—M. —Wm. H. Taft, second greatest living ex-president, born, 1857.
16—Tu. —Gabriel Fahrenheit, discoverer of temperature in the shade, died, 1736.
17—W. —New Constitution of U. S. drafted, 1787. President of U. S. names her cabinet, 1987.
18—Th. —Wm. Hazlitt died, 1830. W. J. Gaynor confident of reelection, 1913.
19—Fr. —Sheridan twenty miles from Winchester, 1864.
20—Sa. —Women's Fashions denounced, 1513, 1613, 1713, 1813, 1913
21—Su. —Canada rejects reciprocity, 1911. *About this time look out for headlines "Yale Fears Trinity."*
22—M. —Virgil, the J. W. Riley of his time, died, 19 B. C.
23—Tu. —C. O. Augustus, first Roman emperor, born, 63 B. C. Fred Merkle discovered not touching second base by John J. Evers, 1908. ☉ enters ♎. AUTUMN BEGINS.
24—W. —Satan conceives college fraternity system, 1724. Black Friday in New York, 1869.
25—Th. —Felicia Hemans, author "Casabianca" and other unmodern poems, born, 1793.
26—Fr. —First newspaper in U. S. issued, 1690. First newspaper in U. S. suppressed, 1690.
27—Sa. —Yale worried over injury to star quarterback, 1913.
28—Su. — " " " tonsillitis of star debater, 2913.*
29—M. —MICHAELMAS DAY. Admiral Nelson born, 1758.
30—Tu. —Euripides, inventor moving pictures, born, 480 B. C.

* Ed. Almanack: Aren't you taking a chance with such wild prophecies?—Editors EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
Editors EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: Not in a thousand years.—Ed. Almanack.

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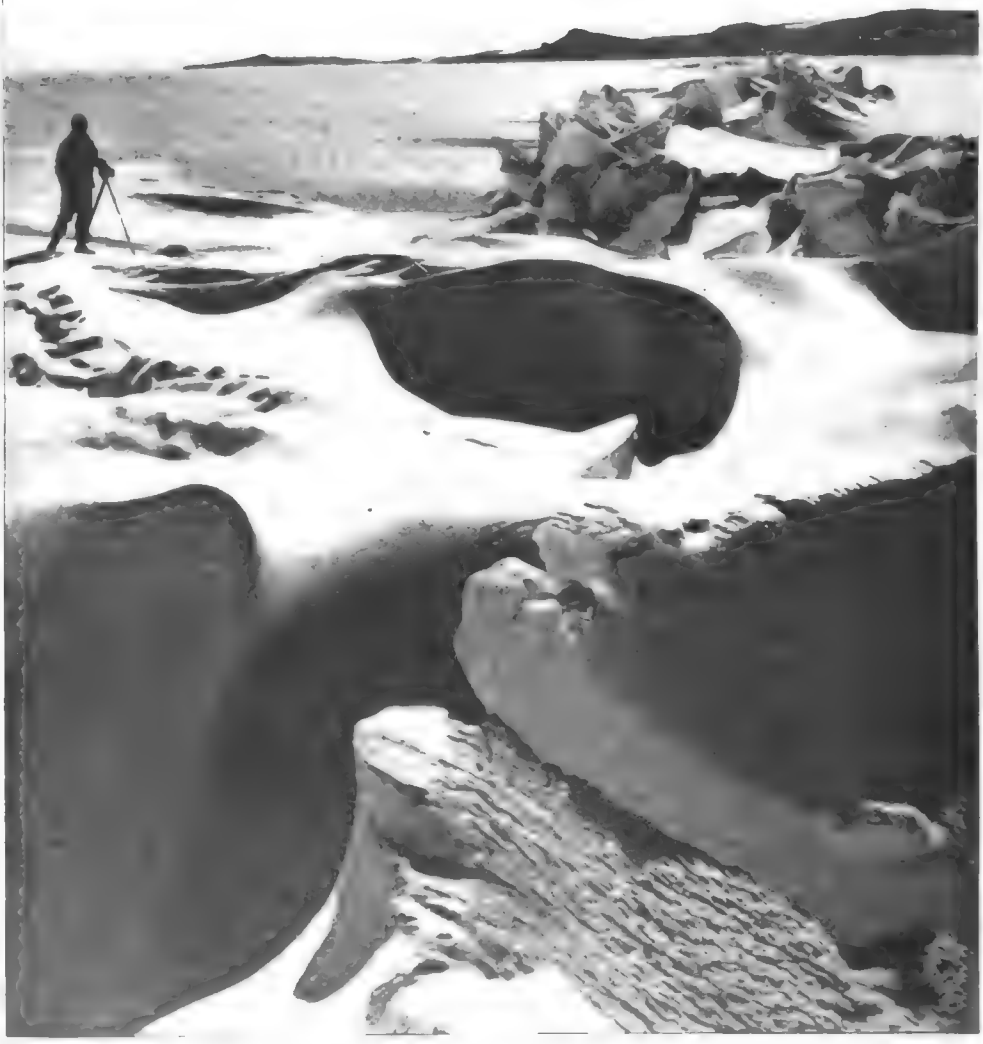

TYPICAL PRESSURE-RIDGE ACROSS AN ICE-FIELD, CAPTAIN SCOTT AT THE LEFT. "THE WORST PART OF THE GLACIER INCLUDED STEEP SLOPES AND ICEFALLS, PRESSURE-RIDGES AND CREVASSED AREAS, WHICH DROVE THEM AWAY FROM THE DIRECT LINE."

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXIX NO. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1913

RETURN OF FIRST SUPPORTING PARTY, UNDER DR. ATKINSON

"The Uttermost South"

THE UNDYING STORY of CAPTAIN SCOTT

FROM HIS DIARIES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT AND H. G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.

STRUGGLING ever southward over Barrier Ice and Beardmore Glacier and Polar Plateau, Captain Scott wrote his diary of brave strife with evil conditions as we read it here. We see the little group come through unspeakable struggles with cheerfulness and hope, revealing day by day the qualities of fellowship that we feel to be finest in mankind.

The portions of Captain Scott's diaries already published in EVERYBODY'S have brought the expedition to the threshold of the Great Adventure which is recorded in the pages that follow. We have sailed with them in December, 1910, from the little New Zealand harbor where they bade good-by to the world, southward across the Antarctic Ocean, through the Ice Pack, into the open waters of Ross Sea, up to the menacing cliffs of the Great Barrier, and so to disembarkation on Ross Island. We have seen their manner of life for almost a year in this lonesomest of lands, not merely huddling for shelter in their headquarters hut, but busied with activities through the long night period of waiting for the sun.

Now in November, 1911, we have the Polar journey itself under way, with supporting parties carrying extra supplies for the earlier stages, and picked men for the ultimate dash. It was the picked men who died, conquered at last by the forces that opposed them—cold, storm, hunger, and

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exhaustion—only after they had achieved their goal. Until the very end of the diaries the records are clear and graphic.

We left the travelers a month ago only six days out of winter headquarters (southward bound on the Barrier surface), with motor sledges broken down—a failure.

Now with nearly eighteen hundred miles ahead of them to reach the Pole and return to headquarters, we find them facing the transportation problem with their sturdy little ponies.—EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S.

THUS early the ponies had to receive their full loads from these motor sledges. But "with their full loads the ponies did splendidly; even Jehu and Chinaman with loads over 450 pounds stepped out well and have finished as fit as when they started.

"The better ponies made nothing of their loads, and my own Snippets had over 700 pounds, sledge included. Of course, the surface is greatly improved; it is that over which we came well last year. We are all much cheered by this performance. It shows a hardening up of the ponies, which have been well trained. Even Oates is pleased!

"As we came to camp a blizzard threatened and we built snow walls. The ponies seem very comfortable. Their new rugs cover them well and the sheltering walls are as high as the animals, so that the wind is practically unfelt behind them. This protection is a direct result of our experience of last year, and it is good to feel that we reaped a reward for that disastrous journey.

"I am writing late in the day and the wind is still strong. I fear we shall not be able to go on to-night. The temperature, —5°, is lower than I like in a blizzard.

"The blizzard lasted two days. As it continued, it seemed to have a withering effect on the poor beasts; the driving particles of snow bombarding tender spots like nostrils and eyes, and preventing rest. Yet, to my surprise, when the rugs were stripped from the 'crocks,' they appeared quite fresh and fit. Both Jehu and Chinaman had a skittish little run when their heads were loose. Chinaman indulged in a playful buck.

"All three started with their loads at a brisk pace. It was a great relief to find that they had not suffered at all from the blizzard. They went out six geographical miles, and our section, going at a good round pace, found them encamped as usual.

"After they had gone we waited for the rear guard to come up and joined with them. For the next five miles the bunch of seven kept together in fine style and, with wind dropping, sun gaining in power, and ponies going well, the march was a real pleasure. One gained confidence in the animals every moment; they brought along their heavy loads without a hint of tiredness. All take the patches of soft snow with an easy stride, not bothering themselves at all.

"The majority halt now and again to get a mouthful of snow, but little Christopher goes through with a non-stop run."

The blizzard once over, all was full of promise.

"We are picking up last year's cairns with great ease and all show up very distinctly. This is extremely satisfactory for the homeward march. . . . Every one is as fit as can be. . . . Men and ponies revel in such weather. One devoutly hopes for a good spell of it as we recede from the windy northern region."

Fickle gleam of hope! This was November 9; and even then—"There is an annoying little southerly wind blowing now, and this serves to show the beauty of our snow walls. The ponies are standing under their lee in the bright sun as comfortable as can possibly be."

But November 10 is the first of four "very horrid marches," with a strong headwind at first, then a snowstorm. Next day, the new snow lay soft—while they entered on an area of soft crust between a few hard wind ridges (sastrugi), in pits between which here and there the snow lay in sandy heaps. "The ponies give great anxiety. Despite the care they have received, conditions have been sadly against them since leaving New Zealand. If they pull through well, all the thanks will be due to Oates."

Even when the sun reappeared after four days, it was painful struggling on through this snow, and even "Christopher has now been harnessed three times without difficulty. In the long-continued mist, so different from former experiences, had we been dependent on landmarks we should have fared ill." Happily the cairns that marked the way were distinguishable, and One Ton Camp, 129 geographical miles

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REMARKABLE FORMATION OF SPRAY-RIDGES IN THE ICE NEAR CAPE EVANS, INACCESSIBLE ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE. A PICTURESQUE BIT OF ANTARCTIC SCENERY.

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AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF A SASTRUGI FIELD ON THE GLACIER SURFACE. SASTRUGI ARE IRREGULARITIES RESULTING FROM WIND EROSION ON HARDENED SNOW SURFACES. THESE DEEP, HARDENED RIDGES OFFER EXTREME DIFFICULTIES IN SLEDGING

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from the start, was found without any difficulty on November 15.

Here was a note from Evans saying that he had gone on with his party, "man-hauling" their sledge to the rendezvous at 80° 30'. "He has done something over thirty miles (geog.) in two and one-half days—exceedingly good going. I only hope he has built lots of cairns, to ease the task of guiding the main party.

"Here too was the 'minimum-thermometer' left behind the previous year—recording —73° as the lowest reached in our absence."

The ponies got a day's rest; the loads were readjusted: 580 pounds on the sledges of the stronger beasts, 400 with the others. Already "the weakness of breeding and age is showing itself," and the snow-surface grew worse the following days.

On November 21 they came up with the ex-motor party, who continued with them for three days. It was not till the 24th, with some 140 miles still to Beardmore Glacier, that the first of the ponies was killed, providing four feeds for the dogs.

From the 25th onward, the start was made successively later at night so as to lead up to the day routine of the final party when the glacier should be reached. There was a spell of fair weather followed by three days of "summer blizzard" through which necessity impelled the men to travel on. "A tired animal makes a tired man," writes Scott, and even with better weather the surface was bad. By December 1 it was a question of days with most of the ponies, and the weakest were killed. Their duty was to draw supplies across the Barrier, as long as forage lasted, and supply food for the dog-teams at the end.

"December 2. Wild, in his diary of Shackleton's Journey, remarks on December 15 that it is the first day for a month that he could not record splendid weather. With us a fine day has been the exception so far.

"Dec. 3. Our luck in weather is preposterous. It blew a full gale from the S. from 4:30 A. M. to 12:30. It is really time the luck turned in our favor.

"Dec. 4. Looking from the last camp toward the S. S. E., where the farthest land can be seen, it seemed more than probable that a very high latitude could be reached on the Barrier, and if Amundsen, journeying that way, has a stroke of luck, he may well find his summit journey reduced to 100 miles or so. In any case it is a fascinating direction for next year's work if only fresh transport arrives."

Here showed true geographical insight, no less than splendid confidence for the future. Indeed, they had done well: on these "two wretched days" they had only lost five or six miles on their scheduled time-table. Nevertheless the skies augured ill. "One has a horrible feeling that this is a real bad season."

A prophetic sense indeed. From the Gateway of the Glacier came ominous puffs of wind. From the fifth to the eighth of December "a raging, howling blizzard continued; with the typical fine powdery snow, and the temperature so high that the snow clung where it touched, and melted on anything but the snow. Tents, clothes, sleeping-bags were soaked, with prospect of infinite discomfort if a cold snap came before things could be dried. Worse still, the delay. Still twelve miles from the glacier, we had to begin on the rations calculated to carry us forward from an advanced depot. The margin for bad weather was ample according to all experience, and this stormy December—our finest month—is a thing that the most cautious organizer might not have been prepared to encounter."

December 9 they managed to get away: "A most painful day." After an almost hopeless struggle the situation was saved by Petty Officer Evans, who put the last pair of snow-shoes on Snatcher so that he was able to lead, making a track for the other ponies. It was the last effort; the forage was already spent and at this camp —"Slaughter Camp," a mile below the Gateway—the beasts were shot. "It is hard to have to kill them so early."

On December 10, the first stage of the journey, 424 miles over the Barrier ice, was ended. On the fortieth day out—a week behind schedule—began the second stage, the ascent of the glacier, which took twelve days of the most strenuous exertion—manpower now, with no ponies. The surface was "appalling"; that they got forward with their loads was "mainly due to the ski."

Loads were re-adjusted. For a day and a half the dog-team was to pull 800 pounds, after which they would turn back and most of their load be distributed among the man-hauled sledges still bound southward.

"The start bettered expectation. The

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day was gloriously fine and we were soon perspiring. After the first mile we began to rise, and for some way a steep slope: we held to our ski and kept going. Then the slope got steeper and the surface much worse, and we had to take off our ski.

"The pulling after this was extraordinarily fatiguing. We sank below our finnesko everywhere, and in places nearly to our knees. The runners of the sledges got coated with a thin film of ice from which we could not free them, and the sledges themselves sank to the cross-bars in soft spots. All the time they were literally plowing the snow.

"We reached the top of the slope at five and started on after tea on the down grade. On this we had to pull almost as hard as on the upward slope, but could just manage to get along on ski. We camped at 9:15, when a heavy wind coming down the glacier suddenly fell on us, but I had decided to camp before, as Evans's party could not keep up."

Those who had hauled a sledge since the motors broke down, 400 miles back, were naturally not so fresh as the others.

"As for myself, I never felt fitter, and my party can easily hold its own. Evans (P. O.), of course, is a tower of strength, but Oates and Wilson are doing splendidly also.

"All this soft snow is an aftermath of our prolonged storm. Hereabouts Shackleton found hard blue ice. It seems an extraordinary difference in fortune, and at every step S.'s luck becomes more evident.

"Dec. 11. The lower glacier depot made, the dog-team came up a four-hours' march before finally turning homeward. The loads were transshipped. An anxious moment ensued, followed by difficulties first with one man-team, then with another.

"Could we pull our full loads or not? My own party got away first and, to my joy, I found we could make fairly good headway. Every now and again the sledge sank in a soft patch which brought us up, but we learned to treat such occasions with patience. We got sideways to the sledge and hauled it out, Evans getting out of his ski to get better purchase.

"The great thing is to keep the sledge moving, and for an hour or more there were dozens of critical moments when it all but stopped, and not a few when it brought up altogether. The latter were very trying and tiring. But suddenly the surface grew more uniform and we more accustomed to the game, for after a long stop to let the other parties come up, I started at six and ran on till seven, pulling easily without a halt at the rate of about two miles an hour. I was very jubilant; all difficulties seemed to be vanishing; but unfortunately our history was not repeated. One team had a man hampered by a touch of snow-blindness; the other had not quite mastered the trick of getting under way again after checking in the soft snow."

Next morning, the 12th, it was the turn of Scott's own team to "make the heaviest weather of the work. We got bogged again and again, and, do what we would, the sledge dragged like lead. The others were working hard, but nothing to be compared with us. At 2:30 I halted for lunch pretty well done up, and there was disclosed the secret of our trouble in a thin film with some hard knots of ice on the runners.

"Evans's team had been sent off in advance, and we didn't — couldn't! — catch them, but they saw us camp and break camp, and followed suit. I really dreaded starting after lunch, but after some trouble to break the sledge out, we went ahead without a hitch, and in a mile or two recovered our leading place with obvious ability to keep it.

"It is evident that what I expected has occurred. The whole of the lower valley is filled with snow from the recent storm, and if we had not ski we should be hopelessly bogged. On foot one sinks to the knees, and, if pulling on a sledge, to half-way between knee and thigh. It would, therefore, be absolutely impossible to advance on foot with our loads. Considering all things, we are getting better on ski.

"We are about five or five and one-half days behind Shackleton as a result of the storm, but on this surface our sledges could not be more heavily laden than they are. Evans's party kept up much better to-day; we had their shoes into our tent this morning and P. O. Evans put them into shape again."

Dec. 14. They made only four miles. There was a new crust in patches. When the pullers got on these they slipped back. The sledges plunged into soft places and stopped dead. One party helped another at such stops till the double work proved altogether too much. Scott's party, the most efficient of the three that day, spent three hours fitting the 10-foot runners under

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SHACKLETON'S WINTER HEADQUARTERS AT CAPE ROYDS, BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1907–1909. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE SCOTT EXPEDITION THREE YEARS LATER. NOTE MT. EREBUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

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MEARS AND DEMETRI, AFTER BREAKING MORNING CAMP, READY TO START.

SURGEON E. L. ATKINSON

the cross-bars—but without delaying the others, so slow was the general progress. The sun was hot, the snow without "glide," the men soaked in perspiration. They overtook the others, who were reduced to relay work; but "the toil was simply awful."

Indigestion, wet clothes, and cramps after such labor produced a bad night; but on the 14th, two thousand feet up, things began to improve.

"After the first two hundred yards my own party came on with a swing that told me at once that all would be well. We soon caught the others and offered to take on more weight, but Evans's pride wouldn't allow such help. Later in the morning we exchanged sledges with Bowers, and pulled theirs easily, whilst they made quite heavy work with ours.

"We got fearfully hot on the march, sweated through everything and stripped off jerseys. The result is we are pretty cold and clammy now; but escape from the soft snow and a good march compensate for every discomfort. At lunch the blue ice was about two feet beneath us, now it is barely a foot, so that I suppose we shall soon find it uncovered."

They seemed to be getting out of the huge basin for the lodgment of snow which extended as far as the Cloudmaker Mountain.

"I think the soft-snow trouble is at an end and I could wish nothing better than a continuance of the present surface. Toward the end of the march we were pulling our loads with the greatest ease. It is splendid to be getting along and to find some adequate return for the work we are putting into the business."

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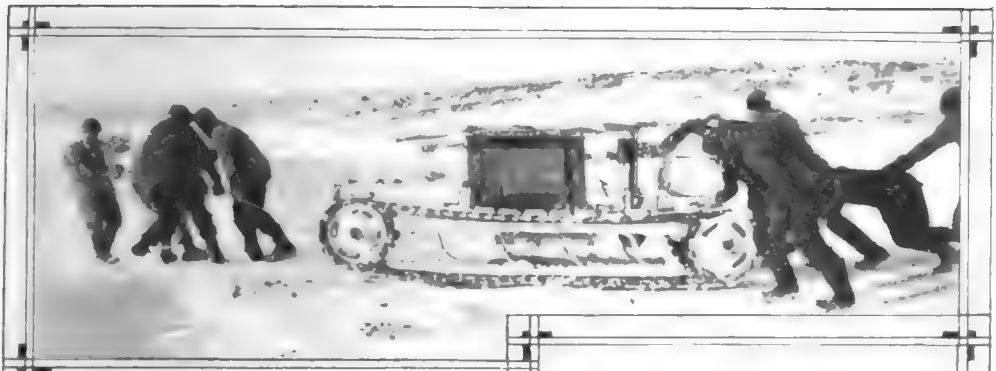

PUTTING ONE OF THE MOTOR SLEDGES INTO COMMISSION.

December 15 the improvement continued; the covering of snow thinned out steadily. "It was an enormous relief yesterday to get steady going without involuntary stops, but yesterday and this morning, once the sledge was stopped, it was very difficult to start again—the runners got temporarily stuck. This afternoon for the first time we could start by giving one good heave together, and so for the first time we are able to stop to readjust footgear or do any other desirable task. This is a second relief for which we are most grateful."

Then the good march was cut short by a thick snowstorm. "Pray Heaven we are not going to have this wretched snow in the worst part of the glacier to come."

That "worst part" included steep slopes and icefalls, pressure-ridges and crevassed areas, which drove them away from the direct line, as Shackleton had been driven, toward the Cloudmaker, though later they returned successfully to the center of the glacier. On the sixteenth a gloomy morning gave way to a gloriously fine evening. In the afternoon, a peculiarly difficult surface—old, hard sastrugi underneath, with pits and high, soft sastrugi, due to very recent snowfalls, often bringing the sledges up short—compelled the men to discard ski; thus making better progress, but for the time with very excessive labor, as the brittle crust held for a pace or two, and then "let one down with a bump some eight or ten inches," or sent the leg slipping down a crack in the hard ice beneath.

"We must push on all we can, for we are now six days behind Shackleton, all due to that wretched storm." So far, since we got

LIEUTENANT (NOW COMMANDER) E. R. G. R. EVANS.

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among the disturbances, we have not seen such alarming crevasses as I had expected—certainly dogs could have come up as far as this. At present one gets terribly hot and perspiring on the march, and quickly cold when halted, but the sun makes up for all evils.

"It is very difficult to know what to do about the ski; their weight is considerable and yet under certain circumstances they are extraordinarily useful. Every one is very satisfied with our summit ration. The party which has been man-hauling for so long say they are far less hungry than they used to be. It is good to think that the majority will keep up this good feeding all through.

"Sunday, December 17. Soon after starting, found ourselves in rather a bad mess; bad pressure ahead and long waves between us and the land. Blue ice showed on the crests of the waves; very soft snow lay in the hollows. We had to cross the waves in places thirty feet from crest to hollow, and we did it by sitting on the sledge and letting her go. Thus we went down with a rush and our impetus carried us some way up the other side; then followed a fearfully tough drag to rise the next crest. After two hours of this I saw a larger wave, the crest of which continued hard ice up the glacier; we reached this and got excellent traveling for two miles on it, then rose on a steep gradient, and so topped the pressure-ridge.

"If we can keep up the pace, we gain on Shackleton, and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't, except that more pressure is showing up ahead. For once one can say 'sufficient for the day is the good thereof.'. Our luck may be on the turn—I think we deserve it. In spite of the hard work every one is very fit and very cheerful, feeling well-fed and eager for more toil. Eyes are much better except poor Wilson's; he has caught a very bad attack indeed.

"We get fearfully thirsty and chip up ice on the march, as well as drinking a great deal of water on halting. Our fuel only just does it, but that is all we want, and we have a bit in hand for the summit. . . . We have worn our crampons all day and are delighted with them. P. O. Evans, the inventor of both crampons and ski shoes, is greatly pleased, and certainly we owe him much."

On the 18th it was again overcast and snowing. Better luck followed on the 19th and 20th. "Things are looking up. Started on good surface, soon came to very annoying criss-cross cracks. Fell into two and have bad bruises on knee and thigh, but we got along all the time until we reached an admirable smooth ice surface excellent for traveling. The last mile, *névé* * predominating and therefore the pulling a trifle harder, we have risen into the upper basin of the glacier. Seemingly close about us are the various land masses which adjoin the summit; it looks as though we might have difficulties in the last narrows. Having a long lunch hour for angles, photographs, and sketches."

SEAL KEEPING AIR-HOLE FREE FROM ICE.

The afternoon brought up the day's run to seventeen geographical miles. "It has not been a strain, except perhaps for me with my wounds received early in the day. The wind has kept us cool on the march, which has in consequence been very much pleasanter; we are not wet in our clothes tonight, and have not suffered from the same overpowering thirst as on previous days. Evans and Bowers are busy taking angles; as they have been all day, we shall have material for an excellent chart. Days like this put heart in one."

The record of the 19th was beaten by that of the 20th—twenty-three geographical miles, rising 800 feet. "And at camp," Scott

*The packed snow of a snow-field, an accumulation of minute ice-crystals.

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THE *TERRA NOVA*, ANCHORED TO THE ICE-FLOE NEAR CAPE EVANS. ANOTHER FANTASTIC BERG, BROKEN AWAY FROM THE FACE OF THE ICE BARRIER.

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writes, "we must be ahead of Shackleton's position on the 17th.

"I have just told off the people to return to-morrow night: Atkinson, Wright, Cherry-Garrard, and Keohane. All are disappointed. I dreaded this necessity of choosing—nothing could be more heartrending. I calculated our program to start from 85° 10′ with twelve units of food and eight men. We ought to be in this position to-morrow night, less one day's food. After all our harassing trouble one can not but be satisfied with such a prospect."

The last day of this stage, December 21st, was severe, owing to crevasses and falls, while at midday "the wind came from the north, bringing the inevitable fog up the valley and covering us just as we were in the worst of places, delaying us two and a half hours. But the stiffest of climbs has an end, and camp was pitched at 7:30.

"We have done a good march, risen to a satisfactory altitude, and reached a good place for our depot. To-morrow we start with our fullest summit load, and the first march should show us the possibilities of our achievement. For me it is an immense relief to have the indefatigable little Bowers to see to all detail arrangements. We have risen a great height to-day and I hope it will not be necessary to go down again, but it looks as though we must dip a bit even to go to the southwest."

The last outward stage, the Summit Journey, lasted from December 22 to January 17, twenty-seven days for 353 miles. On December 23 the true summit seemed to be reached where the glacier merged into the ice-cap, undulating but uncrevassed. But unhappily on Christmas Day and the 27th they found themselves in the midst of crevasses again. After that, however often the undulating plateau offered a ridged or rugged surface, the danger of crevasses ceased. The general level continued to rise. On January 2, at the height of nearly 10,000 feet, the plain seemed to be flattening out; but the highest levels, over 10,500, were only reached on January 6 and 7.

But the difficulties of the glacier were surmounted only to be succeeded by a new, long-drawn struggle in these mountain altitudes. The surface of the ice-cap was broken and rugged; the snow—in powdery crystals, whether loose and soft in the windless belt, or drifted into ridges, fantastically combed like an Alpine "cornice"—was as dull and clogging for ski or sledge-runner as the loose sand of a sea-beach. There was rarely any "glide;" but heavy, jerking collar-work. The weather remained unkind; the strain of guiding ceaseless; the anxiety of pitting effort against time, of measuring hard-wrung endurance against known and unknown tasks, almost as wearing as physical fatigue.

"This, the third stage of our journey, is opening with good promise. We made our depot this morning, then said an affecting farewell to the returning party, who have taken things very well, dear, good fellows as they are."

Then they started with their heavy loads about 9:20. Any trepidation as to the weight vanished as they went off and up a slope at a smart pace—the second sledge close behind, its team well chosen to form the supporting party which was to proceed till January 4.

The dip, across which their course ran southwest, dropped some 1,150 feet, but then they climbed again 250 feet and camped at 7,100. Huge pressure ridges barred the way to the south, and they had passed one or two very broad bridged crevasses with the usual gaping sides, the whole incline in front a confusion of elevations and depressions. Next day "we had to haul out to the north, then west. . . . It is rather trying having to march so far to the west, but if we keep rising we must come to the end of the obstacles some time."

Later, as they climbed yet another slope to the west, "on top of this we got on the most extraordinary surface — narrow crevasses ran in all directions. They were quite invisible, being covered with a thin crust of hardened *névé* without a sign of a crack in it. We all fell in one after another, and sometimes two together. We had had many unexpected falls before, but usually through being unable to mark the run of the surface appearances of cracks or where such cracks are covered with soft snow. How a hardened crust can form over a crack is a real puzzle—it seems to argue extremely slow movement.

"But suddenly at 5 P. M. everything changed. The hard surface gave place to regular sastrugi and one horizon leveled in every direction. I hung on to the southwest till 6 P. M. and then camped with a delightful feeling of security that we had at

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WINTER HEADQUARTERS AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN SCOTT'S POLAR PARTY. DURING THE LONG WAIT FOR HIS RETURN, THE SHORE PARTY MADE MANY IMPORTANT AND HAZARDOUS SLEDGE-JOURNEYS OF EXPLORATION.

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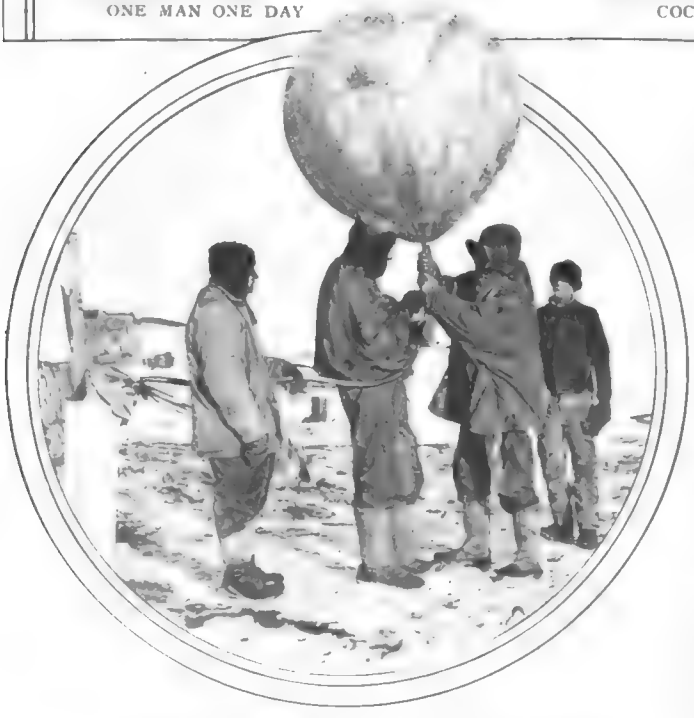
SLEDGING RATIONS,
ONE MAN ONE DAY

PEMMICAN, BISCUITS, BUTTER,
COCOA, SUGAR, TEA.



DR. G. C. SIMPSON, METEOROLOGIST, INFLATING BALLOON
TO TEST AIR CURRENTS.

length reached the summit proper. I am feeling very cheerful about everything to-night. To me for the first time our goal seems really in sight. We can pull our loads and pull them much faster and farther than I expected in my most hopeful moments. I only pray for a fair share of good weather.

"Dec. 24. We have not struck a crevasse all day, which is a good sign. The sun continues to shine in a cloudless sky, the wind rises and falls, and about us is a scene of the wildest desolation, but we are a very cheerful party and to-morrow is Christmas Day with something extra in the 'hoosh.'

"Christmas Day. To our annoyance, found ourselves among crevasses once more—very hard, smooth *névé* between high ridges at the edge of crevasses and therefore very difficult to get foothold to pull the sledges. We had to tack a good deal and several of us went half down. After an hour of this I looked round and found the second sledge halted some way in the rear—evidently some one had gone into a crevasse. We saw the rescue work going on, but had to wait half an hour for the party to come up, and got mighty cold.

"It appears that Lashley went down very suddenly, nearly dragging crew with him. The sledge ran on and jammed the span so

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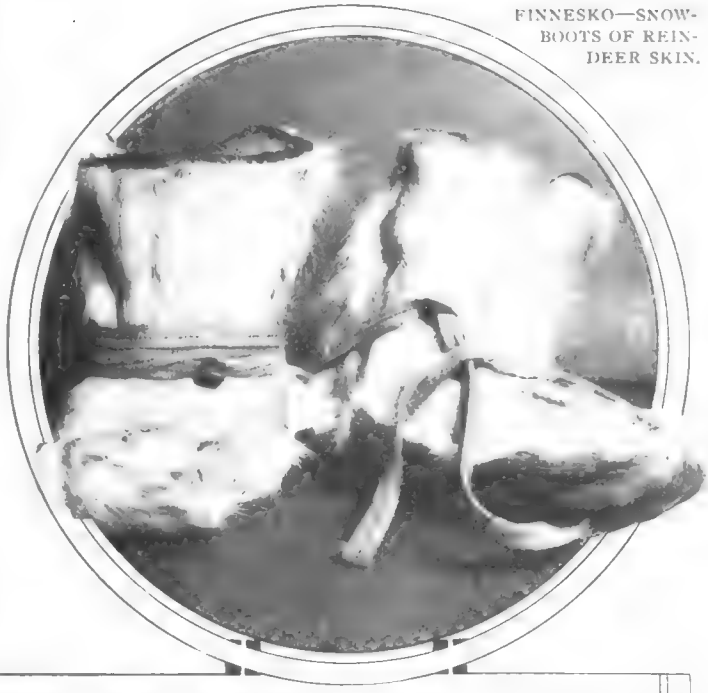
that the Alpine rope had to be got out and used to pull Lashley to the surface again. Lashley says that crevasse was 80 feet deep and 8 feet across, showing that the word 'unfathomable' can rarely be applied. Lashley is forty-four to-day and as hard as nails. His fall has not even disturbed his equanimity.

"In the afternoon, after sundry luxuries such as chocolate and raisins at lunch, we started off well, but soon got amongst crevasses, huge snowfield roadways running almost in our direction, and across hidden cracks into which we frequently fell. Passing for ten miles or so along between two roadways, we came on a huge pit with raised sides. Is this a submerged mountain-peak or a swirl in the stream? Getting clear of crevasses and on a slightly down grade, we came along at a swinging pace—splendid. I marched on till nearly 7:30, when we had covered fifteen miles (geog.), (17¼ stat.). I knew the supper was to be a 'tightener.' And indeed it has been—so much that I must leave description till the morning.

"In the middle of the afternoon we got another fine view of the land. The Dominion range ends abruptly as observed, then come two straits and two other masses of land. Similarly, north of the wild mountains is another strait and another mass of land. The various straits are undoubtedly



FINNESKO—SNOW-BOOTS OF REINDEER SKIN.

LIEUT. BOWERS AND WRIGHT PACKING SLEDGES. "IT IS AN IMMENSE RELIEF TO HAVE THE INDEFATIGABLE LITTLE BOWERS TO SEE TO ALL DETAIL ARRANGEMENTS."

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overflows, and the masses of land mark the inner fringe of the exposed coastal mountains, the general direction of which seems about south-southeast, from which it appears that one could be much closer to the Pole on the Barrier by continuing on it to the south-southeast. We ought to know more of this when Evans's observances are plotted.

"I must write a word of our supper last night. We had four courses: the first, pemmican, full whack, with slices of horse meat flavored with onion and curry-powder and thickened with biscuit; then an arrow-root, cocoa, and biscuit hoosh, sweetened; then a plum-pudding; then cocoa with raisins, and finally a dessert of caramels and ginger. After the feast it was difficult to move. Wilson and I couldn't finish our share of plum-pudding. We have all slept splendidly and feel thoroughly warm—such is the effect of full feeding.

"Dec. 26. Perhaps a little slow after plum-pudding; yet it seems astonishing to be disappointed with a march of fifteen (stat.) miles when I had contemplated doing little more than ten with full loads.

"Dec. 27. The pulling was heavy. Every one sweated. We have been going up and down, the up-grades very tiring, especially when we get among sastrugi, which jerk the sledge about. In the afternoon we were once more in the midst of crevasses and disturbances. At the summit of the ridge we came into another 'pit' or 'whirl,' which seemed the center of the trouble. Is it a submerged mountain-peak? Steering the party is no light task. One can not allow one's thoughts to wander as others do, and when, as this afternoon, one gets among disturbances, I find it is very worrying and tiring.

"Dec. 28. The first team traveled easily while the second made heavy weather." Scott himself changed over; then made an additional change; but without success. "What was the difficulty? One theory was that some members of the second party were stale. Another that all was due to the bad stepping and want of swing; another that the sledge pulled heavy. In the afternoon we exchanged sledges, and at first went off well, but getting into the soft snow we found a terrible drag, the second party coming quite easily with our sledge. So the sledge is the cause of the trouble."

Investigation showed that the framework had been wrenched out of the true by the hard knocks received on the rugged ice. A less rigid strapping of the load enabled the necessary adjustment to be made; whereupon the second party, pacing well together, held their own again.

"The marches are terribly monotonous. One's thoughts wander occasionally to pleasanter scenes and places, but the necessity to keep the course or some hitch in the surface quickly brings them back. There have been some hours of very steady plodding to-day; these are the best parts of the business—they mean forgetfulness and advance."

On the last day of the year the "3-degree" depot was formed, with a week's provisions for both units—so-called because by Lieutenant Evans's observations they were nearly on the 87th parallel, aimed at for that night. Here camp was pitched at 1:30 and the second party left their ski and some heavy things in the depot.

"Dec. 31. We had a good full brew of tea and then set to work stripping the sledges. That didn't take long, but the process of building up the 10-foot [instead of the 12-foot] sledges, now in operation in the other tent, is a long job. Evans (P. O.) and Crean are tackling it, and it is a very remarkable piece of work. Certainly P. O. Evans is the most invaluable asset to our party. To build a sledge under these conditions is a feat for special record."

Jan. 1, 1912. Twice on this day, as on the next, starting after the foot-haulers, Scott's team caught up to them without difficulty. "It was surprising how easily the sledge pulled. We have scarcely exerted ourselves all day. We are *very* comfortable in our double tent. Stick of chocolate to celebrate the New Year. Prospects seem to get brighter—only 170 miles to go and plenty of food left.

"Jan. 3. Within 150 miles of our goal. Last night I decided to reorganize, and this morning told off Teddy Evans, Lashley, and Crean to return. They are disappointed, but take it well. Bowers is to come into our tent and we proceed as a five-man unit to-morrow. We have 5½ units of food—practically over a month's allowance for five people—it ought to see us through. We came along well on ski to-day, but the foot-haulers were slow and so we only got a trifle over twelve miles (geog.). Very anxious to see how we shall manage

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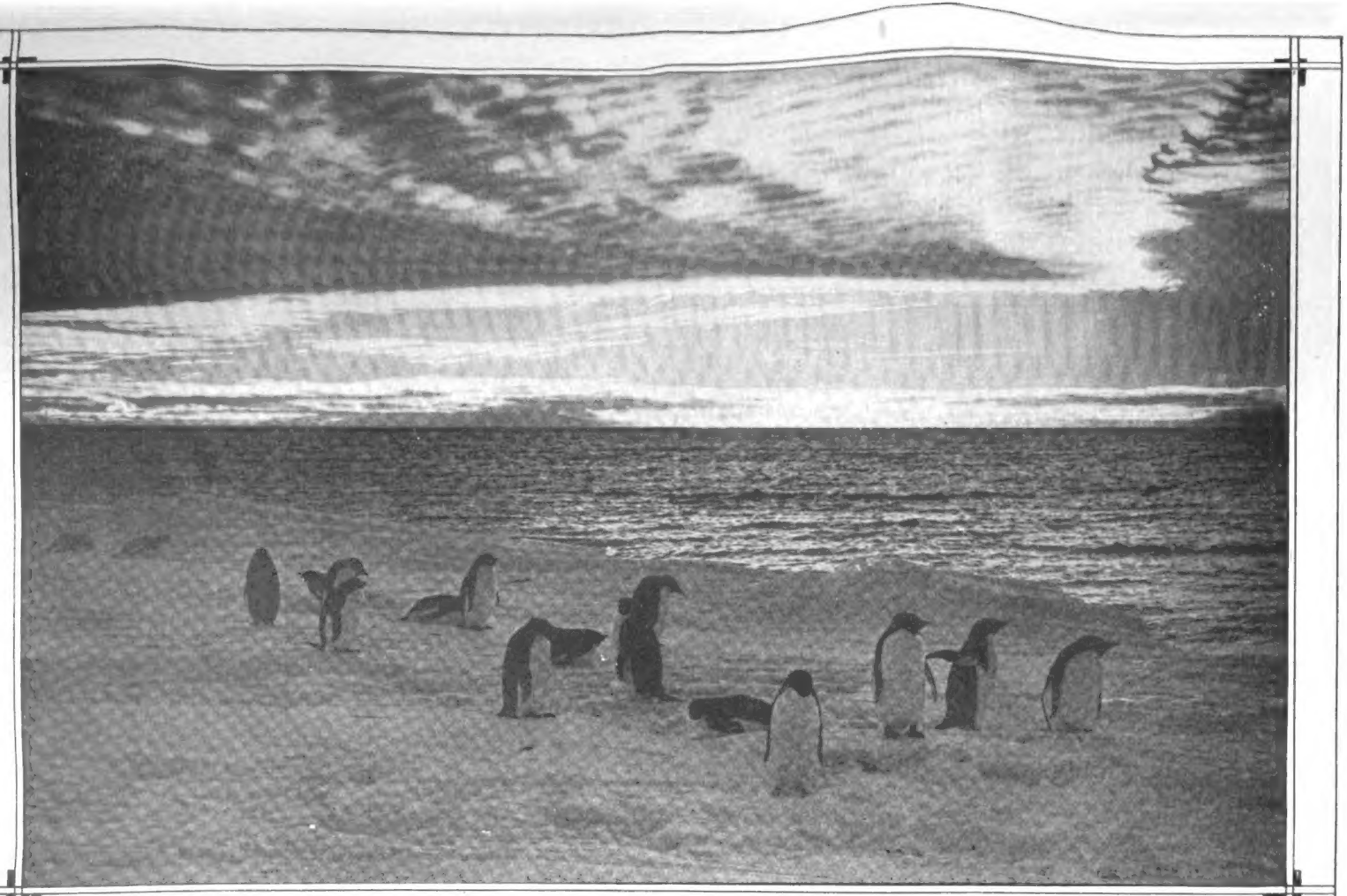

AN ANTARCTIC SUMMER LANDSCAPE, TAKEN BY THE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SUN-AND-SKY EFFECTS OBTAINED DURING THE EXPEDITION.

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CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT ON SKI.

to-morrow; if we can march well with the full load we shall be practically safe, I take it.

"Jan. 4. It is wonderful to see how neatly everything stows on a little sledge, thanks to P. O. Evans. I was anxious to see how we could pull it and glad to find we went easy enough. Bowers on foot pulls between, but behind Wilson and myself; he has to keep his own pace and luckily does not throw us out at all.

"The second party had followed us in case of accident, but as soon as I was certain we could get along we stopped and said fare-well. Teddy Evans is terribly disappointed, but has taken it very well and behaved like a man."

Under average conditions, the return party should have well fulfilled Scott's cheery anticipations. Three-man teams had done excellently on previous sledging expeditions, whether in *Discovery* days or as recently as the mid-winter visit to the Emperor penguins' rookery; and the three in this party were seasoned travelers with a skilful leader.

But Fortune dealt her blows impartially on those who went back as well as those who went forward. A blizzard held them up for three days before reaching the head of the glacier; they had to press on at high speed. By the time they reached the foot of the glacier, Lieutenant Evans developed symptoms of the dreaded and exhausting scurvy. With Lashley, he had been man-hauling a sledge ever since the breakdown of the motors, and before that had been out surveying, so that he had been a long time on sledging rations. These, no doubt, were predisposing causes.

Withal, he continued to pull, bearing the heavy strain of guiding the course. As the hauling power thus grew less, the leader had to make up for loss of speed by lengthening the working hours. Evans

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sought to prevent discouragement in his hard-worked men by putting on his watch an hour. The actual marching period thus reached twelve hours, and Evans flattered himself on his ingenuity. But the men knew it all the time, and no word said!

At One Ton Camp he was unable to stand without the support of his ski sticks, but with the help of his companions struggled on another fifty-three miles in four days. Then he could go no farther. His brave companions, rejecting his suggestion that he be left in his sleeping-bag with a supply of provisions while they pressed on for help, "cached" everything that could be spared, and pulled him on the sledge with a devotion matching that of years before, when Scott and Wilson brought Shackleton, ill and helpless, safely home to the *Discovery*.

LIEUTENANT T. GRAN, SKI EXPERT.

Four days of this pulling, with a southerly wind to help, brought them to Corner Camp; then came a heavy snowfall; the sledge could not travel. It was a critical moment. Next day Crean set out to tramp alone to Hut Point, thirty-four miles away. Lashley stayed to nurse Lieutenant Evans, and certainly saved his life till help came.

Crean reached Hut Point after an exhausting march of eighteen hours; at once Dr. Atkinson and Demetri set off with the dog-teams and brought the sick man back in a single march of five hours. From the Discovery Hut he was finally sent by a sledge to the *Terra Nova*. A visit to England brought him health again, and he returned in command of the *Terra Nova* on her final journey to the South. Both Lashley and Crean have been recommended for the Albert Medal.

***In the October number Captain Scott's Diaries** will carry the Polar record to its tragic end in the Death Camp.*

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